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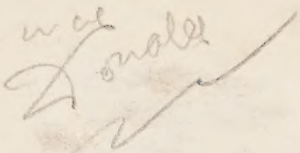

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STORIES OF THE ENGLISH FOR SCHOOLS

BOOK II.

FOR SENIOR SCHOLARS

The Struggle for Power and Greater England

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NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."

Stories of the English for Schools

By F.

BOOK II.

The Struggle for Power and Greater England

William Blackwood and Sons
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The First of the Stuarts.

A.D. 1603–1625.

The great change which came over England at the death of Queen Elizabeth was marked by a great change in the ruling family. The house of Tudor had come to an end, and the English had now to look far away for their king, and to a people who had always been their enemies—the Scots. For the heir by blood to the throne was James, King of Scotland, Mary Stuart's son. His great-grandmother had been Margaret Tudor, sister to Henry VIII.

In many ways the coming of the Stuarts was a misfortune to England, for this famous family, half Scottish and half French, never became really English and never gained the confidence of the English nation, so that the story of the next hundred years is mainly the story of the quarrels between the people of England and the Stuart kings, until in the end the Stuarts were sent away from England altogether. But in one way the succession of the Stuarts was a very good thing, because it brought about the Union of England and Scotland in one kingdom. And this, the good result, has lasted, while the troubles and difficulties of the days of the Stuarts have now quite passed away.

James I. was a great trial to his new subjects from the

moment he arrived. He was very plain and common-looking and awkward; he dressed oddly and untidily; and he had very bad manners and no dignity at all. Even his good points were not to the English taste. He was really very learned, but he wearied every one with book-talk in the wrong place; and he really desired to keep order at home and be at peace abroad, but then he was personally an arrant coward and was not ashamed to show it, so that every one thought his love of peace was only cowardice. Then he was kind-hearted and affectionate, but he showed his fondness for those about him in such silly and unkingly ways that people only laughed at him. One of his greatest faults was his vanity: he believed himself to be so wise that he expected every one would give way to him if he only *talked* to them, whereas he was really very easily led and deceived by flatterers. Henry IV. of France, one of the cleverest men who ever lived, said of James that he was "the wisest fool in Christendom," and this description was as true as it was witty.

The coming of the new king raised great hopes among the Papists in England. During the later years of Elizabeth laws of great severity had been enacted against the Papists, and they thought that perhaps James would relax them. At first he did relax them a little, but he soon took alarm again, and issued an order that no Papist priest should be allowed to come into London. In their disappointment a small number of Papists made a plot the wickedness of which was only equalled by its folly. They actually proposed to blow up the Houses of Parliament with gunpowder when the king went there in state with his wife and son, so that they might murder as many important people as possible at once. Only a day or two

JAMES I.

before this was to have been done, one of the peers, Lord Monteagle, got a mysterious letter warning him not to go to the House of Lords on that particular day—the 5th of November. He showed the letter to Lord Salisbury, and Lord Salisbury showed it to the king. And on the night of the 4th the vaults under the Parliament House were searched, and in them were found barrels of powder, and the man who was to have fired the train—Guy Fawkes. Under torture he confessed the whole plot, and he and the other conspirators were executed. Now it is a curious thing that while English people in general care very little for anniversaries, and have always to be reminded of other great events in their history, they have never, for those three hundred years, ceased to "remember

> "The fifth of November,
> Gunpowder, Treason and Plot."

There have been many other traitors as murderous as Guy Fawkes, yet he alone is burnt in effigy every year, for he alone directed his malice upon Parliament, and Parliament is the core and centre of the life of England, —a sacred thing to English hearts.

For the first few years of his reign James had the advantage of the advice of Robert Cecil, a son of old Lord Burghley, whom he made his chief minister and created Earl of Salisbury: but he disgraced and threw into prison the last of the heroes of Elizabeth's day—Sir Walter Raleigh. James had made peace with Spain immediately he came to the throne, and he soon fell very much under the influence of the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, who was a very clever man. It was really because Raleigh was an enemy to everything Spanish that he lost his

power at court, though he was actually accused of treason.

In spite of having made peace, and therefore having no more war expenses, James was soon in difficulties about money. He was a bad manager, and muddled away much of what money he had, leaving nothing to show for it; and the rest he wasted on gifts to unworthy favourites. If he could have won the confidence of the House of Commons he could have easily got fresh supplies, but they distrusted him from the beginning, and as time went on his ungracious ways irritated them more and more. One great cause of disagreement was on religious matters. James had become quite disgusted with the extreme Protestant party in Scotland, because the ministers of the Church there had bullied him and lectured him so when he was young, and he wished to prevent these extreme Protestant ideas from gaining any power in England. But the majority in the House of Commons was becoming more and more in favour of these ideas. In England such people were called *Puritans*. They called themselves by this name because they desired to lead *pure* and holy lives, and their opponents called them by it in scorn, mocking at them as people who only pretended to be better than their neighbours.

There was one very good thing that James caused to be done. A more correct translation of the Bible was made, and was ordered to be read in the churches. It is the one that is read in church now, and as it was done by *authority*, it is called the Authorised Version.

After James had been king for eleven years the squabbling between him and the Commons came to a head in a

Parliament which got a very funny name—the Addled Parliament; it was so called because it did nothing at all. The king first tried to influence the members by underhand bribery, and then openly by making a bargain with the House: but they insisted on his giving way on religious matters before they would do anything, and he refused to give way and dissolved the Parliament before it had passed any Act at all. So James had to try and get money in some other way, and the first way he thought of was to marry his son, Prince Charles, to some foreign princess who would bring with her a large dowry. James was quite sincere in his desire to act as a peacemaker throughout Christendom, and he thought he would gain influence in foreign countries by marrying his children to foreigners. He had one daughter, Elizabeth, and two sons, Henry and Charles. Elizabeth was married in 1613 to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, a German prince who belonged to the Protestant party. Henry died when quite a young man, so Charles was now Prince of Wales, and his father began to think of marrying him to a princess of Spain. Spanish influence became so strong with James that it led to his sending Sir Walter Raleigh to execution.

When Raleigh had been thirteen years in prison he found means to let the king know that when he had been in South America many years before he had heard of a wonderful country called Manoa, where gold was as common as stones are in England, and he promised that if he were sent on an expedition there he would bring back a great treasure to the king. James was tempted by the idea of the gold, but frightened at the possibility

of getting into trouble with Spain. So, though he allowed Raleigh to go, he made him first promise not to attack any territory belonging to the King of Spain. And as Raleigh did not consider that the lands in America rightfully belonged to the King of Spain he made the promise with a light heart, sailed away, and landed at the mouth of the Orinoco. But he had been betrayed beforehand, for Gondomar knew all about his expedition, and orders had been sent out to the Spanish governor to entrap him. He had fallen ill himself on the voyage and had to send his men up country under the command of his son, young Walter, and his friend Captain Keymis. They were attacked by the Spaniards: young Raleigh was killed, and Keymis burnt a Spanish village in revenge, returning to Sir Walter without having effected anything, and having lost many men. Raleigh was in despair: and Keymis was so broken-hearted at having thus brought his friend and commander to ruin that he went down to his cabin and stabbed himself to the heart. But Raleigh's great soul was equal to his fate. He brought his men safely back to England, and then, old, lonely, childless, and defeated, delivered himself up to the master who had betrayed him, and who now sent him to execution to please the King of Spain.

But though Raleigh died his work lived after him. Englishmen are now remembering that Raleigh was both the prophet and the pioneer of their Empire, and the United States of America are remembering that Raleigh was their true founder. May 13, 1907, has lately been celebrated there as the 300th anniversary of the birthday of the American nation, for on that day, 1607, Richmond,

the capital of Virginia was founded. The United States grew from Virginia, and Virginia grew from the brain and soul of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1608 the English Government had formally annexed the whole coast of North America from a little north of Florida to the Gulf of St Lawrence, thus preparing the way for Englishmen to go out and settle there; and two years after Raleigh's death a State was founded which was to rival Virginia in fame.

Some English Puritans who were dissatisfied with the way religious matters were ordered at home had left England and settled in Holland, where they were allowed to worship God according to their beliefs. After some years there a party of them, numbering about one hundred, agreed to go forth and make a new home across the Atlantic, thinking that in the freedom of the New World they would be able to lead more holy lives than amid the temptations and distractions of the Old World. In the ship *Mayflower* they sailed, and landed in the country which they fondly called New England, where they have ever since been remembered and honoured under the name of the Pilgrim Fathers.

No one in England, however, thought anything of these things at the time; what they were chiefly interested in was a war that was just beginning in Germany. Frederick, Count Palatine, who had married Princess Elizabeth, got himself made King of Bohemia, in opposition to another prince, Ferdinand of Austria, who was a Papist. Very soon Ferdinand was elected Emperor, and he prepared to recover Bohemia by force of arms. Gradually all the States of Germany were drawn in to take part in this terrible war, which lasted for thirty years, and is therefore

always known as the Thirty Years' War. King James very rightly and wisely desired first, to prevent the war, and then to put a stop to it; but neither side paid any attention to his advice, for he was not strong enough to make his wishes respected. And his lukewarmness caused much indignation in England, where the people were heart and soul on the Protestant side and wanted their king to take part openly in the war.

Frederick was very unlucky in fighting: he was defeated again and again and driven out, not only from Bohemia, but from his own country, the Palatinate. His wife Elizabeth, King James's daughter, had inherited much of the beauty and charm of her grandmother, Mary, Queen of Scots, and she showed great courage and devotion in her husband's cause. Her heroism in misfortune roused a great deal of enthusiasm both in England and Germany, and many a gallant soldier ventured life and fortune for the Queen of Hearts, as she was called, and felt himself amply repaid by her thanks.

Again and again Parliament urged the king to send troops to help his daughter and her husband, and again and again James shrank from active measures, and thought he could stop the war by sending envoys to talk.

The House of Commons were always complaining of the king's bad management in money matters, and among other things they objected to the system of monopolies, which James made great use of. This system was supported by a very great man, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, at that time Lord Chief Justice of England. Bacon was one of the greatest thinkers who ever lived, and his wisdom has done good to the whole world, but as a minister he failed

BACON.

because he could not manage the House of Commons. Charges of having taken bribes were brought against him in Parliament; the Commons sent the case to the Lords, and he was declared guilty, deprived of office, fined, and imprisoned. Bacon's case, though not strictly speaking an impeachment, was something very like it, and it was the first thing of the kind since the reign of Henry VI. Under the wise and masterful sovereigns of the House of Tudor the power of Parliament had been a good deal in abeyance, under a weak king it quickly made itself felt.

During the later part of his reign James was much under the influence of his famous favourite George Villiers, a young man of obscure position, whose handsome face so took the king's fancy that he was created Duke of Buckingham and treated like a royal prince. Buckingham had some good qualities. He was brave, sincere, warm-hearted, and generous, but James's foolish treatment turned his head and spoilt him completely. His pride and insolence were pampered till he could brook no opposition, and he went through life expecting always to get his own way by outbursts of passionate temper like a naughty child. He was as much a favourite with the Prince of Wales as with the king. Charles was now a man grown, and quite willing to marry the Spanish princess as his father wished, but there were difficulties, because the King of Spain wanted King James to promise to relax the penalties from which the English Papists were suffering. Then Buckingham had a fine idea. This was that the prince and he should go to Spain privately, and that Charles should win the princess's heart and then all would be easy. James was much averse to this mad project, but he could

not resist his son and the headstrong favourite: so off they started, and arrived safely in Spain. In those days Spanish etiquette was very severe, and Charles soon found that he never could see the princess except in the most formal way before the whole court, so that he had no chance of making love to her. One day when she was walking in her garden he climbed over the wall and tried to speak to her, but this frightened her so much that she ran away, and then told her brother the king that she would never marry a Protestant. Charles and Buckingham had expected that they would carry all before them in Spain, now they were both so much offended that they came away in great anger, and returning home urged the king to join in the Thirty Years' War on the Protestant side and to take a French princess instead of a Spanish one for his daughter-in-law. The prince and the favourite had the country behind them in their zeal for the Protestant cause, and Parliament gladly voted men and money for the war, but the same difficulty occurred again about Charles's marriage. The French king, Louis, son and successor to the great Henry IV., demanded, like the Spanish king, relief for the English Papists before consenting to his sister's marriage; and this was so unpopular in England that the preparations for the marriage were made without the knowledge of Parliament.

The expedition sent to help the German Protestants was mismanaged and came to a miserable end, and shortly after this unlucky attempt at making war King James fell ill and died, having reigned twenty-two years.

NOTES.

I daresay you will be surprised to hear that the nursery rhyme you know so well, "A frog he would a-wooing go," is really part of a comic song which someone wrote about Prince Charles going to Spain to woo the Spanish princess. People thought it such a silly thing and were amused by this song, and then as it was repeated and repeated, some of the words got lost and some altered, till at last no one remembered what it was all about.

"Little Jack Horner" was also a political comic song, and probably several other nursery rhymes started the same way.

The Struggle for Power.

A.D. 1625–1649.

The affairs of the nation had not been well managed in James I.'s reign because king and Parliament had been pulling different ways, and no business can prosper under two heads who are not of the same mind. For many centuries in England power was divided between the king, the nobles, and the commons, then the nobles were ruined by the Wars of the Roses and the king got the chief power, and now Parliament was beginning to lay claim to the chief power. Nothing much came of this while James was king, because he was too weak a man really to fight for his kingly rights, but his son was made of different stuff.

Charles I. was tall and good-looking, with a grave and stately manner; he was both learned and accomplished, a finished gentleman and an encourager of the arts. He cared deeply for religion, and was really conscientious, but he had one terrible fault which was the chief cause of his tragic failure as King of England,—he never fully trusted any one, and no one could ever fully trust him.

Then he started on his contest with Parliament with a most unfortunate idea in his head. Many people in

CHARLES I.

those days believed that the right of an hereditary king was specially given by God, and that a king's power came more directly from God than any other kind of power, and this doctrine of the "Divine Right of Kings" was much taught in England. Charles not only believed this, but he also thought that this Divine right put him so high above his subjects that no arrangement between them could ever be binding on *him*, but only on them. So that whenever he told Parliament he would do this or that he considered it as an act of grace which he might revoke whenever he thought fit. But what it really came to was that he continually broke his word, till by degrees it became impossible to treat with him at all. His very first act was of this kind. He had solemnly promised Parliament, before his father's death, that he would *not* relax the laws against the Papists, then he solemnly promised the King of France that he would relax them.

He was then married by proxy to the Princess Henrietta Maria of France, and Buckingham escorted the bride to England. This affair about the laws against the Papists made the queen unpopular from the beginning, and as time went on she became more and more so. She was a small-minded woman, whose affection for her husband only hampered him because she was always interfering in public matters in an underhand, intriguing way, and as she was a Papist this made people suspect her of plotting to bring back Popery.

Buckingham was now all-powerful: still he had to ask Parliament for supplies to carry on the war with Spain, for which both he and the king were eager.

Parliament was quite ready to go to war with Spain, but after the ill-success of the expedition to Germany the Commons would not trust Buckingham with the management of their money, and said so, whereupon the king dissolved his first Parliament in anger. Buckingham thought that if he could only win a victory against Spain like those of Elizabeth's day it would be all right, so he got a fleet together and sent it to Cadiz, hoping to catch the Plate ships from the Indies, but the whole thing was a woeful failure. Buckingham was too inexperienced to know himself how war should be carried on, and too vain and headstrong to take advice, so that every effort he made ended in disaster. Before very long there was war with France, where King Louis was fighting against his Huguenot subjects. The great Huguenot city, La Rochelle, was besieged by the royal army, and Buckingham himself led an English expedition to its succour. He landed on the Ile de Rhe, which is close to Rochelle, but struggled in vain to maintain himself there. He used every exertion personally, endured great hardships, and shared bad food and worse water with his men; the troops died like flies from sickness, and he himself suffered so much from ague that he could not stand, yet he held on gallantly to the last, and when finally driven from the island by a French army he saw all his men off before seeking safety himself. But his personal gallantry made no difference to the result, and he was received in England with execration. In Parliament the most violent attacks were made on him, especially by a man who had once been his friend—Sir John Eliot.

Eliot was a noble-minded person and a true patriot, but in his conviction that Buckingham was ruining England he accused the duke of greater crimes than he had really committed. Among other things he called Buckingham Sejanus. Now Sejanus was the name of the infamous favourite of the wicked Roman Emperor Tiberius. When King Charles heard of this speech he exclaimed, "If Buckingham is Sejanus, I must be Tiberius;" and he never forgave Eliot for saying this, but six years later took on him a cruel revenge. Charles was also so angry at what he considered the disloyal behaviour of Parliament that he resolved to do without Parliament as far as possible and govern according to his own will without consulting the wishes of the nation. But in order to get money to carry on the war he was forced to summon a third Parliament. Two other members now stood forth with Eliot in defence of English liberty, these were Sir Thomas Wentworth and John Pym. Both were men of strong character, resolute, able, and clear-sighted, but their aims were not really the same. Wentworth cared chiefly that England should be well governed, but very little as to *who* should govern; Pym cared chiefly that England should be free. For the moment they acted together in upholding the authority of Parliament,—Pym because he thought Parliament should be the chief power in the land, Wentworth because he wanted to use the power of Parliament to get rid of Buckingham, who governed badly. A Bill was brought in called the Petition of Right, by which it was declared that the king had broken the law in many ways, such as putting people in prison without giving any lawful reason,

taking money from people in unlawful ways, oppressing people by quartering soldiers on them, and so forth, and by which it was enacted that such things should never be done again. To this Bill Charles most unwillingly consented, and it became law. Then came the question of the *customs*—that is, money paid to the crown on *imports*, goods brought into the country from abroad, or on *exports*, goods sent out of the country abroad. It had been usual always to grant these customs to the sovereign; and in old days it had not been of much consequence, for foreign trade was then so small that the yearly sum did not come to much; now, however, trade had grown so that it was a serious matter. The Commons had only formally granted the customs to King Charles for one year, but now he said that he had a right to them without any grant. They could not agree, and Parliament was prorogued. Charles always kept on saying that these unlawful acts of which Parliament complained were only things that had been done by other sovereigns before him, he never could understand that the English people had allowed Queen Elizabeth to do pretty much as she liked because she governed them in a general way according to their wishes, but with a king who took no account of their wishes they had to be much stricter. Also Queen Elizabeth, on the very rare occasions when she had to give up her own will to the will of Parliament, always did it so graciously and frankly that the people loved her for it and were anxious not to vex her again, while King Charles always showed plainly that he gave way only because he could not help it, and that he would take back his consent as soon as he had the power. So there

was not the slightest chance of King and Parliament ever making friends.

Having got some money in return for the Petition of Right the king gathered a fleet which was to make a second attempt to relieve Rochelle. Buckingham went to Portsmouth to take command, but before the fleet could sail he was murdered, stabbed to the heart by a man named Felton, who hated him personally, and whose hatred had been stirred by the violent things said in Parliament to the point of thinking this cowardly assassination a patriotic deed.

So died the great favourite. He had no successor in the king's affection, but his place as chief adviser in matters of State was taken by Wentworth, who gave up the cause of Parliament and became a vigorous champion of the royal power.

Wentworth was strongly averse to war. He thought there should be a strong government at home, able to keep order and make people attend quietly to their ordinary business instead of meddling with politics, and finding Charles ready to support him in this, he devoted all his splendid energies to the king's service. Charles made him President of the Council of the North, and later he was created Earl of Strafford and sent to Ireland as King's Deputy. To his old friends Pym and Eliot he now appeared as a traitor, and before long he was hated and feared even more than Buckingham had been.

When next Parliament met it quarrelled again with the king, not only about the customs, but also about matters of religion. Charles was doing his best to bring back certain practices which were much disliked

by the Puritans, and which they looked upon as a return to Popery. It seemed hopeless to come to any agreement, and the king ordered the Speaker to adjourn the House. But the members were determined to make a protest before their mouths were shut. Two strong young men, Holles and Valentine, held the Speaker down in his chair by force, the doors were locked, and Eliot proposed three resolutions which declared that whoever brought in changes in religion, whoever advised the levying of customs without a grant, and whoever paid such customs, was an enemy of the country and a betrayer of its liberties. A messenger from the king knocked in vain at the door of the House while this was going on, and the resolutions were carried with acclamations. After this the king dissolved Parliament and determined to govern by his sole power. Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, were tried for riot and sedition and sent to prison. Eliot suffered from consumption, and the bad air of the Tower, where he was shut up, slowly poisoned him. In vain his friends implored the king to allow him to go into the country, so that if his life could not be saved, his death might be easier. Charles was pitiless, as pitiless as even Tiberius could have been. After three years' suffering, Eliot died in the Tower, and his children were not even allowed to remove his dead body for burial. So far did Charles push his revenge.

For eleven years the king ruled without calling any Parliament, and on the whole he ruled well. England was at peace abroad, and trade and industry prospered at home. In matters of religion the king's chief adviser was a pious clergyman named Laud, who was first made

Bishop of London, and then Archbishop of Canterbury. Laud thought the ways of the Puritans very wrong, and he did his utmost to stop the clergy from following such ways. Many of them were harshly punished for Puritan practices, while those who were of the other way of thinking were encouraged and promoted; and so it came about that the most part of the clergy were anti-Puritans, and the most part of the people were Puritans. Therefore, naturally, many men began to think that it would be better if they could choose their own clergymen, instead of receiving them from the king and the bishops. For the Puritans believed that every Christian nation has the right to appoint its own rulers for matters of religion as well as for matters of state, whereas Laud and his party believed that this right was given by the Lord Jesus to His Apostles only, and by them handed down from bishop to bishop ever since. You can see that there is a sort of likeness between this and the Divine Right of Kings; and just as a difference of opinion about that did not make much trouble as long as king and people were of one mind, so, as long as bishops and people were of one mind, no one troubled much about this other question, but when they disagreed then the belief in the rights of bishops was found to be a thing for which men were ready to fight, and if needs be to die.

However hard Charles tried to rule with care and thrift, he found he must have more money than he could get from the customs, and he was driven to get it out of people in many ways which, if not exactly unlawful, were decidedly unfair. Among other things, he very properly wished to have a strong navy for the defence of the

country, and if he only could have been friends with Parliament, he could have got any amount of money for this, but as it was he had to try another way. In old days each county on the coast had contributed money for building ships, and now Charles thought that *all* the counties should be asked to pay, because the defence of the coast really concerned England as a whole. This was quite true, but then also people quickly saw that if Charles could raise money without consent of Parliament for a navy, he could equally do it for an army, and once he had troops at his command he could make himself a real tyrant, and the liberties of England would be lost. A squire of Buckinghamshire, named Hampden, decided on these grounds to refuse payment of the ship-money levied on his estate, on purpose to bring the matter before a court of law. The case came before twelve judges, of whom five decided in favour of Hampden and seven for the king. General feeling was mostly for Hampden, but still Englishmen shrank from open rebellion, and without that there seemed no way of forcing the king to call a Parliament.

The rebellion came from Charles's other kingdom, Scotland, where the people had been used to dealing with their kings in a much rougher fashion than the English one. Charles had been trying to bring in religious ways there which the Scots, who were extreme Protestants, did not like. They did not wish to be under bishops like people in England, but wished that religious affairs should be directed by men called *Elders*. Now the Greek word for elder is *presbyter*, so the Scottish Protestants were called *Presbyterians*. At this time a new Prayer-book had just

been compiled by the Scottish bishops and ordered to be read in the churches; and the first time prayers were read from it in Edinburgh Cathedral a woman named Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the clergyman's head, and there was a great riot. Then a document was set forth called the Covenant, which was signed by almost every one in Scotland, by which people pledged themselves to resist the bishops' ways in religion. This ended in open rebellion, and Charles with great difficulty got together a small army in England and crossed the Border. But there was no fighting, for he had neither money nor food for his men; so he had to make a treaty with the rebels agreeing to the calling of a Scottish Parliament and Assembly of clergy to settle all the matters in dispute. This Parliament and Assembly at once decreed that the office of bishop should be done away with. Charles thought it his duty to force the Scots to have bishops. To do this meant war, for war he needed men and money, and men and money could only be got from an English Parliament. Strafford was so loyal and brave that he advised the king to call a Parliament, though he must have known it would be dangerous to himself. But he had taken for his motto the one word "Thorough." As a man walking through a dark night keeps his eyes fixed on a shining, constant star, so through all the perplexities of the time Strafford kept before him the thought of the king's service, to do his best for the king whatever might befall. He had been in Ireland, ruling there as King's Deputy,—and ruling very well,—and he told Charles that he could bring him an army from Ireland that would be loyal and obedient. So, after eleven years' interval, an English

Parliament met. It sat only three weeks, and came to no agreement with the king. Charles made one more attempt against the Scottish rebels: he gathered an army by *pressing* men—that is, forcing them to join—from all parts of England, and marched northwards. But the men refused to fight in the "bishops' war," as they called it; the Scottish army invaded England, and Charles, helpless before the gathering indignation of both countries, once more called a Parliament—his last.

The Long Parliament—so called because it sat for nearly twenty years—is in some ways the most remarkable assembly known to history. In the House of Commons Pym at once stood forward as the leader. Quick-witted, resolute, and experienced, he was so readily followed inside the House, and so trusted and beloved by the people outside it, that he became very powerful, and the courtiers called him in mockery "King Pym." By his side was Hampden, the man who stood out against the payment of ship-money, a noble-minded, lovable person, whose influence was so gracious and winning that often when discussion grew hot and the members were ready to come to blows, the gentle voice of Hampden succeeded in restoring peace.

The first act of the Parliament was to impeach Strafford as a traitor and to send him to the Tower. It was argued that the evil advice he had given to the king amounted to treason, and it was proved that Strafford had said to the king in a letter, "You have an army in Ireland you may employ here to reduce this kingdom, for I am confident Scotland shall not hold out five months." Pym said "this kingdom" meant England, and that to bring

over an army of Irishmen to enslave England was high treason. It was possible, however, that by "this kingdom," Strafford meant Scotland, and it seemed likely that on these grounds the House of Lords would refuse to convict him. So the impeachment was dropped, and instead a Bill of Attainder was brought in, by which a person might be executed without trial.

Hunted down by those who had once been his friends and were now his bitter enemies, Strafford might yet have escaped if it had not been for the folly of the master he had risked his life to serve. At the very moment when everything depended on the king being able to persuade his people that he did not wish to be a tyrant and oppressor he allowed the queen to plan to get the troops that had been gathered in the north to come to London to coerce Parliament, and he himself tried to get command of the Tower by a trick and set Strafford free. If it had not been for this the Lords would hardly have passed the Bill of Attainder, but the idea of armed force being used against Parliament and the law was as insulting to the Lords as it was to the Commons, and as the English, unlike the Scots, were ever slow to rebel against their sovereign, they turned instead on Strafford.

The Bill passed the Lords; still, it needed the king's signature before it could be carried out, and Charles had sworn to Strafford that not even a hair of his head should be hurt. But the citizens of London had been driven wild by hearing of the queen's army plot—that a Frenchwoman should try to bring in soldiers against Parliament seemed as much a crime as Guy Fawkes' Gunpowder Plot, and a fierce mob gathered outside Whitehall Palace,

demanding Strafford's execution, with threats against the queen. Charles loved his wife better than his honour. Trembling for her safety he gave way, and shrinking from actually signing the Bill with his own hand, he appointed commissioners to sign for him. Strafford was at once led to the block, and steadfast as ever, he uttered no word of complaint against the master who had failed him, save to murmur sadly, "Put not your trust in princes."

It was precisely this matter of whether the king were to be trusted or not that lay at the root of the difficulty between him and Parliament. Because the Houses could not trust him, they passed an Act declaring that the existing Parliament should not be dissolved except with its own consent. This was really an act of tyranny on the part of Parliament, just as the army plot had been an attempted act of tyranny on the part of the king, for now, not only could the king not get rid of the Parliament, but the nation could not get rid of it, however much it might come to misrepresent the national will. At the time, however, this measure seemed necessary as a protection against the king's violence. Many other Acts were passed to restrain the king's power. Ship-money, and every sort of method of getting money without leave of Parliament, was declared illegal, and the king in anger went up to Scotland, where he gave up the cause of the bishops, hoping that the Scots in return would give him an army to crush the English Parliament.

Soon after this there came news of a terrible rising in Ireland against the English, in which a great number of English settlers had been slain.

I must tell you that ever since the time of Henry II.

the King of England had been called King of Ireland, and had tried more or less to bear rule there, but the Irish had always hated the English, and through all these centuries there had been continual risings and bloodshed and misery. Also the Irish had remained faithful to the Pope when the English became Protestants, and this was a further cause of enmity between the two races.

It now seemed absolutely necessary that an army should be sent from England to restore order in Ireland: but if Charles once got an army under his command could he be trusted with it? That was what Pym and Hampden asked. They therefore drew up a paper called the Grand Remonstrance, in which, after going over all Charles's wrong-doings, it was proposed that no minister of state should be appointed without the approval of Parliament, and that matters of religion should be arranged by an assembly of clergy chosen by Parliament. Up to this time the whole Parliament, Lords as well as Commons, had been all united in their efforts to reduce the power of the Crown, but now some of the members began to think that Pym was going too far. The leaders of this party were Hyde, an honest man and a clever lawyer, and Lord Falkland, a man whose character was so pure and beautiful that his memory should ever be dear to English hearts. Falkland was no Puritan, and he thought that Pym and his party were treating the king too harshly. If only Charles could have given Falkland a full, hearty confidence he might have won the Houses round to trusting the king to some extent, and so they might have learnt to work together. But this was not to be.

Hyde and Falkland opposed the Grand Remonstrance, and it only passed by a majority of eleven. Then the Commons tried to get the bishops turned out of the House of Lords, and this high-handed action drew many people to the king's side. His party would have increased if he had only acted wisely; unfortunately he thought he was getting strong enough to strike a blow at his enemies. He not only ordered the impeachment of Pym, Hampden, and three other members on a charge of treason, but he most foolishly went himself to the House of Commons to seize them there. Leaving outside his train of 500 armed men he entered the House and looked for Pym and the others but could not find them. He then asked Lenthall the Speaker where they were. The Speaker knelt down and answered, "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as this House is pleased to direct me." Charles, seeing that the men he wanted were not there, exclaimed "The birds are flown," and retired, baulked of his prey. The five members had taken refuge in the city, whence they were brought back in triumph to Westminster six days later. For the king, knowing that the feeling in London was against him, had gone up to the north, and for the next six months busied himself in preparations for war.

Matters had come to such a pass that no agreement was possible between King and Parliament, the question as to which was the highest power in England must now be decided by the sword. And when it once came to fighting the people were pretty evenly divided. While it was only a question of passing laws or paying taxes

A CAVALIER.

nearly all Englishmen were opposed to the king, but to use force against the sovereign, to rebel openly, seemed to most Englishmen a very terrible thing, to many it seemed a sin. Liberty on one side, loyalty on the other, it was hard for a man to know where his duty lay. Fortunately for our country the dividing line ran far more by districts than by classes. The cause of the Parliament was strongest in the south and east, the cause of the king was strongest in the north and west, and the peasants of Cornwall and Westmoreland were as staunch Royalists as the gentry of Essex and Bedfordshire were good Parliament men. Various nicknames were bandied about between the parties. The two which have lasted longest are Cavaliers and Roundheads,—Cavaliers for the King's men and Roundheads for the Parliament men. In those days it was the custom for gentlemen to wear their hair long and flowing and beautifully curled, but the Puritans thought this an unmanly fashion, and cut their hair very short as a protest against it. Nowadays we all agree with the Puritans on this point, and every Englishman is a "roundhead," but in the days of the Civil War one could really tell which side a man was on by the length or shortness of his hair.

In the month of August 1642 King Charles raised his standard at Nottingham. His standard-bearer was Sir Edmund Verney, a man very like Falkland—noble, good, and true. Many of his letters have been preserved, and in reading them we can see how sadly such men went out to fight. He disapproved altogether of Charles and his doings, but yet he was the king, who must be served and followed. On the other side, Hampden was just as sad

and anxious. Yet he, too, went out to battle, leaving the issue to God. But you can understand that with men in this frame of mind war was not likely to be carried on very vigorously. No one wanted to kill a greater number of his friends and neighbours than he could possibly help, while between every battle men hoped that peace would be made and that any more fighting would be unnecessary. On the king's side, however, one of the commanders, and he the most famous, did not understand this half-hearted way of fighting, for he was not an Englishman. This was Prince Rupert of Bohemia, the son of Charles's sister Elizabeth, whose name has come down to us as the leader of such furious onslaughts that a man who attacks his opponents fiercely is sometimes called a Rupert. He had been cradled and nourished in warfare. As a tiny baby he had only been saved after the battle of Prague by being flung across a saddle and carried off in headlong flight; and from early boyhood he had learnt the trade of a soldier in the horrible Thirty Years' War in Germany. He was a man of rigid honour and integrity, but of an imperious temper, rendered harsher by his adverse fate.

The Earl of Essex, who had been appointed commander-in-chief by the Parliament, was just the opposite kind of man. He was painstaking and cautious, and did not care enough for his cause to risk any bold or decisive move.

The first battle of the war, fought at a place called Edgehill, in Warwickshire, might have been taken as a pattern for the battles that were to follow, they were so much alike. In those days gentlemen mostly fought on horseback, armed with swords and pistols. The foot-

soldiers were all common men, armed with pikes, which they held level, in three or four ranks, one behind the other, to defend themselves against the charge of the enemy's horse. There were also bodies of men armed with muskets, who stood behind the pikes. At Edgehill Rupert, leading the Royal horse, charged with such fury that he swept one-half of the Roundhead army away like a whirlwind; but as he galloped after his flying foes the other half attacked the king's foot so fiercely that when Rupert at last came back he had some difficulty in saving it from destruction. Neither side could be said to have won, but Essex had suffered the most, and was obliged to retire, leaving the path open to London.

Charles quickly advanced, and got as far as Brentford; but there he was met by the Train-bands of the city, who had turned out to protect their houses. They made such a stout show of resistance that the king was afraid to attack them and drew back to Oxford. London had saved herself, and England too, for no man can be master of England without being master of London. Charles knew this, and through all the confused fighting that went on for the next three years his aim was always to get sufficient strength to invest London. He made his headquarters at Oxford—stronghold of loyalty both to king and bishops; and he gathered three main armies—one in Yorkshire, under Lord Newcastle, one in Cornwall, under Sir Ralph Hopton, and one under his own personal command. He hoped that Newcastle would be able to come down through the Eastern Counties to the left bank of the Thames, that Hopton would advance through the Southern Counties to the right bank, while he himself,

when the others were ready, would join them from the west, and so encircle London.

At first his plan seemed to be going to succeed. Hopton won a series of brilliant victories in Cornwall. The Cornishmen, descendants of those tribes whom the English had driven westwards when they first conquered the country, were still so unlike Englishmen that they cared nothing for Parliament, whereas they were heartily loyal to the king and passionately devoted to their famous leader, Sir Bevil Grenville, grandson to the great Sir Richard. Despite lack of numbers, of powder, and of food, these gallant Cavaliers charged up the steep ascent of Stratton Hill with such desperate valour that they broke the Roundhead force drawn up against them there, and then pushed on through Devon and Somerset. Waller, the best of the Roundhead generals, was sent to prevent their advance, but though he took up a very strong position at Lansdown and protected it with heavy guns, the Cornishmen stormed the heights with irresistible fury and remained victors, though at a heavy cost. Sir Bevil, young, ardent, and faithful, fell in the moment of victory, and with him died his two friends, Slanning and Trevanion, "both young, neither of them above eight-and-twenty, of entire friendship to one another and to Sir Bevil Grenville." Still Hopton advanced, and beat Waller again at Roundway Down, while Prince Rupert took Bristol, then the second city in the kingdom, with but little loss. In Yorkshire Newcastle defeated Fairfax, the Roundhead general, and all seemed going well for the king when there came difficulties. The Royalists were not professional soldiers, accustomed to discipline, but were just the ordinary men

of the country-side, without much notion of obeying orders; and they wanted to stay in their own counties and protect their homes, for fighting in a small, disjointed way was going on everywhere. In what was otherwise a Royalist part a big town would be held for the Parliament, like Taunton, and in a Roundhead part some nobleman's house, like Basing House, would be held for the king.

Sometimes when a nobleman was away fighting for the king his castle was besieged, and was defended by his wife, as at Corfe Castle. The most famous of these sieges was the Leaguer of Lathom, where the Countess of Derby successfully defended her husband's house for three months against a force under General Harrison.

Gloucester was a very important town and held for the Parliament, and in August 1643 Charles marched with his army to try and take it. But the citizens of London were quicker than the country-folk to see that those on the same side must help each other everywhere if any good was to be done, and the Train-bands of the city, instead of attending only to their own defence, marched out to the relief of Gloucester, and forced the king to raise the siege. Then Charles turned, outstripped the Roundhead army, and got between it and London. Essex knew that he must make a way through at any cost to protect the city, so he attacked the king's force on a high common outside the town of Newbury, where a great battle was fought. The Cavalier ranks remained unshaken by the attack, but their losses were enormous. The Royalist pikemen, strengthened that day by many of the best blood in England, who fought as common soldiers, lined the hedge that skirts the common, and there, at the

"gap in the hedge," giving their bodies bravely to stem the assault, fell some of England's noblest sons, among them the gentle, pure-hearted Falkland. Hating strife and longing ever for peace, his pure spirit passed amid the battle tumult to a better land. His counterpart on the Parliament side, John Hampden, had received his death-wound in an insignificant skirmish three months before. It was well for these two gentle souls that God had taken them, for the time had come for harsher deeds to be done, and for men of more passionate natures to take the lead.

At the beginning of the war, five of the eastern counties, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Hertfordshire, which were strongly Puritan, formed an association for the maintenance of a body of troops, and the colonelcy of a regiment of horse in it was given to a man whose name was to rank high among the great soldiers, not only of England, but of the world. Oliver Cromwell was a country gentleman of small fortune, and member of Parliament for the town of Cambridge. He had been noticed in the House of Commons only as a badly-dressed young man with a red face, a harsh voice, and an unattractive manner, but when it came to real war his genius at once shone out. Like many another great commander his first task was to create his army. After the battle of Edgehill he wrote to Hampden, "Your troops are, most of them, old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have

OLIVER CROMWELL.

honour and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit . . . that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still." That spirit, Cromwell believed, could be inspired by one thing only—faith in God. And so in his own regiment he enlisted only men who believed that their cause was righteous and that God would fight for them. Kept under the strictest discipline and drilled with the greatest precision, Cromwell's "Ironsides," as they were called, soon became soldiers of the very highest quality, and never once did they know defeat.

Help was coming too for the Parliamentary cause from Scotland, for Pym had persuaded the Houses to make a treaty with the Scots, and during the winter, after the battle of Newbury, a Scottish army crossed the Tweed to fight against the king. This alliance was Pym's last work. He fell ill, and died,—died without knowing whether he had saved the liberty of England or whether it would be buried in his grave.

By the spring of 1644 it became clear that Charles's plan of campaign had failed. Cromwell's energy had made it impossible for Newcastle to make any advance, and Waller had at last checked Hopton's career in the south. In the north the Scots now joined Fairfax and Cromwell, drove Newcastle into York, and besieged him there, so that Prince Rupert had to go to his help. On the approach of the Cavaliers, the Roundheads raised the siege and drew off, but Prince Rupert, ever reckless of odds, followed them, and in spite of his greatly inferior numbers decided to attack them at Marston Moor. Between the two armies was a ditch, and across this

ditch Cromwell charged with his Ironsides against Prince Rupert's horse, which formed the Royalist right wing. For the first time the vigour of the Roundhead attack routed the Cavaliers, but meanwhile the Royalist centre and left wing advanced across the ditch from their side and drove back the Parliamentary centre and right. Then Cromwell showed his generalship. Having kept his men well in hand in spite of the fury of their onset, he re-formed them, and recrossing the ditch behind the Royalists charged their left in the rear, dispersed it as he had done their right, and then took the Royalist foot in the flank. The result was the first decisive victory of the war. Rupert's force was cut to pieces, and York surrendered to Fairfax.

Two months later the king had a success in the opposite corner of England. Essex had gone down into the west on a separate expedition of his own, and Charles followed and surrounded him, forcing the whole of his foot to surrender on the field. Then the king turned back for a dash on London, but the city called on the victorious eastern army for help, it arrived in time, and a second battle was fought at Newbury, which, though indecisive, caused the king to retire again to Oxford.

During the next winter the Parliament reorganised its forces. The hopes with which the moderate men on both sides had entered on the war had been disappointed; it was now plain that neither Cavaliers nor Roundheads would give way and come to terms, but that each must fight to the bitter end. And so the Parliament decided that a more vigorous effort must be made to crush the king. They therefore re-made their army after what was called the New Model, and as far as possible filled it with

men like Cromwell's Ironsides. After the last charge at Marston Moor, Cromwell had asked one of his troopers as he lay dying if he had any burden on his mind. "Only one thing," was the answer; "it is that God has not suffered me to be any more the executioner of His enemies." The zeal of the Puritan and the scornfulness of the Cavalier were alike burning up the old kindly feeling of Englishman for Englishman. Men's tempers everywhere were getting fiercer, and the Roundheads now began to return the mocking nicknames used by the Cavaliers, by calling them "Malignants." This increasing fierceness was shown in the trial and execution of Strafford's faithful friend, Archbishop Laud. He had been in prison ever since the Long Parliament met, but his enemies found they could not proceed against him by ordinary law, for he had committed no legal crime. So he was impeached as a traitor to the realm, the Lords pronounced sentence on him, and he was executed. Laud was a good man, though he had acted tyrannically, but quite half of the people believed that he had plotted to bring back Popery, and for that crime there could be no pardon.

The tide of the king's fortune was now ebbing fast. As his adherents mostly came from the poor and backward parts of the country he had no money, while the Parliament was supported by London and all the rich towns. Though personally brave, Charles was no general, and his inveterate habit of never entirely trusting any one made it impossible for any of his commanders to do any good under him. Some hope came to him at this time from Scotland, where his devoted servant, Montrose, one of the greatest soldiers and noblest men who ever lived,

was winning one victory after another, but in England the New Model army was now taking the field, with Fairfax as General in command, and Cromwell as Lieut.-General. Two months of marching and counter-marching with some small engagements led up to the last battle of the war, fought at Naseby, in Northamptonshire, on June 14, 1645. At this battle Rupert on the Royalist right and Cromwell on the Parliamentary right each swept away his opponents by the shock of his charge, but Rupert carried his pursuit too far while Cromwell and his Ironsides wheeled to destroy the Royalist centre. They rode through the king's foot as fire goes through stubble, and Rupert's horsemen were never able to re-form. Charles had to ride for his life, losing all his artillery and baggage; 5000 of his men surrendered to the victors, and only a poor remnant escaped from the field. King and Parliament had appealed to the sword, and Parliament had won.

Even more disastrous to the king than the loss of the battle was the loss of his papers. These fell into the Parliament's hands, and in them it was found that the King of England had been trying hard to get soldiers from foreign countries to come and fight for him against his people. Strafford's greatest crime had been that he had offered the king an army from Ireland. Since then the Irish rebels had been joined by the English Papists in Ireland, and together the confederates had established a government of their own while still professing loyalty to the king. Charles sent messengers to treat with these people, and finally agreed to all their demands in return for 10,000 Irish soldiers to fight for him in England. Some months later this agreement became generally

known. If you can imagine that during the Boer War an English Minister had hired Boer soldiers to come over and force people to vote for him at an election it would be something the same, only the English hated the Irish in those days far more than we ever hated the Boers.

This was the end. Hardly a man would fight any longer for the king. The few troops which he still had in the field surrendered, many of his most faithful followers left him, and at last, having no further means of resistance, he gave himself up as a prisoner, not to the English Parliament, but to the Scottish army, which was still in the North of England. Gallant old Sir Jacob Astley, one of the most loyal of the Cavaliers, said on surrendering to his Roundhead foe: "You have done your work now and may go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves." And this was exactly what happened.

The principal cause of the Civil War had been the disagreement between king and people on religious matters. The king thought that all Christian people should be under the charge of Bishops; the majority of the Long Parliament were in favour of Presbyters, like the Scots, and they had promised the Scots that the rule of Presbyters should be the law in England, and that no other religious ways should be allowed. But some of the Puritans had come to think that it was wrong to order religion by law at all, and that the only right way was to leave every man perfectly free and independent to worship God according to his beliefs. They were therefore called *Independents*. Cromwell was of this opinion, and so were all the most able and energetic men in the New Model army.

After King Charles had given himself up to the Scots they handed him over to the English, in return for the payment of their army's expenses while in England: and for two years and a half he remained practically a prisoner, though he was not closely confined. All through that time the Scots, the Parliament, and the Army were trying to come to terms with him, but it was never any use, because each party in turn found out that he did not mean honestly by any of them. He was really trying to save the thing that *he* believed in—the cause of the Bishops, and unfortunately he did not mind being tricky and deceitful in order to attain this end.

And now the Parliament found out what it was to have to do with a real army.

England had never seen such a thing before. King John and the Protector Somerset had employed a few foreign mercenaries; the great barons, like Warwick the king-maker, had had their personal followings of armed retainers; in times of commotion the militia of the counties and the train-bands of the cities were called out for a few weeks; and for foreign wars the refuse of the people were pressed, or attracted by hopes of plunder, but these casual levies of half-trained undisciplined men were not armies. Now there appeared a true army, composed of men of good character and some education, drawn from different parts of the country, but welded together by discipline, experience, and that fellow-feeling which nothing but fighting shoulder to shoulder gives, into a weapon of irresistible power in the hands of a man who knew how to wield it. That man was Cromwell. A born leader of men, he possessed that gift for which we have no name,—that spell which not only enforces

obedience but wins devotion, that magic of the great commander, which quells mutiny by a glance and rouses heroism by a word.

At first, indeed, Cromwell hesitated to use his weapon, and at one time he so despaired of doing any good in England that he planned to go to Germany to fight for the Protestants there under the Elector Palatine, Prince Rupert's brother. But in the spring of 1647 it came to Cromwell's knowledge that the Parliament, in league with the Scots, were so well satisfied with the king's promises that they intended to take him from Holmby House, where he was kept under guard, and set him again on the throne. Upon this Cromwell ordered Cornet Joyce, an officer on whom he could depend, to go with 500 horsemen and remove Charles to Newmarket, where he could be more strictly confined When Joyce invited the king to follow him Charles asked him, "Where is your commission for this act?" "There," replied Joyce, pointing to his men drawn up on the lawn. "It is written in legible characters," the king answered.

Through the months that followed Cromwell laboured to make terms both with King and Parliament, and his anxiety for a peaceful settlement cost him a mutiny in the army, where it was now being urged that Charles should be put to death for his crimes against the nation. Cromwell could put down the mutiny, but he could not save the king. In the last days of the year Charles agreed with the Scots to set up Presbyterianism in Scotland, and a Scottish army crossed the Border, not this time to coerce the king, but to restore him. Royalist risings also took place in Kent and in Wales, and London—strongly Presbyterian—was only kept down by

the army. Fairfax routed the men of Kent and drove them across the Thames and into Colchester, where he besieged them, while Cromwell hurried off to Wales. Quickly disposing of the Royalists there he turned northwards to face the Scots, who by this time had got as far as Preston. They numbered 24,000, but their leader, the Duke of Hamilton, was no match for Cromwell. With only 9000 men he made a flank attack which drove the Scots into disorderly retreat, then following up his advantage with that swift and untiring energy which marks the really great general, he pursued and attacked again and again the flying foe till, after three days' fighting, he forced the whole of the foot to surrender, while the horse were cut to pieces. Without pause he continued his triumphant march right into Scotland and, joined by the Covenanters of Ayrshire, never stopped till he reached Edinburgh itself.

In England matters had now come to an absolute deadlock. Parliament, which had been sitting for eight years and had turned out all the original Royalist members, no longer really represented the nation. The bulk of the people were sick and tired of fighting and discussion, and would, if left to themselves, have allowed the king to be restored with or without bishops. The army alone had a clear and steady purpose, for which its members were ready to die themselves if necessary, and no less ready, if necessary, to bring the king to death. The Presbyterians held the king's person sacred, and the threats of the soldiers horrified them and drove them to take up the royal cause. They had a large majority in Parliament, and on December 5, 1648, a resolution was passed for

reconciliation with the king. But the army acted at once. The very next day a body of soldiers under Colonel Pride appeared in the House and forcibly expelled all the members but those who were Independents. This act was known as "Pride's Purge." On January 6, 1649, this remnant of Parliament appointed a Commission to try the king for his life, and on the 19th he was brought forth and the trial began in Westminster Hall. It was no real trial, for the law of England contained no provision for the trial of a king, and Charles refused to plead, declaring the court had no legal power to try him, which was true. Yet he was but reaping what he had sown. In the day of his power he had trifled with the law, to which, now that he was helpless, he appealed. Four hundred years before, the great Plantagenet king had stood face to face with his people on that very spot, and with tears in his eyes had owned himself in the wrong. Could Charles Stuart have once so opened his heart to his subjects he would never have stood as a prisoner before them. Even as it was half of the members named to form the court were ashamed to attend. When Fairfax's name was called a woman's voice, supposed to be that of his wife, cried out, "He has too much wit to be here." Before this court Charles was accused of treason to the nation in having taken up arms, an absurd charge to bring against a king. Yet of this crime he was pronounced guilty, and was sentenced to death.

Now that the long struggle was over all the nobler parts of Charles's character shone out. He could not rule a free people, he could not manage his difficult politics with either sense or honesty, he could not inspire men, or

lead them in battle, but he had held firmly by his religious convictions and he knew how to die. Treated with rudeness and indignity by the rough fanatic soldiers who guarded him, he bore himself always with the dignity of a gentleman and the patience of a Christian. His execution was ordered to take place on January 30, just outside Whitehall. As he stepped from his palace window on to the scaffold that snowy winter's morning his face was serene and happy. A good bishop, Juxon, was with him, repeating holy prayers. The king gave him some last charges for his wife and children, and then said solemnly the one word, "Remember." The block was unusually low, but he reclined calmly to lay

"his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

The masked executioner struck, and all was over.

For the first time in European history a people had brought their monarch to the block.

NOTES.

When you go to London you can see Westminster Hall, where King Charles' trial was held. Whitehall is not a palace now, and it has been very much altered, but you can see the place where the scaffold stood.

Almost everywhere in England you will see marks left

by the fighting during the Civil War,—old castles with their walls partly ruined by cannon-shot, and old houses with bullet-holes in their oaken doors. The saddest thing is to see the many churches where the beautiful stained glass windows and the carved figures on the tombs were destroyed by the Puritan soldiers. They thought that to have such things in church was idolatrous and doing dishonour to God, and so they broke them all to pieces.

The Puritan Tyranny.

A.D. 1649–1660.

The execution of King Charles the First was an unlawful and an unrighteous act. It was also a blunder. As long as Charles was alive he was weak, for each person who tried to serve him found in turn that he was impossible to work with, but from his grave he conquered. Just after his death a book was published called 'Eikon Basilike,' a Greek title meaning "The Image of the King," and it was thought at the time that he himself had written it, though it was really written by a clergyman named Gauden. It represents in a very touching manner the king's sufferings at the hands of his enemies, and his patience, resignation, and piety. The book was widely read, and roused great pity and admiration. Englishmen began to feel heartily ashamed that they had allowed their king to be slain because he would not give in to what he thought wrong about the Bishops. You must understand that just as all Englishmen joined together made in political matters what was called "the State" of England, so being Christians they made in religious matters what was called "the Church of England." And the Puritans, having destroyed the old form of the

State—King, Lords, and Commons, were now destroying the old form of the Church—King, Bishops, and clergy ordained by bishops. So all who believed in the rights of bishops, felt that the king had died as a martyr to the Church of England, and by degrees throughout the land his memory came to be held in reverence, such reverence as we pay to the holy martyrs of old.

The violence of the Puritans both in Church and State was beginning to make men wish to return to the old ways, but for the time the nation had no means of carrying out its wishes. The two powers that had claimed lawful rule over England, the King and the Parliament, had now both been destroyed by an unlawful power—the army. The king was dead, and his eldest son and heir, a second Charles, had taken refuge in Holland. That miserable remnant of the Long Parliament which the soldiers had allowed to remain sitting was so scorned by the people that it was nicknamed "the Rump," or as we should say, the fag-end. No authority remained in England for which men had any reverence, no right was left after seven years' strife but the right of the sword. If Cromwell had been merely a selfish tyrant like Napoleon, or if the army had been made up of men who cared only for licence and plunder, a terrible ruin would have been brought upon our country. But both Cromwell and the army honestly wished to set up some sort of lawful civil government, and though they failed in this, they at least tried to do it. The Rump declared England to be a Commonwealth, and appointed a Council of forty-one persons to govern.

The most pressing matter for the Government was the

state of Ireland. Charles II. had been proclaimed king there by the Confederacy of the Papist Irish and the Protestant Royalists, under one of the noblest of the Cavaliers, the Marquis of Ormond, and the long feared danger of Irishmen coming to turn the scale between the rival parties in England now seemed so near that it was plain to the Council that Ireland must be reconquered.

In August 1649 Cromwell landed in Dublin, and in eight months he had practically done his work and returned to England. To him and his men the Irish were nothing but cruel savages who had tortured and killed English women and children in the rising of 1641, and their English Cavalier allies seemed something worse—traitors to their race and faith. Cromwell therefore treated both with the utmost severity. The garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford were both put to the sword on the taking of those cities, and some of the officers were slain, not in the heat of storm and sack, but in cold blood on the following day. This, though allowed by the laws of war at the time and the common practice on the Continent, was hateful to the more humane feelings of Englishmen in general. In England the Royalists looked upon Cromwell as a brutal murderer; and in Ireland to this day the most bitter of curses is still "the curse of Cromwell on you."

Hardly was Ireland subdued than an even greater danger came from Scotland. The Scots had never intended either to dethrone or kill their king, on the contrary, they regarded kingship as a sacred thing, only they were determined to have their own way in matters of religion, and therefore to force their king to give them

Presbyters instead of Bishops. Now they had got a new king, a man very different from his father. Charles II. was not a bit like an Englishman or a Scot. He had inherited some good things and some bad ones from his French grandfather, the great Henry IV. He was brave, witty, and good-tempered, with the most charming manners, and he was nearly as clever as his grandfather, but whereas Henry IV. had a great heart, and cared truly for his country and worked hard for its welfare, Charles II. was entirely heartless and selfish and mean. As he cared nothing for religion, and would have turned Mahometan or Buddhist week about if it had been convenient, he was ready not only to promise the Scots their Presbyters, but to profess to be a sincere Presbyterian himself. The Scottish people, therefore, invited him to come and reign over them, and he landed in Scotland in June 1650. What he did there showed the sort of man he was. The great Montrose, his father's devoted servant, had only three months before tried to make a rising on his behalf, had been betrayed, taken, and executed. After the dreadful custom of the time his head had been fixed on the great gateway in Edinburgh, and Charles was so dead to all feelings of honour or even decency, that he passed in triumphant procession through the very gate where the head of the man who had died for him was insultingly displayed.

In England the Council declared war against the Scots and their king, and ordered Fairfax to invade Scotland. Fairfax refused, saying that the Scots had a right to choose how they would be governed, and he would be no party to coercing them. This was perfectly just; but then,

every one knew that if the Scots were left alone they would soon be coming to restore the king in England. So the Council had to send the army to fight them, and as Fairfax would not go they sent Cromwell in command. The Scottish general was David Leslie, a man who had been well trained in Germany in the Thirty Years' War, and he manœuvred very cleverly and would not be drawn into an engagement. Cromwell was beaten by the same thing that the great Napoleon was beaten by long after in Russia—the difficulty of getting food for his army. This forced him to retreat. Then Leslie managed to get between him and England and took up a very strong position on a hill above Dunbar. Dunbar is on the coast, and Cromwell had ships in attendance and could have come round by sea if necessary. But this acknowledgment of defeat would have caused a general Royalist rising, so he was in great perplexity. Suddenly one evening he saw the Scots beginning to come down the hill in the gathering darkness and take up a position on lower ground where he would be able to attack them. Waiting till the short summer night was nearly over, he attacked just before dawn. As the enemy gave way before the fury of the Ironside charge, Cromwell cried out, "They run, I protest they run:" then as the sun rose up and shone brightly above the mists from the sea, he joyfully exclaimed, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered! Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt Thou drive them away." In an hour's time the Scottish army was crushed out of existence,—3000 men killed, 10,000 prisoners, all the guns and baggage taken. Edinburgh surrendered at once, and for nearly a year Cromwell

remained in Scotland. But in spite of his victory, or rather, perhaps, because of it, he quite failed in making the Scots turn against the king. None of them liked being dictated to by an English soldier, and most of them were now heartily Royalist. Before long Charles had a large army at his command, and finally Cromwell decided to settle matters one way or the other by letting him invade England.

In August 1651 King Charles and the Scots crossed the Border and marched as far south as Worcester, with Cromwell on their heels. So crushing was the fear that the Ironside army had inspired that the English Royalists dared not rise, the country remained quiet as the Scots marched on, and on the anniversary of Dunbar, September 3, Cromwell attacked them at Worcester. The battle was a most desperate one, fought during many hours in and out of the town of Worcester in a confused manner, and it resulted in Cromwell gaining the most complete of all his victories. Like Nelson after him, Cromwell never thought his work done while a single foe remained unconquered, and at Worcester his work was done perfectly. Only a few men escaped after the fight. Charles himself got away with difficulty, and was in hiding for some time before the faithful Royalists could get him down to the sea and away to France. He had to adopt many disguises and went through many strange adventures. Once he climbed up into a big oak-tree, and stayed safely there while the two soldiers who were hunting for him sat and talked underneath.

After Worcester England lay helpless under the heel of the army. Yet the army, by the mouth of Cromwell

was trying to persuade the Rump to dissolve itself and arrange for the meeting of a true Parliament, freely chosen by the people. The Rump and its Council were governing very badly; the treatment of the Royalists was very harsh, taxes were heavy, and instead of carrying out the many reforms desired by Cromwell, the members of this fag-end of a Parliament wasted all their time disputing and quarrelling. At last Cromwell could stand it no longer. On April 20, 1653, he called a body of soldiers into the House and bade them clear all the members out. Lifting the Speaker's mace in his hand, he said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away."

So the House of Commons, which had condemned the king to death for plotting to use force against it, was finally turned out of doors by its own soldiers. At least they were English soldiers, not Irish or French ones.

When it came to the point Cromwell and his officers dared not after all call a free Parliament, so they gathered an assembly which was practically chosen by themselves. One of the members had a very queer name, Praise-God Barebone, so the people called it in mockery "Barebone's Parliament." And this so-called Parliament by a snatch vote nominated Cromwell ruler of the kingdom, and then dissolved itself. Cromwell was now practically king, under the title of Lord Protector. It was provided that he was to call a Parliament, consisting of the House of Commons only, once every three years: but this was not a free Parliament, for no Royalists were allowed to vote at the election.

For nearly five years Oliver Cromwell governed England. In foreign affairs he was very successful. It

had been fortunate for our country that during all these years of civil war and disorder, neither France nor Spain was inclined to take advantage of our weakness. There had been a naval war with the Dutch, chiefly on account of trade disputes, and the great Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, had defeated the English heavily; then he in his turn had been beaten by the Englishman, Monk, who according to the curious custom of the time was a soldier as well as a sailor, and a good commander both by land and sea. Oliver made peace with the Dutch, and a little while after he sent a fleet to the Mediterranean to fight against the Moorish pirates there. In those days the Moslem pirates of Algiers and Tunis were the terror of every Christian nation. Far and wide they sailed, attacking all Christian merchant ships and carrying off the crews to the horrors of slavery in Africa. The English fleet was commanded by Robert Blake, already famous as the heroic defender of Taunton during the Civil War, and still greater as a seaman than as a soldier. He bombarded Algiers and completely destroyed the Algerine corsair fleet, besides showing both to France and Spain that the power of England had henceforth to be reckoned with in the Mediterranean. Another year Blake caught the Spanish Plate Fleet in the harbour of Santa Cruz; he fought his way in and sank or burnt every single ship. He did not live to receive his reward in England, for the very day his flag-ship sighted Plymouth the noble old Puritan admiral passed to his rest.

Oliver also sent an expedition out to the West Indies with orders to seize the Island of San Domingo; the whole thing, however, was badly managed and the attack

failed, but by a fluke the English got possession of Jamaica, and thus laid the foundation of English power in the West Indies.

In 1655 the Protector made a treaty with France. The King of France was a little boy at the time, and the affairs of the kingdom were in the hands of the Queen-Mother and her Prime Minister, Cardinal Mazarin. Just as the treaty was going to be signed Oliver heard that the Duke of Savoy, an ally and in some sort dependent of the French, had ordered that certain peasants in the mountain country of the Vaudois—subjects of his—were to be massacred because, being Protestants, they refused to become Papists. Oliver at once told Mazarin that he must see that these poor people were properly treated for the future, or there could be no treaty; and Mazarin forced the Duke of Savoy to give them liberty to worship God in their own way. This was the first time in our history that England's power was used to champion the oppressed in a foreign country.

But it was easier for Oliver to make England glorious abroad than to govern her justly at home. He was face to face with precisely the same difficulty as that which Charles I. had to deal with. He truly believed it to be his duty to rule in what he thought the right way, and the majority of the English people thought his way a wrong way. So he had to rule as a tyrant. And Oliver was a real tyrant, because he had, what Charles had not—an army.

Being most anxious for the good of the country and very hard-working, Oliver did many right and wise things in the way of encouraging trade, reforming the way the

laws were carried out, and so on, but every year his government was more and more hated. The Royalists were crushed by special taxation, even the ordinary taxes were heavy, and the settlement of religious matters gave great offence. Only Puritan clergy were allowed in the churches; the Prayer-book was forbidden to be used; and it was declared that there were to be no more Bishops. Those who believed in the rights of Bishops and those who loved the Prayer-book felt they could never take part in such an arrangement, and thought it a sin.

What roused the fiercest anger of all was when Oliver divided England into districts and set over each a Major-General, with authority to punish any one who got drunk, or used oaths, or did anything at all wrong. To be punished for breaking the law might be right and good, to be punished according to another man's conscience was intolerable. In his anxiety to make every one good Oliver had forgotten that good people cannot be made by force, that only makes hypocrites. Real goodness must come from the heart being touched. Then the Puritans themselves were not what they had been. When they were mocked and persecuted they were all honest men and truly God-fearing; now that they were triumphant they were joined by many who were just wicked hypocrites, and only pretended to be Puritans in order to gain power. You can easily fancy how men like this would indulge all their spite against their neighbours under the name of godly zeal, and do all kinds of evil things under the cloak of a sham religion.

Though his Parliaments were not freely elected Oliver quarrelled with them just as much as King Charles did

with his. Both the one called in 1654 and that called in 1656 were dissolved in anger.

In 1657 Oliver made an alliance with France against Spain, and sent troops to Flanders to fight side by side with the French. The valour and discipline of the Ironsides excited the amazed admiration of the French general, Turenne, who, as Oliver's men stormed the breach at Mardyke, heard for the first time the sound of a long English cheer.

The following year Dunkirk was taken, long famous as a privateer harbour whence both French and Spanish ships used to sail for the purpose of harrying English commerce. Mazarin now consented to its becoming an English possession, and this caused great joy in England, for it seemed partly to make up for the loss of Calais a hundred years before. If Englishmen suffered at home they were respected abroad, and felt that, like Rome of old, England might well

> "bear the pride of him
> Of whom herself is proud."

But the long struggle was breaking down the Protector's bodily strength, and he knew that he had failed. He had hoped to make England Puritan and free by the strength of his own right arm; he was learning that the sword could not make Puritans, but only hypocrites, and that England must make herself free.

In 1658 he lost his beloved daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, dear to him as Margaret Roper was to Sir Thomas More, and soon after he fell ill. A furious tempest raged for three days over London, and the

Cavaliers in their bitter hatred said that the fiend himself was coming in it to carry off the usurper's soul. But Oliver in his sadness was praying to God, and some words of his prayer have come down to us. "Lord," he said, "though I am a miserable and wretched creature I am in covenant with Thee through grace; and I may, I will come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee some service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of, my death. . . . Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake, and give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen." On September 3, the anniversary of his two great victories, Dunbar and Worcester, his mighty spirit passed away.

Tyrant though he was, Oliver's honesty and singleness of purpose saved England from many dangers. And because he loved her England has at last forgiven him his crime against her liberty. Far beyond the seas Englishmen now honour the memory of the man who laid the foundations of our Empire in the Mediterranean and the West Indies; and the great Protector's statue stands to-day at Westminister, not far from the execution place of the king whose death-warrant he signed, and at the very portals of that Parliament whose authority he spurned.

You might have thought that when Oliver was gone the people would have risen at once and demanded a free Parliament. But the fear of the army was still upon

them. Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, was named Protector, and governed for six months, after which he abdicated. Then the soldiers restored the Rump, then quarrelled with its members and turned them out, and then restored them again. There was no man of sufficient strength and character to lead the army, and everything was at sixes and sevens. The following winter Monk, the man who had defeated Van Tromp at sea and was now commanding the English troops in Scotland, made up his mind to come forward and restore order. He crossed the Border with his army and marched south, having been joined by Fairfax. On February 3 he reached London, where he managed to persuade the Rump to recall those members who had been dismissed by Pride's Purge, and on March 16, 1660, the Long Parliament at last dissolved itself. A new Parliament was then freely elected: Lords and Commons met in the ancient way, and a resolution was passed for the restoration of the king.

On May 25, 1660, Charles II. landed at Dover, and on the 29th he entered London in triumph, while the whole country went mad with joy. "It must be my own fault," said the new king, "that I did not come back sooner, for every man I meet tells me he has always longed for my return."

The Second Struggle for Power.

CHARLES II.

A.D. 1660–1685.

CHARLES II. reigned for twenty-five years and never lost his popularity. And he was so very clever that he nearly tricked the English nation into giving him that supreme power that they had refused to his father. He would have liked to have this power, to do just what he chose, and have an army at his command. And he would have liked to profess himself a Papist, because he thought that form of religion the most convenient. But there was one thing he cared about still more, and that was not to be driven, as he said himself, "to go on his travels again." He knew very well that if he defied the English people openly he simply would be turned out, so he carried on all his schemes for gaining power in an underhand way, and whenever it came to serious disagreement between himself and Parliament, he always gave way—except once. His charming manners, his easy good nature, and his fondness for making jokes quite took in most people, and he was thought to be perhaps a bit of a rascal, but a pleasant fellow with no harm in him. He

was called the Merry Monarch and one of his courtiers wrote these lines as an epitaph on him:—

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

Charles let people joke like this without minding, for he knew that was the way to keep popular and therefore safe.

He married a Princess of Portugal, Catherine of Braganza, but they had no children, so his brother James, the Duke of York, was heir to the throne. James was a harsh-tempered man, and much disliked. One day the two brothers were walking together in St James's Park, in London, almost alone, and James said to the king that it was foolhardy in him to walk about without guards, to which Charles replied, laughing, "Believe me, James, no one will ever murder *me*, to make *you* king."

Luckily for England Charles particularly liked amusing himself, and his amusements were very expensive. So, though his first Parliament voted him a large revenue for his life, he was always wanting more money, and this gave the Commons a hold over him.

The first Parliament was made up partly of Cavaliers and partly of Presbyterians. Both parties stood firmly by all the original claims of the Long Parliament, so that the balance of power between King and Parliament went back to exactly where it had been before the Civil War. But with this difference, Charles II. knew—what Charles I. had not known—what would happen to him if he tried to push too hard on his side.

The Cavaliers and the Presbyterians could not agree about religious matters, and neither party would have anything to say to the king's own wish that every form of Christian worship should be *tolerated*—that is, allowed. The king wanted toleration, because he was secretly a Papist, but both the Cavaliers and the Puritans disliked the Papists too much to let them have any liberty.

This first Parliament was not a strictly legal one, because it had not been called by the king, so as soon as it had done what was immediately necessary it was dissolved, and a second Parliament met in 1661. This is known as the Cavalier Parliament, because nearly all the members were Cavaliers. Now that they were in power the champions of the Bishops made short work of the Presbyterians. An Act was passed called the Act of Uniformity, by which all those clergy who did not agree with everything in the Prayer-book were turned out, and on St Bartholmew's Day more than 2000 clergymen left their parishes. They and their followers were therefore called "dissenters," meaning people who *dissented* from the Prayer-book, and also "nonconformists," people who did not *conform* to the Prayer-book.

Now you must understand that in old days it was thought that all Christian people should join together in the public worship of God, and most Englishmen thought that those who refused to worship in the way approved by law were traitors to the Church, just as those who broke the law in other matters were traitors to the State. They did not yet understand that it is no good trying to *force* people to worship God in a way that they do not think right.

Parliament was determined that no form of worship should be allowed but that of the Church of England: so the Christian people of England were now divided into the Papists, who obeyed the Pope, the Churchmen, who obeyed the law, and the Dissenters, who obeyed nobody. And this Cavalier Parliament made such careful laws for keeping both Papists and Dissenters from gaining any power that it was a very long time before any change was made in their favour. Charles did not like these laws at all, and he tried hard to get Parliament to give him power to "dispense" from them—that is, to allow certain persons to break them; but though the Commons called themselves Cavaliers they were quite as determined on having their own way as ever the Long Parliament had been. They would not give the king a penny unless he did what they wanted, and as he was already in debt he concealed his feelings and gave way quite pleasantly.

In 1664 came a war with the Dutch, caused again by trade disputes. The Dutch were great seamen and explorers, and had made settlements in many parts of the world. And they tried to keep the trade in these places for themselves, just as Philip of Spain had tried to keep the trade of the New World to himself. So the English people fought the Dutch now as they used to fight the Spaniard. It was at this time that the English fleet took a Dutch town on the coast of North America, called New Amsterdam, and renamed it New York, after the king's brother.

Parliament was fully in favour of the war, and made a huge grant for it to be carried on. In 1665 a great naval battle was fought off Lowestoft, and the English

won a complete victory. This war, which was entirely at sea, went on for three years, and sometimes the Dutch won, under their great admirals, Van Tromp and de Ruyter, and sometimes the English won, under Prince Rupert and Monk, who was now Duke of Albemarle. In 1667 Charles carelessly allowed the English fleet to be laid up at the wrong time, and de Ruyter took advantage of this, sailed up the Thames, and burnt our ships in the Medway. This was a terrible humiliation for England, and almost made men wish for Cromwell again. Immediately afterwards peace was made. England had to give up some places in the East Indies to the Dutch, but on the other hand we kept New York and the country near it, so that all the coast-line from the St Lawrence to Florida was now English. Charles's chief minister was Hyde, that honest and clever lawyer who, in the Long Parliament, had joined Falkland in leading the Royalist party. He had been made Earl of Clarendon and Lord Chancellor, and had worked most faithfully for the king. After the insult of the Dutch fleet coming up the Thames, the House of Commons began to ask what the king had done with all the money they had given him for the navy, and to say that in future they must see that their grants were properly spent on the defence of the kingdom, and not thrown away on the king's amusements. Clarendon had already offended Charles by trying to stop him spending money in wrong ways, and by refusing to make grants from the Exchequer to royal favourites, and now he offended the Commons by opposing their wish to control the spending of the royal revenue. He naturally thought the king would have supported him, but Charles

was always glad to get rid of an honest man, and dismissed him from office. He was then impeached by the House, and Charles coolly told him he had better escape while he could. He fled to France and remained in exile till he died. Like Strafford, he must often have murmured, "Put not your trust in princes."

One thing that had made Clarendon very unpopular was that while he was chief Minister Dunkirk, Cromwell's famous conquest, had been sold to the King of France, and it was said, though quite untruly, that Clarendon had been bribed with French gold to advise the sale. Charles had wanted the money, and also the troops who garrisoned Dunkirk to use them elsewhere.

Queen Catherine had brought to him as her dowry two very important possessions,—Bombay, the first place owned by the King of England in India, and the Port of Tangier in the Mediterranean. Until Cromwell sent Blake into the Mediterranean English people had never thought that what happened there concerned them. Charles, however, was clear-sighted enough to see that the English navy would get much more power in Europe if we had a port for our ships in the Mediterranean, and he was anxious to make a strong place of Tangier. The Puritan tyranny had given Parliament a horror of an army; however, they were obliged to let the king have a few troops to garrison first Dunkirk and then Tangier, and this Tangier garrison was the first beginning of the English Regular Army. You see as long as Englishmen kept to their own little island, they only wanted a navy to defend them, but as soon as they began to have possessions in other countries they found they must have something of an army.

Things were very different now in Europe from what they had been in the time of Elizabeth. Spain, the power that had then been such a danger to English liberty, had now sunk into feebleness, and danger was now to be looked for from France, whose young king, Louis XIV., wished to play the tyrant to all Europe, and had gathered about him a most remarkable set of strong and clever men as ministers and generals. Louis was a Papist, and he soon began to see that Protestant England was just as much in his way as had been the case with Philip of Spain. And so he tried to influence the King of England, and get him on his side. Now Charles was first cousin to Louis, and Charles's sister Princess Henrietta, one of the few people he really cared for, had married Louis's brother, the Duke of Orleans. Charles was so little of an Englishman that he was quite ready to sell the honour and welfare of England to the French king in return for money to make him independent of Parliament: but such a mean and disgraceful thing could only be done secretly. People in England were getting uneasy at the growing power of France, and had a nervous fear of Popery, so by 1668 it was thought good to make an alliance with the Dutch against Louis. Charles pretended to approve strongly of this alliance, which made him very popular, and then he betrayed all the secrets of the allies to Louis. Charles's intrigues and trickeries at this time are very complicated. He seems to have thought it a good joke to send an official agent to France, with open instructions to do one thing, so as to deceive the English people, and at the same time to send a secret agent to do exactly the opposite, so as to keep up his

understanding with Louis. Also he managed to cheat the House of Commons most cleverly out of £200,000 on the Toleration question.

In 1670 Princess Henrietta of Orleans came over to Dover, where King Charles met her, and people thought that this was only a private meeting between the brother and sister. Really, however, the Princess came as King Louis's agent, and a secret treaty was concluded at Dover between Charles and Louis, in which Charles promised to throw over the Dutch and help Louis to conquer both Spain and Holland, and to declare himself a Papist as soon as he could do it safely. In return Louis promised to give Charles £230,000 a-year, and in case the English people should object to being bought and sold like sheep, 6000 troops to keep them quiet and £154,000 down.

At the time Charles probably thought that with luck he might carry out this iniquitous treaty; for a man who believes in nothing himself finds it difficult to understand that other people really care for honour and faith, but clever as he was he had not the sense to stop spending money. However much he had he always wanted more; so he could not do without Parliament, and Parliament, though it allowed him to break with the Dutch and help Louis against them would not allow him to relax the laws against the Papists. This second Dutch war was unfortunate. Prince Rupert was twice defeated at sea and the war became very unpopular.

Meanwhile, the French king was pouring his armies into little Holland, and the Dutch had again to do what they had done in the days of Philip of Spain—call in the sea to save them. Holland lies below the level of the sea

and is protected by dykes. When these are cut all the country is flooded, except the cities and other bits of high ground, and so it becomes impossible for an enemy to advance. In old days the Dutch leader had been William, Prince of Orange, called William the Silent. His grandson, Prince William II., had married the Princess Mary of England, Charles II.'s sister, and their son, Prince William III., now became Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic. He never forgave Louis for trying to enslave Holland, and for the next thirty years the story of what happened in Europe is simply the story of the duel between William of Orange and Louis XIV. William had many faults, but he had his great-grandfather's heroic temper to the full. At this time an English courtier, the Duke of Buckingham (son of Charles I.'s favourite), was in Holland, and he advised William to submit to Louis, saying, "Do you not see that the Republic is lost?" "I know one sure means of never seeing it," replied the Prince,—"to die on the last dyke." William meant what he said, and every Dutchman meant it too, so they cut their dykes and held out steadfastly, and Louis had to retreat.

About this time Protestant England was greatly alarmed by the Duke of York's second marriage. Shortly after the Restoration he had married Anne Hyde, Clarendon's daughter, and they had had two children, the Princesses Mary and Anne, who were brought up Protestants, like their mother. Then she died, and now James married a Papist Princess, Mary of Modena. This made a great difference, for people felt they could put up with a Papist king for a bit if they knew a Protestant queen

would come next, but now that James had got a second wife he might have a son, and that son would be a Papist, and people thought with alarm of a line of Papist sovereigns.

Charles saw he could not safely go on with the Treaty of Dover, so he made peace with the Dutch, and resolved to keep friends with Parliament. To help him in this he chose as his chief minister Lord Danby, a man who desired to keep down all Dissenters, Papist as well as Protestant, at home, and in general to oppose Louis XIV. abroad. Before this a very famous man, Lord Shaftesbury, had been much employed by the king. He was a violent and unscrupulous person, but honestly anxious to keep the liberties of England safe. About this time he found out about the Treaty of Dover, and in a fury of anger against Charles for having deceived the country and befooled himself, he stirred up people in every possible way to oppose the king's wishes. Parliament now became divided into the two parties which have gone on dividing it up to the present day—the king's party, led by Danby, and the Opposition, led by Shaftesbury. Before long each party got a nickname from its opponent. The Opposition were called "Whigs," from a Scotch word for the rebel Protestants in the south-west of Scotland, and the Government party were called "Tories," an Irish name for law-breaking Papists in Ireland. We still use these queer old nicknames, though the Tories are now mostly called Conservatives, and the Whigs Liberals. Both parties wanted to go to war with France and help the Dutch openly, but Charles managed to avoid this, and instead, tried to bring about a peace between Prince

William and King Louis. To gain more influence over his nephew, he proposed that William should marry his first cousin, Mary, the elder daughter of the Duke of York. William was very glad to draw his connection with England closer, and readily consented; so in 1677 the cousins became husband and wife. But Charles still went on trying to trick both William and Louis as well as his own Parliament, and getting money out of them all; so in 1678 William and Louis lost patience with him, and made peace without consulting him at all, while in England the distrust and uneasiness caused by his intrigues led to a very terrible thing.

There lived at this time a low rogue named Titus Oates, who tried to get a living by every kind of villainy. He had called himself a Papist, and it suddenly occurred to him that when people's minds were full of the idea of danger from Popery, they might believe him and reward him if he told lies about the Papists. So he invented a story about a terrible Popish plot: how the Papists were going to murder Charles and make James king; how the King of France was to send over a great army to enslave England; how every man who did not turn Papist was to be burnt at the stake; and so on and so on. He solemnly told this tale, swearing it to be true, to a London magistrate, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, and shortly afterwards Godfrey was found murdered in a field just outside London. Of course every one said the Papists had murdered him for listening to Oates' information. And then the English people simply went mad with fright. For two years and a-half every one believed in the "Popish Plot," and expected to

find a Guy Fawkes in every cellar. Oates was thought to be the saviour of his country, was installed in magnificent apartments, and given a pension of £1200 a-year. Naturally there were plenty of rogues to take example by his success, and fresh witnesses were continually coming forward, each with a new set of lies. Numbers of people were arrested, tried for their lives, and condemned on the evidence of these perjured wretches, and many were executed, all of course perfectly innocent, as the plot never had any existence. The only real plotter was the king, and he never lifted a finger to save one of the victims. At the very beginning of the agitation Shaftesbury stirred up the House of Commons to impeach Danby, who was accused of having carried on a treasonable correspondence with France. Charles was fond of Danby, as far as he could be fond of any one; also he was afraid of the House getting to know of his own dealings with France; so to stop the impeachment he, in January 1679, dissolved the Cavalier Parliament, which had sat for more than seventeen years. A new Parliament, however, was at once elected, and it was found to be made up almost entirely of Opposition members. Charles gave way before the general feeling, called many of the violent Protestants to office, and made Shaftesbury President of the Council. A Bill was then brought in to exclude the Duke of York from the throne because of his being a Papist. This at last roused some manliness in the king. Heartless as he was in all else there were two people for whom he had some real affection—his sister Henrietta, the Duchess of Orleans, and his brother James,—and this attack on James's rights he determined to resist. He dissolved the

Parliament, which had only sat two months, and called another. Again Shaftesbury secured an immense majority, and he now thought his power so secure that he proposed not only to exclude the Duke of York from the succession to the throne, but to settle it upon a person who had no right to it at all. Long before Charles had married the queen, when he was in exile and quite a young man, he had had a son, who was afterwards created Duke of Monmouth. His mother was a low-born woman who could not have been made queen, and not being the son of the queen Monmouth was not by law heir to the crown. He was now a man grown, very handsome and winning, sweet-tempered, and with a pleasant, easy manner which made him popular, and he was supposed to be a strong Protestant.

Charles did not allow Parliament to meet till October 1681. When it did meet the Exclusion Bill, which took away from the Duke of York the right of succeeding to the throne and gave it to Monmouth, was quickly passed by the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords, chiefly owing to an eloquent speech made against it by Lord Halifax. Halifax was a man of high character and great ability, with a sincere love of justice. His mind was too firm to be affected by the popular panic about the Popish Plot, and he was indignant at the injustice of Shaftesbury's scheme of excluding not only James but his daughters from the throne, in favour of Monmouth, who had no lawful right at all. In January 1682 Charles again dissolved Parliament, and calling another ordered it to meet at Oxford instead of at Westminster for fear of the mob of the City, who were violently on

Shaftesbury's side. The king went to Oxford attended by his guards, and the Whig members, frightened for their own safety at Oxford, which was always Tory, appeared armed with pistols. These signs of coming strife made the country afraid of something worse than a Popish Plot — the chance of another civil war. The Whigs had gone too far. Public feeling was coming round with a violent swing, and Charles saw it. He refused to hear of the Exclusion Bill, and again dissolved Parliament, returning to London amid popular applause. So after all his intricate plotting and treachery the one and only time he behaved in an honest, straightforward way, he carried the people with him. Unluckily, having gained the confidence of his subjects, he only used it to cheat them into giving him more power. He had taken care to appoint as judges only men who would do his bidding, and with their help he managed so to alter the way of electing the corporations throughout England (that is, the mayors and town councils of cities) that in future they would all be Tories, and they in turn could do a great deal towards getting only Tories sent to Parliament. The corporation of the city of London was treated in this way; and once the city authorities had become Tory Shaftesbury had no protection against the king's vengeance. He fled to Holland and died there.

In their hour of disaster some of the Whigs did a most foolish and wicked thing. A plot was made to murder both Charles and James as they rode past Rye House, near London; the plot was discovered and the would-be murderers executed. But besides these guilty people two men were tried and executed who were entirely

innocent—Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Both were good and honourable men and met their death fearlessly.

This happened in 1683. At the beginning of the year 1685 the king had a stroke of apoplexy. Feeling death approaching he sent for a Romish priest, declared himself a Papist, and three days afterwards died.

Before going on to James II. I must tell you of two famous things that happened in London while Charles was king. In 1665 that terrible illness called the Plague broke out. It always comes from Asia, and in old days it often came to European countries because people lived in such a dirty, nasty way. For many months it now raged in London, and great numbers of people died.

The next year half London was destroyed by a great fire which burnt for three days, and at last burnt itself out. Old St Paul's, the finest cathedral in all England, was burnt down, and a great number of other beautiful buildings. This was very grievous, but the fire had one good result. In old London the houses were mostly of wood, with overhanging upper stories, and the streets were very, very narrow, so that though it was very picturesque it was dreadfully unhealthy, because there was no space for fresh air and people were packed so tight together. When the fire was over the bold Londoners did not sit down and cry, they set to at once and built up their city again on a much better plan, with wide airy streets and stone or brick houses. Modern London is not so pretty and interesting-looking

as old London was, but it is much healthier and much safer. The plague has never again visited London, and there has never been another Great Fire. And though we may sometimes think it would have been nice to live in those charming old streets, we must remember that it is not much use having pretty things to look at if one does not stay alive to see them.

The present Cathedral of St Paul's, which you will see now when you go to London, was built after the fire by the famous architect Sir Christopher Wren. That is why it is such a different looking building from Westminster Abbey, which was built 300 or 400 years earlier.

It was said at the time of the Great Fire that it began in Pudding Lane and ended in Pie Corner. A tall sort of tower was put up in memory of it, called the Monument: when you go to London you will see it.

I have had to talk about so many mean and wicked doings in the reign of Charles II. that I should like to tell you of some great and good and wise men who lived in those days. John Milton, the greatest of our poets after Shakespeare, had been Cromwell's secretary and friend. Not only was he very sad at the overthrow of all his hopes as a Puritan, but he had also become quite blind. He describes himself as—

> "fallen on evil days,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round."

But in his sadness and blindness great thoughts came to him, and he wrote his immortal poem, 'Paradise Lost,' which you will read when you are old enough.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Then there was John Bunyan, the Bedfordshire tinker, also a Puritan. He was sent to prison for worshipping as a Dissenter, and, like Milton, his misfortune proved the good fortune of all who speak the English tongue, for it was in prison that he wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

And then there was good Bishop Ken, who wrote the Morning and Evening Hymns, and many other beautiful verses too. Once King Charles ordered him to do something very wrong, but the bishop stoutly refused, and said he must obey God rather than the king.

In those days people had begun to care very much for what we call "natural science"—that is, trying to get to know and understand something of all that we see in nature. Some of the wise men who cared for this joined themselves together in a society and obtained the king's patronage for it. So it was called the Royal Society, and it is so called to this day. The greatest of these men was Sir Isaac Newton, the astronomer, whose genius has brought great glory to the English name.

The Revolution.

A.D. 1685–1688.

THE feeling of the people had now become so very Tory that James succeeded to the throne without any trouble, and the country was thoroughly loyal to him. Yet he only reigned three years, and was then turned out of England with the contempt of all parties. In some ways he was worse and in some ways better than his brother. He was both cowardly and cruel, which Charles was not, but also he was sincere in his religious belief and comparatively straightforward.

His first Parliament willingly granted him all the revenues which had been given to Charles. Shortly after it met news came that Monmouth (who had been exiled to Holland in 1683) had landed in Devonshire and was calling upon all ardent Protestants to rise in rebellion under his leadership. The Puritans flocked to his banner, and he entered Taunton, the town that had held so staunchly for the Roundheads under Blake, amid the greatest enthusiasm. But Englishmen in general did not wish to do anything so lawless as to make Monmouth king, also they were determined not to have another Puritan tyranny. So it was only the

ignorant countrymen who gathered to Monmouth,—the gentry and the nobles would have nothing to say to him. He advanced to Bristol, which shut its gates against him, then retreated to Bridgwater. Meanwhile King James was coming against him with the regular army, consisting of the Life Guards, who had been gradually increased in number, first by Charles and then by James, and the Tangier Regiment, which had just come back to England These formed a body of seasoned and disciplined troops with proper arms and cannon. Monmouth saw that with his ill-armed and untrained peasants his only chance was to take the regulars by surprise There is a place in Somersetshire called Sedgemoor, a perfectly flat piece of marshy country, crossed at regular intervals by long, deep, broad ditches filled with water, called *Rhines*. Monmouth's plan was to attack the Royal army encamped on Sedgemoor just before dawn. But either through a mistake or by treachery, his men were led in such a direction that just as they were getting close to the Royal camp, they were stopped by the Bussex Rhine, which was so deep and broad that it was impossible to cross it. As they halted and hesitated, not knowing what to do, the alarm was given in the camp, and when the sun rose the king's troops, with their good muskets and big guns, simply shot down the unfortunate rebels like sheep. But the old Puritan temper showed itself grandly in these poor fellows. Unable to get at their foes they stood stubbornly to be killed, without a thought of flight or surrender. Monmouth, to his eternal shame, cared only for saving himself and rode off leaving the brave men who were

dying for him without a commander, yet still they held on, till the Royal horse got round the Rhine and came down upon their feeble ranks. Of all English battles Sedgemoor is the saddest, for it was not really a battle, but a butchery; yet there is one thing we may be thankful for, it was the last battle fought on English ground. Two hundred and twenty years have passed since that day, and England has been preserved from the shedding of blood, either in foreign invasion or civil strife. No quarter was given by the Royal troops, and even after the regular pursuit was over, the work of slaughter was still carried on by the Tangier Regiment. It was commanded by Colonel Kirke, and from having been used to fighting against the savage Moors in Africa both the men and their colonel had become cruel and merciless. "Kirke's Lambs," as the people called them in bitter mockery, scoured the country, and dragging many wretched fugitives out of hiding, shot them without any trial.

Yet even these military murders were not so terrible as the legal murders that followed. There was in those days a judge named Jeffreys, who was so base, so cruel, and so unjust, that he may well have been the original of Lord Hategood in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He was a particular favourite of James, and was now sent down to the west to try the rebels and all who had assisted them. Every man brought before this wicked judge was doomed. He broke out into a storm of the coarsest abuse against the ignorant, defenceless prisoners, and overwhelmed them with horrible taunts and jeers. Three hundred and twenty persons he hanged, and eight

hundred and twenty more he condemned to a fate perhaps worse than death — they were transported to the West Indies to work as slaves. At Winchester, Dame Alice Lisle, an old lady of blameless character, was executed, only because, with the charity of a kindly heart, she had given shelter to two fugitives from Sedgemoor.

Monmouth had not saved himself by his flight from the battle: he was found hiding in a ditch and was taken prisoner. He had fully deserved to die for his senseless rebellion, but he hardly deserved such torture as James inflicted on him. He wrote the most abject letters to the king, begging for pardon, and James was so cruel as to give him a prolonged interview and take pleasure in seeing this young man, his brother's son, prostrate before him in agonised supplication, and then sending him to execution.

Monmouth and the Puritans had been so easily disposed of that James now thought himself strong enough to try and bring back Popery. He began by increasing the army, and making officers of men who were Papists, which was against the law. In order to do what he wanted without the help of Parliament, which he knew would not alter the law, he declared that the king had power to dispense from the law. Charles II. had also tried to do this, you remember, but had quickly given it up. Now James began to use his dispensing power to allow clergymen to become Papists and yet keep their parishes; also he forbade any clergyman to preach against Popery, and punished the Bishop of London for refusing to give way to him in this matter. Then, in 1687, he

issued what was called "The Declaration of Indulgence," a royal order dispensing from the laws about religious teaching, and allowing both Papists and Dissenters to worship and preach as they chose.

But many of the Dissenters were so loyal to the law that they nobly refused to profit by the king's declaration, or to accept toleration from one who had no right to give it.

Then James dissolved Parliament and tried, with the help of Judge Jeffreys, to make arrangements for "packing" a new one—that is, to pretend to let people elect the members freely, but really to force them in underhand ways to elect only men whom the king thought would be on his side. James's great mistake, however, was in thinking that the Tories would be on his side whatever he did. The Tories were just as averse to a setting up of Popery as the Whigs were, and though they hated rebellion they hated Popery still more, and when it came to a choice between the two they were ready to choose rebellion. All attempts at packing a Parliament failed, and then James issued a second Declaration of Indulgence, and ordered it to be read in every church in England by the clergyman. The clergy could not obey such an illegal order, and a petition against it was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and six other bishops, and presented to the king. James told them that this was an act of rebellion, to which they replied that their duty was to fear God as well as honour the king. On the appointed day scarcely any of the clergy would read the Declaration, and in a church in London, Samuel Wesley, father of the saintly

From Green's 'Short History of the English People.']

THE SEVEN BISHOPS GOING TO THE TOWER.

preacher John Wesley, preached a sermon from the text in the Book of Daniel: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Charles I. had roused the heroic spirit in the Puritans. James II. was rousing the heroic spirit in the Churchmen. Then the king ordered the seven Bishops to be tried for sedition, because, he argued, the presenting of the petition to him was a seditious act. This was so outrageously unjust that the whole country was indignant, and every one saw plainly that the king would stick at nothing to gain his will.

The trial of the Bishops took place in Westminster Hall, and when the jury were shut up to consider their verdict, first nine were for the Bishops, and three for the king, then two of the three gave way, but the third, named Arnold, still held out. He was the king's brewer, and he said, "Whatever I do I am sure to be half ruined. If I say 'Not guilty' I shall brew no more for the king, and if I say 'Guilty' I shall brew no more for anybody else." Still he declared he would hold out for the king. Then another juryman, named Austen, said to him, "If you come to that, look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition a libel, here I will stay until I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." All night Arnold held out, but in the morning he gave way, and the verdict "Not guilty" was returned. Shouts of joy and triumph rang all through London, and horsemen galloped off in every direction to carry the glad tidings all over the country. James was at Hounslow reviewing his army, and when

the news arrived the soldiers broke out into loud cheers. Those cheers might have taught him that he never could depend on English troops to fight for him against the English people. The state of affairs had now become intolerable, for just before the Bishops' trial the hopes of a Protestant heir to the throne were disappointed by the birth of a son to James. This son would naturally be a Papist like his father, and would succeed him as king. Accordingly, the leading men of the kingdom decided that James must be deposed, and they sent a letter to William of Orange asking him to come over and place himself at the head of the nation.

William was busy making a league of all the German princes against Louis of France, and was most anxious to have England join it. But he had to arrange for the defence of Holland, and could not start for some months. However, at last he got off, and on November 6, 1688, he landed at Brixham in Devonshire. He had only brought a small force with him, for he did not want to conquer England but to have her really on his side in the great struggle with France.

Men had lately become more certain that the triumph of Louis XIV. would mean the triumph of Popery, because shortly before he had done a thing in France which, though not so cruel and wicked as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, had had very much the same effect.

When the French wars of religion ended in the accession of Henry IV., that great and wise king made a law, called the Edict of Nantes, which secured to the Huguenots their freedom to worship God according to their belief. Louis XIV. now revoked this Edict, and began to

LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE IN ENGLAND.

persecute the Huguenots so severely that they fled to England in large numbers, just as they had done after the St Bartholomew. And, as before, being mostly good workmen and men of business, they brought much gain of industry and knowledge to England, and left France the poorer for their loss. Englishmen began to see that they would do well to help William of Orange in his resistance to the French king's schemes abroad, as well as looking to him to help them against Popery and tyranny at home.

As William marched slowly eastwards from Devon, the nation rose as one man to welcome him. James with his army advanced as far as Salisbury, but when he got there he found himself deserted by nearly all his officers. One of the most important of them was John Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough. He was entirely trusted by James, and his wife had great influence over James's second daughter, the Princess Anne. Lady Churchill persuaded Anne to leave her father and join William's supporters, and Churchill himself rode off to William's camp. Left now almost alone James went back to London and then tried to escape to France. He was caught at Sheerness by some fishermen and brought back; but William had no mind to have his father-in-law as a prisoner on his hands, so he gave orders quietly that James should be allowed to escape again if he would. This time he got off all right and reached France in safety. The only revolution that England has ever seen thus came about without a shot being fired.

When William arrived at Whitehall Palace, among the men who came to welcome him was a very old lawyer

named Maynard. He was ninety years of age, so William said to him, "You must have outlived all the lawyers of your standing," and Maynard replied, "Yes, sir, and but for your Highness I should have outlived all the laws too." He said out what every one was thinking. By claiming a dispensing power over the laws, James II. had done his best to destroy any belief in what was called the Divine Right of Kings. This idea, that the nearest heir by blood is the only true king in the sight of God, came into England with the Stuarts, and left it with them. English people could not obey a king who broke their laws, so they returned to the old English idea that Parliament has power to alter the succession to the throne, and that the right of a lawfully appointed king is most truly divine - that is, in accordance with the will of God. Englishmen have never been good at making theories or rules, but on one point they were pretty sure then, as they are now. That is, that English laws must be obeyed by king and people alike; and in 1688 they made it plain to the world once for all by their peaceful revolution that in England it is not the king who makes the law, but the law that makes the king.

NOTES.

One of the seven bishops, Trelawney, was a Cornishman, and the men of Cornwall were so angry at his being put in prison that they gathered together and proposed to march up to London and set him free. There is a fine ballad on the subject called "Trelawney," which you must read.

The Fight with France.

THE DUTCH KING.

A.D. 1688–1702.

On January 22, 1689, a freely elected Parliament (or rather a Convention, as it was not called by the sovereign) met, and passed a Resolution declaring that James II. had broken the fundamental laws of England, and by withdrawing from the country had abdicated, and that therefore the throne was vacant. Then it was suggested that Mary, being James's eldest daughter, should be declared queen, and that William as her husband should govern in her name. But Mary, who was a good and loving wife, was quite angry at the idea of being put above her husband, and said she would never consent to be queen unless he were king, while William himself refused to undertake to govern the country unless he were made king. You must remember that he stood next to Mary and Anne in the succession, being himself a grandson of Charles I. So finally it was decided that William and Mary should reign together as king and queen, and—as they had no children—that Anne should succeed them.

The English had now got a Dutch king, but though

they could not do without him they never much liked him. William was at this time thirty-eight years old; he was very thin and had a harsh and melancholy expression. From his childhood he suffered from bad health and was often in great bodily pain, but his spirit was so strong and enduring that it forced his poor weak body to carry him on. As a boy he had been badly treated by the people then in power in Holland, who had hardly allowed him any education, and had kept him down in every way, and this had soured his temper and made him cold and reserved. He cared deeply and passionately for his own country, and did not like England or English ways, so he always felt himself an exile over here, and only endured his position as King of England in order to keep the English army and navy on his side in his fight with France.

William was a just man, and he honestly tried to govern well, but not being good at pretending, he soon let his new subjects see that he did not care for them, and therefore naturally they did not care for him. And unfortunately the leading men of that time were not the sort of people to make William think much of English patriotism and honour. Not a few of the nobles and statesmen kept up dealings with James in France with the idea of saving their lives and properties if he should return to power; and some of them were quite capable of betraying the new king to the old one if it seemed more to their interest to do so. William very naturally, having few Englishmen that he could trust, brought over many Dutchmen from Holland and gave them titles and lands and high offices

and commands in the State and the army, and this—also very naturally—made the Englishmen angry and still less inclined to be really loyal to him. Then in Parliament the Whigs and Tories quarrelled, so that it was difficult to get anything useful done. However, three things were done which were very important.

A Toleration Act was passed by which the Dissenters were allowed to worship in their own way. That was a start on the right path of giving every man freedom to follow what he truly believes in religion. In the end the Papists got their freedom too, but not for a very, very long time.

Then the Commons began to see that much of the old troubles had come from their way of granting the sovereign so much money every year for his life, and they now tried a new way; they only granted the supplies of money *for one year*, so that every year the king would be obliged to ask for his supply. This really made it impossible for the king to go against the will of Parliament any more, because no one can govern a country without any money. Thirdly, there was the question of the army. Parliament was very nervous about the king having a regular, or standing, army at all, because they were so afraid of his using it as Cromwell used it; however, it was very plain that if the King of England was to oppose the French king to any purpose he must have a properly trained and disciplined army. Up till now there had been no lawful way by which the soldiers could be punished for mutiny, and so there was no proper discipline. Now Parliament passed a Mutiny Act, giving power to the

king and all officers appointed by him to punish every soldier for disobedient acts, *but* the Act was only to hold good for one year, so that every year the king had to come to Parliament for a Mutiny Act as well as for Supply. You can see that these arrangements made Parliament the real, supreme power in the kingdom.

At first, however, this only seemed to lead to another difficulty. No business can possibly be carried on by a great number of people at once, and more especially this cannot be done with the affairs of a nation. As no ship could ever be rightly managed if the passengers were always interfering with the captain, so no State can be properly governed if a large assembly like Parliament is always interfering with the conduct of affairs. And it would be intolerable if the king were always to be deposed whenever the majority in Parliament happened to disagree with him. It was a long time before the English people hit upon a really good way out of this difficulty, but it was during the reign of William and Mary that an arrangement was begun which was afterwards brought to perfection. The way is that the king must always choose his ministers from that party which has the majority in Parliament. Then when the feeling of the country changes and the other party gets the upper hand the ministers are turned out and another set comes in to office, while the king remains above all parties, and all his subjects, whatever their opinions, can be equally loyal to him. This plan secures the honour of the sovereign, the efficiency of the Government, and the liberty of the people. At the time I am

talking of, however, no one had thought out this plan, it was only beginning to come about in a piecemeal, haphazard fashion, and the selfishness of the leading men and the quarrelling of the Whigs and Tories gave William a great deal of trouble.

Though the Revolution had been peaceful in England, it was not so either in Scotland or Ireland. The Scottish Parliament declared William and Mary King and Queen of Scotland, but several strong places held out for King James, and a force of Highlanders, led by a famous man and fine soldier, Graham of Claverhouse, Lord Dundee, marched down from the mountains and won the battle of Killiecrankie. But Dundee died in the moment of victory, and without their leader the Highlanders could do nothing, so by degrees the country quieted down.

Ireland being a Papist country, the people were all on the side of King James, and he knowing this left France in the spring of 1689 and went to Ireland, where he was received with enthusiasm. The Protestant Englishmen were driven up to the north, and mostly took refuge in the cities of Enniskillen and Londonderry. James, at the head of a large Irish army, laid siege to 'Derry, which held out for a long time in a most heroic manner, and was at last relieved by some English ships. Again, as in Cromwell's time, the English had to set to work to reconquer Ireland. Troops were sent under Schomberg, one of William's foreign officers, but he gained little success, and in 1690 William had to go himself. On July 1st he won the famous Battle of the Boyne, and James fled away again to France. Fighting went on for a long time under William's generals, for he himself soon

went back to England, but in the end Ireland was completely subdued.

While William was away in Ireland King Louis sent his great admiral, Tourville, to fight the combined Dutch and English fleets in the Channel, and he won a victory over them, chiefly because Torrington, the English admiral, kept his ships out of the way and let the brunt of the fighting fall on the Dutch. Another English admiral, Russell, about this time told one of the secret agents of King James that he would help him to regain the throne. However, though Russell was willing to betray his master he was not willing to betray his country, for he added, "Do not think that I will let the French triumph over us in our own sea. Understand this, that if I meet them I fight them; ay, though his Majesty himself be on board." And in 1692 Russell met Tourville in the action of La Hogue and defeated him heavily. A greater man than Russell acted with real treachery. This was Churchill, who had now been created Lord Marlborough. Marlborough was a man of great genius, but he had no conscience and no sense of honour. Though his advancement in the army was fully deserved he had owed his rise more to his handsome face and smooth tongue than to his merit as a soldier. William had employed him in Ireland and would have continued to do so, but Marlborough was offended at the Dutch generals being more favoured than he was, and he opposed the king's wishes in Parliament, besides making Princess Anne, who was entirely under Lady Marlborough's influence, set herself against her sister and brother-in-law. If Marlborough thought he could

frighten William into treating him with greater favour he was much mistaken, for William at once dismissed him from his command. Upon which, in revenge, he tried to do all the harm he could, and even sent information to James of an attack planned to be made by an English force on the coast of France, in consequence of which treachery the attack failed and many Englishmen lost their lives. It was unfortunate that Marlborough could not be trusted, for William badly needed a man of genius on his side to fight the French in the Netherlands. The French general, Luxembourg, was a very different foe from King James, and he beat William in one battle after another. William had the most wonderful patience and dogged perseverance, and he always managed to prevent his enemy from gaining much advantage after these defeats, but he had not dash and skill enough to win decisively, and so the war dragged on.

In 1694 King William had a terrible sorrow. Queen Mary took the small-pox and died. Her husband loved her very deeply and never recovered from the grief of her loss. When the doctors told him that she was dying he said to the bishop who was present, "There is no hope. I was the happiest man on earth, and I am the most miserable. She had no fault—none: you knew her well, but you could not know—nobody but myself could know—her goodness."

The following year William won his first success against King Louis in the field. He took the great fortress of Namur, in spite of all the efforts of the French army, and as this was the first time for fifty-

two years that the French had met with any check in their wars, it seemed a sign that fortune was at last turning against them.

In 1696 some of James's partisans made a plot to murder William in England, but the plan was betrayed, and this wicked and dastardly attempt at last roused some warm feeling in England for the king. A great number of people formed themselves into an association for his defence, just as had been done for Queen Elizabeth when she was in danger from the partisans of Mary Stuart. In 1697 William's long and stubborn resistance to the French king's schemes was at last rewarded by Louis agreeing to make peace. By the Peace of Ryswick Louis XIV. gave up all that he had gained during the war, and acknowledged William as King of England. This was a real triumph.

In 1700 the English people were called upon to make new arrangements about the succession to the crown. Princess Anne had been married for some years to a Danish prince, and as she had had several children every one hoped there would be an heir from her family. But one after another of these children had died, and now the last one died, so it was necessary to look farther off. One thing Englishmen had made up their minds about, and that was that in future their sovereigns must be Protestants, so it was no use thinking of James's son. You remember Charles I.'s sister, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia? She had had a good many children, Prince Rupert among them, but most of them had died childless, and the only one who had a son and who was a Protestant was the Princess Sophia. She

had married the Elector of Hanover, one of those German princes who were called *Electors* because they *elected* the Emperor. In 1701 Parliament passed what is known as the Act of Settlement, because it *settled* the succession on the Electress Sophia and her descendants. Every English sovereign since then has reigned by right of the Act of Settlement.

Another death occurred in 1700, that of the King of Spain. He had no heirs, and he left his crown by will to a French prince, Philip of Bourbon, a grandson of Louis XIV. This made it likely that Spain would be united to France, and therefore that the French king would be so powerful as to be practically master of Europe. The Spanish Netherlands were defended from France by certain fortresses whose garrisons were half Dutch and half Spanish, and Louis now got the Spaniards to turn out the Dutch troops and let in French ones, so that the fortresses were in his own hands. This was a very dangerous thing for Holland, and made it more necessary than ever for William to resist King Louis; so he made what was called the Grand Alliance against him, consisting of England, Austria, and Holland; and the Allies proposed that the Archduke Charles of Austria should be King of Spain, instead of Philip of Bourbon. Louis refused all proposals for a peaceful settlement and supported Philip, who was crowned King of Spain, and war was declared between France and Austria in 1701.

Just at this time James II. died in France, and Louis XIV. at once hailed his young son—also called James—as King of England. This caused an outburst of

indignation in England. Men were furious with Louis for his impertinence in daring to call King of England the boy whom England had rejected, and Parliament gladly granted William men and money for carrying on the war with France. And now the foes of France got the great general they had needed, for Marlborough came round to William's side again, and William, feeling that he could now trust him, and knowing his genius, sent him to the Netherlands in command of the English troops. William had intended to go in the spring himself and take supreme command, but in February 1702, as he was riding in Hampton Park, his horse stumbled over a mole-hill; he was thrown and injured, and on March 8 he died. He did not love England, but he did his duty by the country honestly and well, and Englishmen should always be grateful to him for helping them through a time of very great difficulty.

NOTES.

William did not care for living in a big town like London, so he built a house which was then outside London, though now London has swallowed it up. It is called Kensington Palace, and it is built in the Dutch style, for William wanted something to remind him of his home. He also stayed a great deal at Hampton Court, where there had been a palace long before, but now William had it enlarged and a great deal rebuilt. At Greenwich a palace had been begun by Charles II., and

this was continued by Queen Mary, not for herself but as a Hospital for infirm and wounded sailors. William had it completed according to her wish. Hampton Court and Greenwich Hospital were designed by Sir Christopher Wren: when you go to London you will see them.

In William's reign thoughtful men who really cared for religion had become very sad about the state of affairs. People had been so angry with the Puritans for trying to force them to be good, that they had come to think there was something rather fine and bold in being wicked; and there had been so much quarrelling among Christians about what they ought to believe, and how the Church should be governed, that many men said they would just give it all up and do what they pleased, and not mind about right and wrong at all. So some of the good men of the time met together and consulted as to what they could do, and they agreed that what was wanted was for people to take more pains to study patiently and learn God's will in all things. And in 1698 they formed themselves into a society called the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which has ever since done splendid work both in teaching people rightly at home and in helping on the preaching of the Gospel abroad. Things such as this are very important for England, quite as important as the doings of Parliament or the fighting with France, because there can be no real freedom for a man or for a nation except in doing the will of God.

Queen Anne and Marlborough.

A.D. 1702–1714.

Queen Anne reigned for twelve years, and for eleven of those years the great war with France was carried on. Anne was rather a stupid woman, but she was sincere, really anxious to do her duty, kind-hearted, and of a most faithful nature. When she was quite a girl she made great friends with a young maid of honour named Sarah Jennings. Sarah was handsome, clever, daring, with a strong will and a violent temper, and for many years Anne did and said nothing but what she wished. There must have been some strange charm about Sarah Jennings, for Marlborough fell in love with her and married her, though his great fault was a fondness for money, and Sarah had not a penny to her fortune. Through all their forty-three years of married life her husband loved her with the most unselfish devotion, and trembled before her outbursts of bad temper as if he had been a naughty schoolboy rather than a man of genius with the fate of nations hanging on his will. The Duchess of Marlborough treated Queen Anne exactly as she treated her husband, stormed at her when she was in a passion, and altogether was so overbearing that Anne's patience at last gave way.

MARLBOROUGH.

She had encouraged the duchess to treat her as an equal, and in writing to each other the two friends used the names of Mrs Morley and Mrs Freeman, so as not to be troubled with saying Your Majesty and Your Grace.

Queen Anne was a good woman and cared deeply for the Church of England; so as the Tories were more in favour of the Church, and the Whigs were more in favour of the Dissenters, the Queen liked the Tories best. Marlborough himself did not care a bit about either party, but he wanted to be well supported in the war, about which the Tories were only lukewarm, while the Whigs were very eager for it. Anne at first chose most of her ministers from the Tory party, but she insisted that Marlborough should have all the men and money he wanted for carrying on the war; so for a time all went smoothly.

Before I tell you about the war I must tell you of a very important thing that happened in Anne's reign—the Union with Scotland. Up to this time England and Scotland had been quite separate kingdoms, and it was only an accident that the sovereign of the one happened to be also the sovereign of the other. However, for some time both Scots and English had been thinking it would be much more sensible to be joined together into one kingdom, and in 1707 this was done. There was a good deal of discussion before it was all settled, for the English were jealous of the Scots and did not want to give them equal rights in all things; however, at last the English gave way and the Act of Union was passed. Scotland was to send members to the Parliament at Westminster, and Anne was to be called not Queen of England and Queen of Scotland, but Queen of Great Britain, and the Act of

Settlement was to hold good for the whole island. The Scots kept their own law and their own Presbyterian Church, and they do so to this day.

Now you must understand that the great French war was not just a war fought between two enemies in a single country, but that it was fought all over Europe. On one side were the French, the Elector of Bavaria, and the greater number of the Spaniards: on the other side were the English, the Dutch, the Emperor, various German princes, and a small number of the Spaniards—people called Catalans. The French king was so powerful that he was able to maintain armies in Italy and Spain besides the army of the Rhine, which was attacking the Emperor, and the army of the Meuse, which was attacking Holland. It was this last that Marlborough had to fight against. But though Marlborough was called commander-in-chief of the Dutch and English troops, it was very difficult for him to do what he wanted, for there was a sort of committee of Dutchmen without whose permission the Dutch troops might not advance. So he had to waste his precious time persuading and persuading these people, and often to no purpose. He saw that if the Dutch went on doing as they had done for years, just defending themselves and never attacking the French with vigour, and really trying to *win*, the war might go on for ever. He wanted to march towards the frontier of France, make the French fight a big battle, and smash them. But the Dutch would not hear of this; so for the first two years of the war he had to be content with taking some fortresses. However, these successes pleased Queen Anne so much that she made Marlborough a Duke.

In 1704 Louis XIV. prepared to send a great army right away to Vienna to force the Emperor to give in, and when Marlborough found this out he felt sure that it would be far better to turn the French back in Germany than to wait about defending Holland. One other person quite agreed with him. This was Prince Eugene of Savoy, who was commanding the Imperial troops in Italy. He was a first-rate general, and a bitter enemy of Louis XIV. Prince Eugene and Marlborough agreed together that each would lead his army into Bavaria, meet there, and stop the French getting to Vienna. But they had to plot this in the most secret manner, for the other people on their side would have been horrified at such a bold plan. Marlborough had great difficulty in getting his men to start, and he did not tell them how far he meant to go, but he told the Dutchmen he was going part of the way, and also that he would take his English troops without them rather than not go. They did not like the idea of being left alone, so they went too, and after that obeyed him properly. Finally, Marlborough and Eugene met as they had planned, and together they fought and won the famous battle of Blenheim. The French general, Tallard, had chosen a position close to the great river Danube, where his front was protected by a stretch of very swampy ground through which ran a little river, and he had strengthened his right, which was posted at the village of Blenheim, with strong barricades and other defences Prince Eugene attacked the French left, but did not gain much success as his troops did not behave well. Tallard had put most of his men into Blenheim, and had left his centre weak, thinking no attack would be delivered there,

as the swampy ground in front was so difficult for an attacking force to get through. Now a really great general always tries to do just what his enemy does not expect, so Marlborough, while making a slight attack on Blenheim, just enough to keep the men there busy, made his great attack on the centre. He got his horse across the little river and through the swamp successfully; then they formed, and with two furious charges broke the French centre, thus cutting the enemy into two halves. The men in Blenheim were too much hampered by their complicated defences to get out quickly and come to their comrades' help, and when the English trumpets sounded a third charge, the French fled in panic in every direction. Many were drowned in the Danube, and the 11,000 men shut up in Blenheim were forced to surrender. It was a fine victory and well-deserved, but *the* important thing about it is that this was the first time for more than 150 years that the French had lost a battle. People had got so used to the French always winning that it was thought impossible to beat them, and they had the immense advantage of believing themselves invincible. And the English had had no serious fighting, except at home, for 250 years, and were not much thought of as soldiers. Yet the English general had led his men into the middle of Europe, had attacked a French army bigger than his own in a very strong position, and after two hours' fighting had smashed them to pieces and forced 11,000 of their best troops to surrender on the field.

This same year, 1704, was marked by another English success which, though it was not thought much of at the time, has proved of the highest importance. One of the

GIBRALTAR.

English naval commanders, Admiral Rooke, who was cruising about in the Mediterranean, joined hands with some German troops who were fighting in the south of Spain and made a sudden attack on the Rock of Gibraltar and took it. The Spaniards had never taken much heed to the place, and it was hardly fortified at all, but before very long the English began to see that in the usual English haphazard fashion they had got hold of the key of the Mediterranean, and that they had better keep it. And now the possession of Gibraltar is held to be one of the chief safeguards of England's sea-power.

In 1558 England lost Calais, and by that loss was delivered from the temptation to make foolish and wicked attempts to conquer lands in France. In 1704 England gained Gibraltar, and by that gain was led onward along her right and proper path to the empire of the seas.

The next year was a most trying one for Marlborough, for all his wise plans came to nothing through lack of support. If a dozen people join together to make war, they can never succeed unless they choose one commander and all obey him loyally, but most of the kings and princes who made up the alliance against France spent their time in quarrelling, and poor Marlborough had to spend most of his time travelling all over Europe to persuade them to behave sensibly. His wonderful power of keeping his temper, his charming manner, beautiful face, and winning tongue generally made him irresistible, and as long as he was there emperor, kings, and princes did whatever he asked them. But the Dutch were the worst of all, and against the slowness and

obstinacy of the Dutch generals even Marlborough's silver tongue was used in vain.

The French had made a great fortified line in Flanders, and Marlborough, by a brilliant stroke of genius, had got through this line without fighting at all, so that he was in a most favourable position to attack and win a great victory, but the Dutch refused to advance, and the whole campaign came to nothing.

However, the year following, 1706, things were better. The more sensible people in Holland were ashamed of their generals, and when Marlborough declared his intention of giving up his command in the Low Countries and going to Italy to help Prince Eugene the Dutch were dismayed, and they offered to do away with the Committee and make Marlborough sole commander of the troops if he would only stay with them. To this the Duke agreed, and he soon showed what he could do when his hands were free. The French had intended to stay behind their entrenchments and not risk a battle, but by threatening to besiege Namur Marlborough brought them to an engagement. The French general, Villeroi, had taken up a strong position near a place called Ramillies, with his right posted on some high ground, and his whole front protected by a swamp in which several small rivers took their rise. But he made the mistake of arranging his men in the shape almost of a half circle, like this—( ). You can see at once that the enemy attacking could reach any point in the half circle quicker than the defender could move his men from one part of the half circle to the other. Marlborough therefore made a feigned attack on the French left, and an earnest attack

on their right, and then moved some of his men across to support the real attack, so that the French right might be overwhelmed before help could reach them. But on the French right were the best soldiers in France, the king's household troops, and though outnumbered they did not give way; the attack failed at first, and Marlborough himself was unhorsed and nearly taken prisoner. Remounting, he fought his way out, and leading on his men a second time, carried all before him. Yet though the field was won the French were not broken, but were retreating on their left in good order, and might have taken up a fresh position had they been given time. But Marlborough, like Cromwell, never left his work half done, or wasted a minute in doing it. He instantly ordered the English horse to charge, and charge again, till at last the French broke and fled in hopeless disorder. The battle had lasted little more than three hours, the pursuit went on for ten. Villeroi tried to gather the fugitives together behind the walls of Louvain, but his men were utterly demoralised, and they fled on and on, leaving the whole country open to Marlborough's victorious advance. The battle of Ramillies cost the French 15,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and they lost all their baggage and artillery. A still greater result was the fear now inspired by Marlborough's name. As he advanced, town after town opened its gates to him; Antwerp surrendered at the first summons; Ostend, believed to be almost impregnable, fell after a nine days' siege; and Dendermonde, so protected by its surrounding waters that Louis XIV. said, "They must have an army of ducks to take it," was secured by Marlborough owing

to an extraordinarily dry season. The French retired to their own frontier, and began to think of defending their own country instead of invading other people's. About this time Prince Eugene also won a great victory in Italy, and Marlborough, who was entirely free from jealousy, rejoiced warmly in his friend's success.

All these blows at last brought Louis XIV. to offer terms of peace. They were fair terms, but most unfortunately the Allies refused to accept them. Marlborough wished the war to go on. He hoped to invade France the next year and humiliate the French king still further. People said that of course Marlborough did not want to give up the fortune and fame that the war brought to him, but it seems he honestly thought the peace of Europe would only be secured by crushing France still more completely. It was a very great pity that peace was not made after Ramillies, for the Allies were never in such a good position again, and, all unknown to himself, Marlborough's star was near its setting.

The Tory statesmen at home were getting to dislike the war more and more, and Marlborough's friends, in order to gain him proper support, kept on urging the queen to dismiss the Tories and make her ministers all men of the Whig party, which was strongly in favour of the war. But Anne disliked the Whigs so much that she would not do this. So then the more moderate men of both parties were made ministers, and for a time things went on pretty well. Marlborough had two secret enemies, — Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, who hated Marlborough and worked against him in an underhand way, and a lady named Abigail Hill, afterwards

Mrs Masham. This lady was a poor relation of the Duchess of Marlborough, and to help her on in the world the duchess got her a place as bed-chamber woman to the queen. Mrs Masham was very quiet in her ways and apparently timid, but she was sly and cunning, and she soon gained great influence with the queen. The duchess was getting more and more violent and overbearing in her behaviour to her royal friend, and Anne's affection and patience were at last getting worn out. She found Mrs Masham's gentle sweet temper very restful, and gradually grew to trust her. Mrs Masham was related to Harley, and together they plotted the downfall of the haughty duchess and her husband.

The year 1707 was most disappointing for Marlborough. The allied princes fell to quarrelling more hopelessly than ever, and Marlborough himself could do very little in Flanders, where he had now to face the French general, Vendôme, who was a far better commander than Villeroi. Vendôme would not be drawn into an engagement, and Marlborough got no good chance for attack.

In 1708 King Louis thought he would try and win England round to his side by changing England's sovereign. James II. was dead, and his rights had passed to his son, whom the Jacobites called James III., and the rest of the English called the Pretender, because he *pretended* to, or laid claim to, the throne. The people who wished him to be king were called Jacobites, because the name James is *Jacobus* in Latin. James was an amiable and conscientious young man, but he had not a

strong mind, and not a spark of energy. Yet there was a fair chance of his becoming king if he waited till Anne's death, for many of the Tories would then be in his favour, but no one wanted to dethrone Anne. The Jacobites were particularly strong in Scotland, and Louis now planned to send James to Scotland with a French force, to make a rising there. The expedition was delayed in starting by the unlucky Pretender getting the measles, and by the time he was well enough to sail the English Government had heard of the plan and the Scottish coasts were warned. The ships wandered up and down the North Sea for six weeks without daring even to try to land, and then went back to France. This attempt did the Pretender nothing but harm, for the one thing which was always fatal to the Jacobite cause was French help. The English people might have made up their minds to put up with a Papist king if he had come alone, but a Papist king supported by French soldiers roused opposition from Tories and Whigs alike.

As soon as the fear of a Jacobite invasion was over Marlborough, who had been in England, went back to Flanders, where it had been arranged that Eugene was to meet him, and together they were to attack Vendôme. Marlborough had intended to wait until Eugene's troops came up before offering battle, but he was misled by a clever manœuvre of Vendôme's and was obliged to fight under rather awkward conditions. Prince Eugene, as he could not get his army up in time, came on alone, and Marlborough welcomed him heartily and gave him command of the right wing, the pick of the English troops. The French were moving away from the English, and were in the act

of crossing the great river Scheldt, when Marlborough decided on following them and risking a battle. It was a rash thing to do, for when the English began to cross, lower down the river and nearer the town of Oudenarde, the French were already established on the far side, and could have attacked before the English had had time to form. But Vendôme was hampered by the presence with the army of the young Duke of Burgundy, King Louis's grandson, who insisted first on taking up a defensive position just when the English might easily have been attacked, and then on attacking late in the day when the English were formed up and ready. For some time the battle went on with steady hand-to-hand fighting all along the line, then Marlborough ordered the Dutch troops to turn the French right and attack them in the rear. Even when taken between two fires the French tried to go on fighting, till at last night fell and they broke and fled. Pursuit was impossible in the darkness, but Marlborough's third victory was a decisive one. The French lost 15,000 men, and though some of their horse got off, their foot was practically destroyed.

Marlborough now wanted to march straight into France, but even Eugene thought this too daring a thing to do; so instead they laid siege to the great fortress of Lille. This place had been fortified by Vauban, the greatest engineer of that—or perhaps any—age, and it was considered absolutely impregnable, held as it was by 15,000 men under brave Marshal Boufflers. Eugene commanded the force which was actually attacking Lille, and Marlborough commanded what is called the covering army—that is, the force which *covered* or protected the

besiegers from being themselves attacked by the French armies outside. These armies were not strong enough to drive Marlborough and Eugene away and raise the siege, but they harassed them by trying to cut off the convoys of food and ammunition which were sent up from Ostend. One very celebrated engagement was fought at a place called Wynendal, between some English troops under General Webb, who were protecting the passage of an important convoy and an attacking force of French. The English had good cover in a thick wood, and received the attack with such heavy fire that the French soldiers, after having made three unsuccessful charges, refused to advance again. They greatly outnumbered the English, but having now been defeated in three big battles they were losing confidence. This Wynendal affair was rather unfortunate for Marlborough in one way, for through a mistake the official report of the action gave all the credit of it to Cadogan, a personal friend of Marlborough's, and none at all to Webb. Webb was very angry, and as he was a Tory all the Tories in England took the matter up and accused Marlborough of meanness and injustice, so that the general feeling at home turned very much against him. After sixty days' siege the town of Lille surrendered, but Boufflers and his men held out in the citadel for six weeks longer, and when at last they hauled down their flag, it was found that they had lost 8000 men killed and wounded. Marlborough and Eugene had achieved the impossible and taken Lille, but *their* loss was 14,000 men. It was the custom of those days always to stop fighting in the winter and go into winter quarters. But though Flanders is a particularly difficult

country to fight in during the winter Marlborough was determined to finish his work. He laid siege to Ghent in a frost so severe that his men could not dig the trenches, and in a short time took it, after which the French gave up all the rest of the strongholds in the country. The road to France was now open, and Marlborough might well hope that his next campaign would begin with a successful invasion of France.

Meanwhile the Whigs had got the upper hand in England. They had forced the queen to make all her ministers of their party by threatening her in two ways. First they had proposed to invite over to England her cousin, the Elector of Hanover, who according to the Act of Settlement was heir to the crown, and then they attacked her husband, Prince George, who was at the head of the Admiralty, for mismanagement of the Navy. Anne had a great dislike to the Elector, and did not at all want to see him, and she loved her husband and was much distressed at the attacks on him. He was ill at the time, and shortly afterwards he died, and the queen, sad at heart and nervous, gave way, and the Government became entirely Whig. Yet this success really led to the Whigs' downfall, for the queen hated them more than ever, and the country was getting weary of the war. In the spring of 1709 Louis XIV. again tried to make peace. And each one of the Allies, thinking France was quite crushed, insisted upon the hardest of hard terms. You must remember that the original dispute which caused the war was as to who should be King of Spain—the Austrian Charles, or the French Philip. But as years had passed

on Philip had won the affection of the most part of the Spanish people so entirely, that it was plain they would go on fighting for him, whatever happened to King Louis. Now the Allies insisted, as part of the terms of peace, that Louis should himself send troops to help in expelling Philip, his own grandson, from Spain. Such a humiliation it was impossible for any man to accept. The old king refused to submit to such dishonour, and his wretched subjects, starving and hopeless as they were, supported him heartily. Marlborough seems to have thought that France was so utterly ruined by this terrible war that no further resistance was to be looked for, but he made the mistake that professional soldiers have often made,—he did not realise the danger of driving a brave people too far. In his next and last great battle he found that the French, whose self-confidence had three times failed and given place to panic, were now become almost unconquerable from the endurance born of despair.

Marlborough began the invasion of France by besieging Tournai, which fell after a month's siege, and then went on to besiege Mons. The French general, Villars, advanced to relieve it, and took up a very strong position near the village of Malplaquet. It has been said that Marlborough fought this battle only because the Whigs at home wanted a victory to make the Government more popular, but Marlborough was not the sole commander of the Allied troops. Prince Eugene was there and approved of the attack, so it is very possible they both expected the French to be easily beaten. But the French fought on from eight o'clock in the morning

till three in the afternoon, resisting all the furious attacks of the English and Dutch. At last their centre was pierced, and slowly, steadily, and in good order they retreated. Marlborough had won the position, but at the awful cost of 20,000 men killed and wounded, mostly killed, for the fighting was so savage that hardly any quarter was given. Small wonder that Villars wrote almost triumphantly to King Louis, "Another such victory, and the enemy will be annihilated."

The terrible losses at Malplaquet caused an outburst of indignation against Marlborough in England, and Harley and Mrs Masham cleverly contrived to turn everything that happened so that it should tell in their favour and against the duke and duchess at court. If the duchess had had the smallest degree of sense she could easily have stopped all this, but she only gave way more and more to her violent temper; and her insolence to the queen became so outrageous that Anne was now only longing to be rid of her old friend, and she gradually gained courage to act in many ways contrary to the duchess's wishes. By the summer of 1710 Harley had persuaded the queen to dismiss all Marlborough's friends from office, and he himself became chief minister. Then a new Parliament was elected, in which there was a large Tory majority, and at the end of the year the queen dismissed the Duchess of Marlborough from all her places at court. Her insolence, pride, and bad temper had ruined her husband, and also brought great hurt to England, for the new Government proceeded to do a very shameful thing. They wanted to make peace, which was right and good, but they carried on the

negotiations in a secret, underhand way, without telling Marlborough, who was still Commander-in-Chief, what was being done. In spite of all his anxieties and sorrows, and his suspicions that his own Government was playing him false, Marlborough in 1711 gained perhaps the most brilliant of all his successes, though it was not a battle; indeed the cleverness of it lay just in there being no fighting at all. Villars had made a line of fortified posts and called it the *Non plus ultra*, Latin words which mean "Not any farther," and boasted that no enemy could pass it. Yet by his skilful manœuvring Marlborough brought his whole army through the line without firing a shot, and then laid siege to Bouchain, while Villars looked on in impotent rage.

In the autumn preliminaries of peace were secretly signed between France and England, and on January 1, 1712, Queen Anne dismissed Marlborough from his post as Commander-in-Chief. Shortly afterwards a formal peace conference was opened at Utrecht, but in the spring it was adjourned, and the English Government pretended they were going to carry on the war, and sent the Duke of Ormond to Flanders as Commander-in-Chief to co-operate with Prince Eugene. This was merely a sham, however. Ormond was not allowed to do anything, and in July he ordered his troops to desert Eugene, and declared a truce between himself and the French. Never was there a more dishonourable proceeding. A letter written at the time from the English camp says: "The camp resounded with curses against the Duke of Ormond. . . . The colonels, captains, and other brave officers were so overwhelmed with vexation that they

sat apart in their tents, looking on the ground for very shame with downcast eyes, and for several days shrank from the sight even of their fellow-soldiers. . . . Whenever they recollected the Duke of Marlborough and the late glorious times, their eyes filled with tears." This treacherous desertion left Prince Eugene and the Dutch in a weak position, and before long the French retook the three fortresses which had been such splendid fruits of the great duke's genius and valour.

In March 1713 the Peace of Utrecht was signed. Philip was to remain King of Spain, but to renounce his rights to the French crown; Louis recognised Anne as Queen of England and gave up the Pretender; England kept Gibraltar and some lands in North America; and other things mostly remained as they had been before the war. It was a poor result, after all the brave deeds of English soldiers and the fine generalship of the English leader, and the worst thing of all was that the Catalans in Spain, who had fought on the side of the Allies with the utmost devotion for nearly ten years, were thrown over without a word and left helpless to the vengeance of Philip. Peace is a good thing, but it may be bought too dear, and the Peace of Utrecht has left a black stain on England's honour.

At home Marlborough's enemies pursued him with every kind of shameful accusation. Charges of actually stealing the public money were brought against him, and he was also accused of personal cowardice,—a really ridiculous thing to say of the man who had won four great battles largely through leading his men in person against the best troops in the world. One wonders if he

ever thought that all this disgrace and humiliation might be a punishment for his treachery to his country in King William's time.

The Tories were now anxiously considering what would happen if Queen Anne were to die, for they knew that if the Elector of Hanover became king he would try to put the Whigs again in power. If the Pretender had not been a Papist most Englishmen would have preferred him to the German prince, and he was urged by many of his supporters to become a Protestant. But he stuck loyally to his religion, so the Tories were in much perplexity as to what to do. Some of them wished to invite James to England anyhow, and while they were still discussing and disagreeing the queen was suddenly taken ill. The Whig nobles at once acted with energy. The queen on her death-bed was induced to make Shrewsbury, a Whig and friend to the Protestant succession, Lord Treasurer, and under his orders measures were taken to prevent a Jacobite rising. On August 1, 1714, Queen Anne died, and the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King of England as George I. The Pretender had lost his chance, and the Stuart line of kings was ended.

Queen Anne had rather a sad life. She tried to do her duty as far as she could see it, and she could not help having been born with dull wits. What she really cared for was to have friends about her whom she could love and trust, and the quarrel with the Marlboroughs, which was all the duchess's fault, embittered her later life. It was hard that her enjoyment of the glory reflected on her by the great duke's genius should have been all spoilt and destroyed by his wife's folly.

Marlborough himself was both so good and so bad that he seems like two different persons put together into one body. He appears to have had no sense of honour at all: he betrayed his own countrymen, he habitually told lies, and flattered and cringed to gain his ends, and he was greedy of money. Yet to his wife, his children, and his two or three real friends, he was always loving and faithful: he refused all King Louis's offered bribes; he was really kind-hearted: and he was entirely free from jealousy. From his letters to his wife, the one person whom he never deceived, we see how genuinely he felt for the sufferings of the unhappy French peasantry; and when invading France he took great trouble to protect the large store of grain at Cambrai, belonging to the good Archbishop Fénelon, because it was wanted for the starving people. He cared for the sick and wounded, not only of his own troops, but of the enemy, as no other commander of his time ever thought of doing; and Cromwell himself did not restrain his men from licence and plunder more sternly than did Marlborough. He lived for fourteen years after Queen Anne's death, but remained in retirement and took no further part in public affairs.

You will have noticed that for the first time I have in this reign spoken of "the Government" doing this or that, not of the sovereign doing it, like Elizabeth or Charles, or one particular minister, like Wolsey or Buckingham. It was now coming about that all the ministers of State were taken from whichever of the two parties in Parliament had the majority, and these ministers formed the Government, because they really

governed the country. This system often leads to unfortunate results, when one party comes in and upsets everything the other party has done, but it does roughly secure that the country shall be governed according to the will of the people. And it is much better for a nation to suffer for its own faults and rise by its own virtues, rather than to fail or to succeed only through the qualities of its sovereign.

NOTES.

After the battle of Blenheim the Crown manor of Woodstock was granted to Marlborough in reward for his services. The old house there was pulled down and a new one built, which was called Blenheim Palace, in memory of the great victory.

In Queen Anne's time lived many famous writers. There was Dean Swift, who wrote 'Gulliver's Travels,' Defoe, who wrote 'Robinson Crusoe,' the poet Pope, Addison, Steele, and many others. When you are old enough to read some of their writings you will see that they wrote much more in the kind of way we write and speak now than the men of Elizabeth's time. About a hundred years afterwards the poet Southey wrote a little poem called "After Blenheim," which you must read, but I hope you understand better than old Kaspar did why it was such a famous victory and the good that came of it, now that you know how it helped to save the liberties both of England and Holland.

When Marlborough was unhorsed at the battle of Ramillies it was reported that he was killed. This was believed for some time in France, and a popular song was written about it, rejoicing over his death. The song begins "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre" (Marlborough is off to the war), and at the end it says "Le grand Marlbrouck est mort, Et il est enterré" (The great Marlborough is dead, and he is buried.) The odd thing about it is that the tune became very popular in England, and many songs have been sung to it. We know it best now as the tune of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Greater England.

A.D. 1714–1783.

George I. reigned for thirteen years and his son George II. for twenty-three years. They were both German princes who cared nothing for England. George I. could not even speak English, and George II. disliked being in England, and was always wanting to get back to Hanover. Both of them were dull, disagreeable men, for whom no one could feel either affection or loyalty. But the English put up with them because they did what was the most important thing just then, they kept out the Stuarts.

In 1715 a rising was made in favour of the Pretender in Scotland, headed by the Earl of Mar, but it was mismanaged from the beginning and failed completely. Thirty years later James's son, Charles Edward Stuart, who was called the Young Pretender, to distinguish him from his father, made another attempt. Prince Charlie—as the Scots have ever fondly called him—was a very different man from his father. Brave, ardent, and generous, he had about him something of the wonderful charm of his ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, something that made every one who saw him love him.

Had he come thirty years sooner things might have been very different, for he came in the one way in which success was possible — alone. Trusting in the loyalty of the Scots to their ancient line of kings, he landed in Scotland without any troops and with only seven companions. At first his gallantry, his fair young face, his winning ways and princely bearing, carried all before him. The Highlanders rose at his call, and by a single charge won the battle of Prestonpans. Edinburgh received him with rejoicing, and before long he crossed the Border at the head of 6000 men. But England gave him no welcome. There was very little feeling for the Stuarts in England, and people were well content as they were, and had no desire for any change of government. The prince marched as far south as Derby and then retreated again to Scotland, where he gained one more victory, at Falkirk. This was no use to him, however, for his forces were melting away, and 8000 regular troops under the king's son, the Duke of Cumberland, were marching against him. A battle was fought at Culloden and the Highlanders were totally defeated. Prince Charlie himself escaped, and for a long time wandered about in the wildest parts of the Scottish mountains, hunted ruthlessly by Cumberland's men, with a price set upon his head, but saved by the devotion of the Highlanders who, poor as they were, yet never betrayed him, and finally got him safe off to France. It is a sad story, and the saddest part of it all is that he lived for forty-three years afterwards, — lived a useless and melancholy life, chiefly in Italy, where at last he died.

One reason for his failure was that England was too prosperous and contented to want any change, and this prosperity was mainly due to two people, the principal minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and Queen Caroline, the wife of George II. Walpole was just rising to power when George II. became king, and Queen Caroline—being a wise woman—saw that he was the right man to be at the head of affairs just then. So she persuaded her husband to do whatever Walpole thought proper, and as he was particularly clever at managing Parliament, he really governed the country for more than twenty years. In many ways he was not at all a good man, but he really cared for the country, and he worked very hard, and he was very skilful in all matters of trade and finance. His favourite motto was "Quieta non movere," a Latin saying which means "Don't disturb things when they're quiet"; and this he tried to carry out, keeping peace abroad and order at home. But though he was very clever in his own way, he was not far-sighted, and he did not see that a great change was coming over the English people. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, England had been only the southern half of the island of Great Britain, but since then not only had Scotland been joined to England, but Englishmen had been making other Englands in different parts of the world.

Other European countries had been doing the same thing. The Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Dutch formed colonies and trading stations both in the East and the West before we did, and though the French were later in beginning the same thing, they soon made up for lost time. In Walpole's day, besides the Spain, France, and

CHATHAM.

thought that people only cared for making money, and that it was no use appealing to nobler motives. Now as there is good and bad mixed up in every one, so a leader who believes in the good in men will get the good out of them, while a leader who only believes in the bad will only get the bad. Some time after Walpole had fallen from power things were going very badly for England abroad, and the Prime Minister of the day got so frightened that he actually asked King George to send for some of his German troops from Hanover to protect England from foreign invasion—the one and only time in our history that England has been insulted by the supposition that she could not defend herself. Soon after this, however, Pitt came into office, and he sent away the Germans, and trusted the defence of England to her own honour. The national militia was called out, troops were easily raised for foreign expeditions, and Pitt even recruited soldiers from the very Highlanders who had fought for Prince Charlie. In England and Scotland alike he asked men to fight and work for their country, and he got a hearty and instant response.

So many great deeds were being done by Englishmen at this time all over the world, that I must tell you about them one by one, and I will begin with—

THE STORY OF ANSON.

When the War of Jenkins's Ear broke out it was decided to send a naval expedition to the west coast of South America, to do as much damage as possible to the Spaniards there, and prevent some of the treasure ships from

reaching Spain. Six ships were sent—the *Centurion* and five smaller ones—under the command of Commodore Anson, but so badly were things managed that he started under every possible disadvantage. Instead of giving him proper soldiers to do the fighting on shore which was expected, the Admiralty sent him 500 old men who had been invalided from service, and of these all who were strong enough to walk at once deserted. Anson was left with 259 feeble old creatures who were worse than useless. He had not nearly the proper number of sailors to work his ships, and he had been so delayed by one thing and another that when at last he was able to sail, September 1740, it was quite at the wrong time of year for getting round Cape Horn. Kept back by contrary winds, the little squadron struggled slowly across the Atlantic, and went to a Portuguese harbour in Brazil to refit. Already there were many sick on board every ship; these were sent ashore, and all who were well worked hard to repair their vessels. The Commodore, silent and grave, was a man who knew both how to work himself and how to make his men work. Starting again he pushed southwards, slowly but steadily, feeling his way along the coast and setting down everything on his chart for the benefit of future mariners, till he got past the island of Tierra del Fuego and rounded the Horn. Anson's chaplain, who wrote an account of the voyage, says of this place: "It is of stupendous height, covered everywhere with snow, and Staten Land"—the island on the other hand—"far surpasses it in the wildness and horror of its appearance, seeming to be entirely composed of inaccessible rocks. These terminate in a vast number of ragged points which spire up to a

prodigious height, . . . on every side surrounded with frightful precipices. Nothing could be imagined more savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast." As they crept along past these frowning cliffs the adventurers cheered themselves with the hopes of smooth seas and gentle shores when once they had entered the Pacific Ocean, but a fearful disappointment awaited them. Even the *Pelican* had not encountered such storms as now fell upon the *Centurion*. For forty days she was driven backwards and forwards about the terrible Cape, every moment threatened by some fresh danger, huge seas, blinding snow-storms, treacherous fogs hiding sharp-edged rocks, squalls that tore the sails to ribbons, frost that covered deck and masts with ice, and at the end of the forty days the snow-clouds only parted to show the awful ice-cliffs of Tierra del Fuego hanging again above her, a contrary current having driven her all the way back.

Through all this misery Anson's spirit held true as steel, and under a commander of such a temper English seamen can endure anything. Before this scurvy had broken out, that dreadful illness which comes from eating bad food. Rapidly it got worse: in April 43 men died, in May 86, by June 200 were dead; at last the master and the chaplain steered the ship alone, while the few men who could still stand attended to the sails. Then a favourable wind carried them onward into the Pacific, and they hoped to reach the island of Juan Fernandez. But day after day passed and it did not appear, the water was failing, and every day 5 or 6 more men died. Then, when all hope seemed gone, the island was sighted, and by desperate struggles the

disease-stricken crew just managed to bring the ship into a secure haven.

In the first gales off the Horn the ships of the squadron had all parted company. Now appeared the *Trial*, the little 6-gun sloop, with only her captain, lieutenant, and three men able to stand, and a fortnight after the *Gloucester* came in sight. Three-fourths of her crew were dead, and the remainder were so weak that she would never have made the haven without the help of the *Centurion's* boats. These three ships were all that was left of the squadron, and out of the 961 men who had left England on board them only 335 remained alive.

You might have supposed that after all this suffering Anson's only desire would have been to get home, but he thought of that as little as Drake had done. He had been sent out from England to do a certain work, to spoil the Spaniard, and though all the powers of earth, air, and ocean were banded together against him, he was going to do his work. To such a man nothing is impossible.

In less than two months the sick were recovered, the *Centurion* was repaired and ready for sea, and a Spanish sail was sighted. Out flew the English ship upon her prize, a merchantman carrying plenty of dollars and silver plate among her cargo of cotton. Up the coast now went all three ships, falling in with one richly laden vessel after another and making prizes of them all, but treating all the prisoners with a courtesy and consideration that amazed the Spaniards. Then to the town of Paita, where a huge treasure was seized

and the town burnt, the whole thing done almost as a frolic by sixty English sailors, while the Spaniards first fled in their night-shirts and then collecting on the hills above stood looking on without attempting to interfere. But Anson had a still bigger prize in view. Once every year a great galleon laden with accumulated treasure sailed from the port of Acapulco for Spain by way of Manila and the Eastern seas, and to capture this galleon would be a heavy blow to Spanish power. News of the English squadron had reached Acapulco, however, and the galleon was not allowed to sail, but was kept snug in port under shelter of a battery of big guns. So, as there was nothing more to be done, Anson decided to make for home by way of China. The voyage across the Pacific was long and unfortunate. The little *Trial* had foundered some time before, and now the *Gloucester* followed her, her men coming on board the *Centurion*, which was the only ship left, and she was leaking fast. Again scurvy broke out, again men sickened and died daily, again week after week passed and no land appeared. At last an island in the Ladrones was reached where, as at Juan Fernandez, the ship was patched up and the sick recovered. On again to Macao in China, where all necessary stores were to be bought and where the ship could be thoroughly repaired and made seaworthy. This done, and all again in fighting trim, the *Centurion* sailed—as every one believed for England. But when they were well clear of Macao Anson gathered his men and addressed them from the quarter-deck. Now that they were sound and fresh and ready, were they really to go

FIGHT BETWEEN THE "CENTURION" AND THE MANILA SHIP.

home with their work half done? he asked. The great galleon they had missed at Acapulco would be now on her way westwards, and the Commodore proposed to return and waylay her among the islands. When the silent Anson spoke it was to some purpose. His men received his orders with cheers of joy, round went the *Centurion's* helm, and before long she sighted the galleon, and swooped upon her prey. The Spaniard was half as big again as the English ship, but after two hours' fighting she struck, and the great prize was won. Against all the odds that man and nature could bring against him the English seaman's dogged perseverance had triumphed at last. The work that England had sent him to do was done now, and in June 1744, nearly four years from the time she had sailed, the *Centurion* reached Portsmouth bringing the news of her great deeds to gladden the hearts of the English people.

A great deal of fighting was going on in Europe during the middle part of this century, and England took part in it from time to time. The battle of Fontenoy was fought in 1745 between an army made up of English, Hanoverians, and Dutch, under the Duke of Cumberland, and a French army under their great general, Marshal Saxe. The English column pierced the French line, but it was not supported, and finally the French won the day, chiefly owing to the fiery gallantry of the Irish legion, composed of Irish exiles, who could not endure the harsh laws against the Papists which the English Government maintained in Ireland. When King George II. heard of the doings of these brave Irishmen he exclaimed, "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects." 1757

was a year when things went very badly for England. There had been a good deal of fighting by sea, and an English fleet was sent to the Mediterranean under Admiral Byng to fight against the French and the Spaniards. The island of Minorca was at that time in the possession of the English, and it was attacked by the French. Byng went to relieve it, but finding the French fleet stronger than his own he withdrew without fighting, and Minorca was lost. Byng came home, and was put on his trial for cowardice. He was not really a coward at all, but he had committed a great fault,—he had calculated odds too carefully in the face of the enemy. Since the days of Drake England's naval victories had always been won against odds, and the English, feeling that their safety lay in their empire of the seas, had no mercy on Byng: he was found guilty and shot.

A witty Frenchman said of this, "In England they shoot one admiral in order to encourage the others." *He* meant this as a hit at English stupidity, but the remarkable thing is that as a matter of fact it *has* encouraged the others. The lesson was a sharp one, but it was effective. Since then no English admiral has failed as Byng did in his duty of attacking the enemy.

In 1757 Pitt became chief minister, and his spirit and energy soon made themselves felt in the conduct of affairs. He had a quick eye for merit, and found out and encouraged good commanders both by land and sea. Three admirals in turn won actions against the French,—Rodney, Boscawen, and Hawke. At this time the French were planning an invasion of England,

but Rodney bombarded Havre and destroyed all the boats that had been collected there for the French soldiers to cross the Channel in, and the French fleet that was coming from Toulon to protect the crossing was caught by Boscawen in Lagos Bay and shattered to pieces. Hawke was blockading another French fleet in Brest when it slipped out and got past him; he followed, and came up with it in Quiberon Bay, where the French admiral took refuge in shoal water among dangerous rocks, thinking the Englishmen would not dare to follow. A heavy gale was blowing at the time, making the dangerous coast still more dangerous. The pilot on board Hawke's ship told him the ship would be lost if he went on, but Hawke replied, "You have done your duty in making this remonstrance, now obey my orders and lay me alongside the French admiral." This was done, with the result that the French fleet was totally destroyed and the English only lost two ships. Fortune favours the brave!

This proverb was never more remarkably borne out than in the case of the great man whose story I will now tell you.

THE STORY OF WOLFE.

In 1742, while Anson was away in the Pacific, a tall, ugly, red-haired boy of fifteen years of age entered the English army. His name was James Wolfe. Though he was so young his heart was already burning with that same fire of patriotism which moved Pitt. He was deli-

cate in health, and the older he grew the more often he suffered from illness, but his spirit was so strong that it supported his weak body and forced it to bear up under toil and hardship.

For six years Wolfe saw plenty of fighting, first in Flanders, then in Scotland, where he took part in the battle of Culloden, and then in Germany. At that time the English troops were badly disciplined and badly officered, for during the long peace under Walpole the army had been much neglected. Wolfe was so eager to learn his duty, and so zealous in doing it, that though he was only a boy he soon rose into notice, and when the peace came he was a major, and was shortly after appointed to command a regiment stationed in Scotland. During the next nine years of peace Wolfe did his utmost to prepare for active service. He studied languages and mathematics and every kind of thing that he thought would make him wiser and more skilful as a leader in war. He got his own regiment into perfect order, and lived a life so upright, and honourable, and God-fearing, that his officers were drawn by their admiration for him to try and follow his example. We can still read some of the letters he wrote to his father and mother, whom he dearly loved, and from them we can see what a splendid fight he was making in his own heart during this peace time. His duties were mostly very dull and irksome, and his eager spirit, made irritable by constant pain, fretted sorely at the long inaction. But he was so truly good, and tried so hard to be patient, that those about him always found him bright and cheery and full of kindliness. His noble spirit must have shone

From 'The Connoisseur.']

GENERAL WOLFE.

out of him somehow, for in spite of his queer, ugly face and awkward figure, he was a favourite wherever he went. War with France broke out in 1756, and in 1757 Wolfe took part in a descent that was made upon the French coast at Rochefort. This, however, was a complete failure, for the generals in command could not decide upon landing at the right moment, and finally gave it all up. Two men only came out of the business with credit,—one was the great seaman, Howe, and the other was Wolfe.

The next year Pitt, who was now at the head of affairs, prepared for a greater attack on the enemy. Now to understand this properly you must get some one to show you the map of North America, and the great river St Lawrence. In those days Canada belonged to France, and down in the south there was another large French colony called Louisiana after the French king. The English settlements ran all down the coast, and they had to struggle against the savage Indians as well as against the French. The French had been very bold and very successful in exploring the interior, and they were now planning to join hands behind the English and so shut them up in the little bit by the coast and perhaps squeeze them right into the sea. To prevent this, and to make sure that the English should have room to spread as far as they wanted all over North America, Pitt felt that the French power in Canada must be struck down. At that time most people would have thought this a very difficult thing to do.

There had been constant fighting between the French and English in the New World, and the French had rather got the best of it. The American English were not united among themselves, and had no common head. The different states had been formed of people who had left England because they were in trouble with the Government: the northern states had been formed by the Puritans, Pennsylvania by the Quakers, Maryland by the Papists, and the southern states by the Cavaliers. Each state governed itself more or less, and did not trouble much either about its neighbours or about the boundless lands away to the West. The pressure of the French drove them to join together sometimes to defend themselves, and also drove them to ask for help from England, though they were very jealous of the people sent out from home.

On the other hand, the French in Canada were a compact body, all Papists, and devoted to their religion, and were entirely under the orders of the French king and the governor and generals sent out by him. If France had been really strong at home the English could never have won Canada. But things in France were going very badly, for the king and the most important people there had become wicked and idle and useless. These evils spread to Canada, so that the French commander there, the Marquis de Montcalm, who was himself an upright and noble person, said, "What a country is this, where all the knaves grow rich, and honest men are ruined!" The French Canadians were starved and plundered by the people set over them by their heartless king, who gave them hardly any real

support, whereas the American English were supported by the people of England, and England had now got Pitt as her leader.

The centre of Canada was the famous city of Quebec. To take Quebec it would be necessary to send a force up the river St Lawrence, and the mouth of the St Lawrence was guarded by a great fortress on Cape Breton Island called Louisbourg. Plainly, therefore, the first thing to be done was to take Louisbourg.

In February 1758 Pitt sent out troops and ships from England, the ships commanded by Admiral Boscawen, and the troops commanded by General Amherst; under him were three brigadiers, and one of the brigadiers was Wolfe. Besides his other infirmities of body, Wolfe was always most dreadfully sea-sick, and the expedition was very unlucky in the weather; it was a stormy season, and they did not reach the St Lawrence till *June*. Yet Wolfe's energy triumphed even over sea-sickness. In a tiny sailing-boat he went with his general along miles of the coast on each side of Louisbourg to try and find a place where troops might be landed. The French had got guns and defences at every spot; however, it was decided to attack at a place called Freshwater Cove, and on June 8 Wolfe led the attack there. The dash of the English carried all before them; under a storm of bullets the boats pulled through the surf, the men flung themselves ashore with Wolfe at their head, and in five minutes they had carried the nearest battery at the point of the bayonet, after which the French left their intrenchments and fled. From this point the English were able to push steadily forward and invest and

bombard the fortress. Wolfe, full of joy in being at work at last, laboured day and night with such tremendous energy that by the middle of July Louisbourg was doomed. Shot and shell and fire had done their work; and the English batteries held firm in spite of several gallant sorties made by the garrison. On July 26 the last French gun was silenced and the breaches were ready for an assault. There being no chance of any succour, the French commander consented to capitulate. Amherst demanded an unconditional surrender, and on July 27, seven weeks after Wolfe had leapt ashore in Freshwater Cove, the English flag floated over Louisbourg.

There is no Louisbourg now. After the peace the great fortress was destroyed, and there is now only a sleepy little fishing village at the place that was once called "the Dunkirk of America."

Wolfe would have liked to go straight on from Louisbourg to Quebec, for like all great soldiers he knew the value of swiftness in war, but his general was not of the same mind, and soon after came news of a shameful disaster that had befallen an English force at a place called Ticonderoga. This made any further advance more difficult; so instead of being allowed to attack Quebec, Wolfe was ordered to lay waste all the country along the St Lawrence. It must have been grievous work for so kind-hearted a man to burn all the villages and destroy the crops, but of course he had to obey his orders. There could be no fighting in Canada in the winter, so in October Wolfe came home. He was now suffering from a grave disease, yet he wrote to Pitt asking to be sent out again in the spring, saying, "You

may dispose of my slight carcase as you please," and, "I would much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers." Such a spirit showed a man after Pitt's own heart. He sent for Wolfe and offered him the command of an expedition to undertake the capture of Quebec the following spring. So, at the age of thirty-two, Wolfe had reached the position of commander-in-chief of an army destined to conquer Canada and turn the French power out of America.

The expedition sailed in February 1759, and again Wolfe had to endure the extreme miseries of sea-sickness in addition to his other sufferings for three months on the Atlantic. Once at Louisbourg, he gathered together his men, weeded out all who were unfit, looked into every detail of clothing, food, and arms, and rejoiced in the fact that his force was almost entirely made up of veterans, among them the grenadiers of Freshwater Cove. He started up the St Lawrence with rather less than 9000 men: not a large force with which to attack one of the strongest fortresses in the world, but he wrote hopefully to Pitt, "If valour can make amends for want of numbers we shall succeed."

The first difficulty was to get up the river. The English had of course never been there before, and the French who knew it well considered it so dangerous that they swore the English ships would all be wrecked. English seamanship, however, triumphed. The Governor of Quebec wrote home to France: "The enemy have passed sixty ships of war by night and day where we dare not risk a vessel of a hundred tons." In three weeks the whole fleet was safe at anchor beside a very

long island, called the Isle d'Orleans, which runs right down the middle of the river, and the upper end of which is nearly opposite Quebec itself.

The ground on which Quebec stands is the top of a great cliff jutting out into the river, and up this cliff no one can get without wings. On the eastern side the river St Charles falls into the St Lawrence and protects the city, but for fear the English should land and attack across the St Charles, Montcalm had made a great fortified camp all along the bank of the St Lawrence as far east as the Montmorency Falls. It seemed to the French impossible that the English should get *up* the river past the guns of the fortress and attempt anything on its western side, but in case of such an attempt every place on the precipitous shore where a man could get foothold was defended by earthworks and batteries. One of the French generals had said of Quebec that "three or four thousand men could hold it against all comers," and that he did not think the English would attack, though they might be mad enough to do so. There were 16,000 men defending Quebec, and the English only numbered 9000, but Wolfe and the gallant seaman with him, Admiral Saunders, were true successors to Drake and Anson, and were "mad" enough for anything.

After settling his camp on the Isle d'Orleans, Wolfe at once perceived that the French had made a mistake. Right opposite Quebec, on the south side of the St Lawrence, rises the height of Point Lévis, and this had been left unfortified, the French governor thinking that guns would not carry from there into the city. He was wrong, and Wolfe in a few days planted batteries on

Point Lévis, meeting with little resistance. On July 12 the English guns opened fire, and for weeks subjected the great city to an unceasing storm of shot and shell, and on the 18th several English ships ran safely past the French guns and established themselves west of Quebec. But battering down the houses inside the town, and even getting ships past it up the river, did not bring Wolfe any nearer to getting into the fortress. His great desire was to make Montcalm come out of his defences and fight an action in the open, for Wolfe knew that his troops were of far better quality than Montcalm's. He wrote to his mother, "The Marquis is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones."

On July 31 Wolfe made a great attack on the French camp opposite the Isle d'Orleans, perhaps hoping that his opponent's badly-disciplined men would rush out into the open and give him the chance he wanted. But it was his own men, and strange to say the very regiment he trusted most, the grenadiers of Louisbourg, who lost their discipline. Without waiting for the word of command they rushed against the French intrenchments in a disordered mass, and were of course beaten back with great loss. The whole thing was a dismal failure. Not long after Wolfe's illness became so serious that he could not stir from his bed and was in great danger for several days. He was well aware that his life was drawing to a close, but he was resolved to struggle on to the last, and when for the moment he had recovered some strength, he made up his mind to risk everything on a desperate venture and try to scale the cliffs above

Quebec. He ordered all the men he could gather after leaving enough to defend the Isle d'Orleans and Point Lévis—between 4000 and 5000 in all—to be embarked on September 6 and conveyed up the river for some eight miles. The very night before he was again prostrated with illness, and knowing he could not really recover he begged the doctors just to patch him up for another few days so that he might do the work that England had sent him to do, and "after that," he said, "nothing matters." The next day he was better and was able to join his men. Then in a little boat he rowed along the foot of the terrible cliff looking for a way up. At last he spied a little zig-zag scrambling path, with a few French tents at the top of it, and he saw that there was just a chance that a few resolute men might surprise this outpost. On September 12 it was reported by deserters that the French were expecting a convoy to come *down* the river from Montreal. Wolfe seized the moment, and that night the boats started, the commander himself leading the way. As they dropped silently down the river through the faint starlight of a moonless night, Wolfe repeated to his officers in a solemn whisper the beautiful poem called Gray's "Elegy," with the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," adding when he had finished it, "Gentlemen, I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." For him the grave was very near, and gladly he trod the path to it. Twice the boats were challenged by the French sentries on the cliff, and each time one of the officers who could speak French well answered, so that the sentries thought it was their own convoy coming

down. Arrived at the little path, it was found to be blocked with trees and stones. But the men chosen for the forlorn hope clambered up somehow, and rushing at the tents at the top overwhelmed the French outpost in a moment. Wolfe himself and the rest of the advance guard scaled the precipice by the help of the bushes, and by the time the French batteries were awake to what was happening 1600 men were standing on the top of the cliff. Quickly these batteries, which were only weak ones, were attacked and carried, and when the sunrise began to redden in the sky, Wolfe was marching his whole army into position on the Plains of Abraham, barely a mile from Quebec. By this move he succeeded at last in forcing Montcalm to give battle. The French general, amazed at the appearance of the enemy in this quarter, hurried his troops from the great camp into the city and then marched out to attack the English. Under a grey sky and in drizzling rain, Montcalm formed up his men and about ten o'clock advanced; the English stood motionless under a heavy fire without replying till the front rank of the enemy were within 35 yards of them; then, and not till then, the fire of their whole line rang out "like a single cannon-shot," and the French ranks were shattered to pieces. As Montcalm strove to steady his men in their confusion and panic, Wolfe sprang to the front and ordered a general advance; one more withering volley, and as the sun broke through the clouds the whole English line poured down upon the foe. The battle had lasted barely ten minutes, and now the English were driving the French in headlong confusion towards the walls of Quebec. But here and there groups of sharpshooters

still held firm and fired with coolness. Wolfe had already had a bullet through his wrist; now, as he hurried forward, another struck him in the body. Still he pressed onwards to his prize, and was within a few yards of the city's western ramparts when a third bullet laid him on the ground. He was carried a little way back, and seemed fallen into a stupor when one of the men near him exclaimed, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" murmured Wolfe, waking up as if out of sleep. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere." Roused by the knowledge of his victory, the dying man gave one last order, then murmured, "God be praised! I now die in peace." And thus, with thanksgiving to God on his lips and the word "peace," his last word, one of England's noblest warriors passed to his eternal rest.

His work was done. The remnants of the French army retreated in disorder, the noble Montcalm, who had struggled so valiantly against the evils round him, died of his wounds the day after the battle, and on the fourth day after Quebec surrendered. Other successes were gained by the English arms, and when peace was made with France the whole of Canada was given up to the English crown. In those days people at home thought but little of Canada, and probably no one but Pitt and Wolfe himself understood the greatness of their achievement. In a letter to his mother Wolfe had written, "North America will sometime hence be a vast empire—the seat of power and learning. There will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this great portion of the globe with

the Spaniard, who is possessed of the other half." His prophecy has been fulfilled. The whole of North America owns the sway of the English-speaking race, and the flag of England itself floats now right across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Lower Canada is still inhabited by French people, but they live happily and loyally under an English king, and the union of the two races is shown by the column set up on the heights of Quebec as a memorial to both James Wolfe and his equally heroic foe, the Marquis de Montcalm. For honour and for loyalty both laid down their lives, "and in their deaths they are not divided."

NOTES.

Wolfe's body was brought home and was buried in the parish church at Greenwich where his parents had lived, and a memorial was set up to him in Westminster Abbey.

You will like to read the "Elegy," written by the poet Gray, which Wolfe recited that night in the boat. But I think in all English poetry what makes one think most of Wolfe is the poem called "The Happy Warrior," written by Wordsworth. When you hear it I think you will say of Wolfe—

> "This is the happy warrior, this is he
> Whom every man-at-arms would wish to be."

The year that Wolfe fell at Quebec, 1759, a battle was fought at Minden in Germany, between the French and an army of English and Hanoverians under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The French centre consisted of 10,000 cavalry, opposite them were six English infantry regiments. Through a misunderstanding of orders these regiments attacked the French cavalry *in line*, and attacked with such steadiness and precision of fire that in an hour's time the French were broken. Contades, the French general, said, "I have seen what I never thought to be possible—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin." Unluckily the misconduct of one Englishman, Lord George Sackville, who commanded the horse and refused to charge when ordered, prevented the victory of Minden from being as complete as it ought to have been. Lagos, Quiberon Bay, Minden, Quebec, all these happened in 1759, which has therefore been called "the year of victories." Horace Walpole, Sir Robert's son, said at this time, "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one."

There are victories to be won in peace as well as in war, and the next story I will tell you is that of an Englishman who well deserves to be called a conqueror, though his work was not fighting.

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN COOK.

In 1742, the same year that Wolfe entered the army, and just two years before the *Centurion* came home, there was a boy serving in a shop at Staithes near Whitby in Yorkshire, who left his master and went to sea on board a collier, and this boy was to sail like Anson round the Horn and to become one of the greatest of the world's discoverers.

His name was James Cook. He was the son of a country labourer, was taught to read and write in a little village school, and was then apprenticed to a grocer. But some boys are born to be sailors. The sea calls and calls to them, and go they must, in spite of all they hear of hardship and danger. So James Cook, when he was fourteen years old, persuaded his master to take him to Whitby and get him taken as apprentice by a firm of shipowners there whose ships carried coals—colliers, we call them. When his time was out he served as an able seaman, always in the coal-trade, and in 1752 he was made mate, that is, second officer. This shows that he must have managed to teach himself a great deal during those ten years. Three years later, war with France broke out, and Cook volunteered for service on board a king's ship. He went out to North America and remained in those seas for some time. In 1759 he was master (that is the officer who has to look after the *sailing* of the ship, not the *fighting*) of the *Pembroke*, one of the ships which went to help Wolfe in the attack on Quebec. In order that the English ships in the St Lawrence might

know just where they could go, it was necessary that soundings should be taken in the river. This was difficult and dangerous work, and Cook did a great deal of it. Once, when he was laying out buoys, he was nearly taken by the enemy and had to run for it. After the fall of Quebec he left the *Pembroke* and went to the *Northumberland*, and while there he did such good work in surveying and charting the St Lawrence, that in January 1761 he was rewarded by a grant of £50 from the Admiralty. The following year he was with a squadron which recaptured St John's in Newfoundland from the French, and made the drawings for the defences there. How this man, who had been first a collier's boy and then an able seaman, ever learnt the way to do all these things is a puzzle, but somehow he must have managed to teach himself a great deal in the way of mathematics and astronomy.

In 1762 Cook came home and got married. The next year he was sent to do surveying work on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, work which lasted for four years, and then, after all this preparation of twenty-five years at sea, began the great achievements of his life.

Now you must understand that even at that time, only 150 years ago, there was still a good bit of the world that people knew little or nothing about. And as they did not know they invented things. Many people believed that all round the world, near the South Pole lay a great continent which had a pleasant climate and large numbers of people living in it, and this supposed continent was called by the geographers

who made the maps "Terra Australis Incognita," which means "The Unknown South-land." The different explorers who from time to time had sailed southwards in the Pacific Ocean had sighted here and there different bits of land, and these were all supposed to be different parts of the great continent.

Now that the English were beginning to think a good deal about making a greater England, people thought what a fine thing it would be if the "Terra Australis" could be discovered by an Englishman, and then perhaps English settlements could be made there. And just at this time the learned men of the Royal Society found that something very important would happen among the stars (this is called the transit of Venus) in 1769, and that it could only be properly observed in the Pacific Ocean. And they asked the king for a ship to take their scientific observer to the right place. The ship was granted, and Cook was appointed to command her, with the rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He chose his own ship, the *Endeavour*, a stout-built collier of 370 tons, and sailed from Plymouth in August 1768. Westwards they went, in Anson's track, but unlike him they rounded the Horn without difficulty the following January, and sailed on westward to the lovely islands of the Pacific, many of which Cook discovered for the first time. At Otaheite in the Society Islands the astronomers were landed and took their observations of the transit of Venus, after which the *Endeavour* sailed on and on till in October 1769 she arrived off the coast of New Zealand. This country had been discovered by the great Dutch explorer, Tasman,

but he had not seen the whole of it and had supposed it to be all one island. Cook sailed all round the two islands which form New Zealand and surveyed the coasts. The seas about there are very dangerous, with sunken rocks, great reefs, and rapid tides, but Cook worked his way through them with the greatest possible care.

After leaving the coast of New Zealand the *Endeavour* sailed on till she came to the shore of a country which had also been discovered by the Dutch, who had called it New Holland. They had only gone along its western coast, but Cook sailed for 2000 miles up its eastern coast, landed in many places, made friends with the natives, and thus established the right of the English to make settlements there.

It was on April 29, 1770, that the *Endeavour* cast anchor in a bay that has ever since been known as Botany Bay, because the scientific men who landed with Cook made a great collection of plants there, and the word "botany" means the science of plants.

It had been dangerous enough sailing round New Zealand, but Cook found the coast of this new country even worse as he went up it northwards. For a long, long distance there runs, some way from the shore, a line of reefs, called the Great Barrier Reef, with very few openings in it, and both inside it and outside it the seas are so full of dangers that Cook first tried to get outside it and then to get inside again. On June 10, 1770, the *Endeavour* ran on a coral reef, and for twenty-two hours all hands worked in vain to get her off. At last she was hove off into deep water, but she had a fearful great hole in her bottom where the sharp

coral had pierced through, and the water gained so fast on her it seemed as if she must founder. Then they managed to draw a sail with oakum and wool sewn on it over the hole, and this partly kept the water from coming in: so by sticking to the pumps she was just kept afloat long enough to get to land, and was beached in safety. The headland near where this happened was called Cape Tribulation, and if you look on the map you will find it, also the place where the *Endeavour* was beached, which is now called Cooktown. On August 15 the ship was again nearly lost. The current was drifting her on to the Great Reef, and there was no wind to fill her sails and keep her off; the boats were out, working away, but unable to stem the current. In spite of the danger, every man was perfectly calm and unmoved, the crew obeying orders steadily and the learned men taking scientific observations quite quietly in the face of approaching death, when, at the very last minute at which it would have been any use, a slight breeze sprang up, the ship began to move away, and with hard pulling in the boats she was saved from the Reef, and soon after passed through it by a channel which Cook in thankfulness named Providential Channel.

After this the *Endeavour* was not fit for further work, so going on north she then passed west by Torres Straits, and then to Batavia to refit. From there she went to the Cape of Good Hope, and so home, and reached the Downs in June 1771, having, like the *Pelican* and the *Centurion*, sailed right round the world.

On his return to England Cook reported so well of the new country whose coast he had explored, that in 1787 Parliament ordered an expedition to be sent out to make

a colony in Botany Bay, where he had first landed. And in process of time this great country, which is as large as the half of Europe, became a possession of the English crown and received the name of Australia.

People at home did not at all understand the greatness of Cook's doings at the time: their minds were too much taken up with the fancied Southern Continent to think much of the real Australia. But Cook had proved his courage, his endurance, his skill in seamanship, and his powers of command, and so the Admiralty decided to send him out again, this time with orders to look for the Southern Continent until he found it. He was promoted to the rank of commander, and two ships were given him, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*. They sailed from Plymouth in July 1772, and went first to the Cape, then when the southern summer (our winter) had begun, straight south as far as they could get. This was not very far. You know that both the North and the South Poles are surrounded with ice, some of it ice fixed on land and some of it ice floating on the sea. Now the ice round the South Pole reaches much farther and is much thicker and more difficult to get either through or over than the ice round the North Pole. After struggling for a long time with icebergs, fogs, and gales of wind, the *Resolution* came in sight of what is now known as "The Great Ice Barrier"—a mass of ice which completely stops the way to the South Pole, and in which neither Cook nor any of the brave men who have tried since could succeed in finding an opening. It was no use staying there with winter coming on, so Cook turned northwards, and took refuge in beautiful Otaheite, and every one had a good long rest to prepare for a second attempt.

In November 1773 they again went south, and were again foiled by the ice barrier, and the same thing was repeated the following year. So thoroughly did Cook explore all the approaches to the South Pole that he sailed completely round the world at its southern end as near as a ship could get to the Pole; and so he proved that the idea of a fertile and populous South Polar continent was only a false dream. This is what he says himself about it: "It doth not become me to say how far the principal objects of our voyage have been obtained. . . . Though my relation of it has been more employed in tracing our course by sea than in recording our observations on shore, this, perhaps, is a circumstance from which the curious reader may infer that the purposes for which we were sent into the Southern Hemisphere were diligently and effectually pursued. Had we found out a continent there we might have been better able to gratify curiosity; but we hope our not having found it, after all our persevering researches, will leave less room for future speculations about unknown worlds remaining to be explored."

In July 1775 the *Resolution* and the *Adventure* reached Spithead, and Cook was made a post captain in recognition of his services.

Later explorers have found that there is a South Polar continent, and that the South Pole itself is on land, not sea. But this land is entirely covered with ice and snow. The last explorer, Lieutenant Shackleton, going with a sledge overland, got to within 110 miles of the Pole, and on January 9, 1909, he hoisted there a Union Jack given him by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

You might have thought that Cook would now feel that he had finished his life's work, and that having found out more about the geography of the world than any man since Columbus, he would settle down and rest. And so, indeed, he intended to do. But now that he had found out what there was—or at any rate what there was *not*—in the South Polar Sea, another question came up—the question of a North-West Passage in the North Polar Sea. You may remember that Drake went quite a long way up the west coast of North America in the hopes of finding a way of getting round the top and so back into the Atlantic, but he had to turn back. Many people after him tried from the Atlantic side to find this North-West Passage, thinking it would be a quicker way of getting to China and Japan—and even, perhaps, to India—than going all the way south by the Cape of Good Hope. You must remember there was no Suez Canal in those days. But nobody had found the Passage, —they found only ice. However the Admiralty now decided to send out an expedition to the Pacific to try that way. They did not ask Captain Cook to go, but they asked him to name a good man as leader of the expedition. One evening the Lords of the Admiralty were talking to Cook about it, and as they talked on and on about the scheme the heart of the great explorer burned within him, and, suddenly springing to his feet, he struck his hand upon the table and said, "I will go myself." So once more this gallant English seaman left his country, his home, his wife, left the leisure and the dignity to which he—once the collier's boy—had won so worthily, and faced again tempest and fog and ice-bound shores,

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

and all the danger and discomfort of life on board ship in the Polar seas. He took his old ship the *Resolution*, and as consort a smaller one called the *Discovery*. The course was first to the Cape, then southwards for a time exploring, then to Tasmania and New Zealand, then for a cruise among the islands of the Pacific, during which many new ones were discovered, and then up the west coast of America northwards. Faithfully and thoroughly did Cook carry out his duty of seeking the Passage; as far north as the ship could get for ice he went, surveying every part of the coast, and exploring in all a distance of 3500 miles, but nowhere could he find any passage. Back again went the *Resolution* to the Pacific islands for the winter, and there discovered a particularly beautiful island called Hawaii.

Cook himself thought this island the finest thing among all his discoveries, and he was much struck by the kindliness and honest dealing of the natives there, as he writes in his log. Yet it was here he died, in this lovely spot which seemed to him a haven of refuge,—died, murdered by these very natives in whose honesty he trusted. It is a sad story. A quarrel arose with the people of the island about a boat being stolen; Cook went ashore to look into the matter; there was a misunderstanding; the crew of one of the English boats, thinking the natives were going to attack, opened fire without orders, this exasperated the natives who did attack, and Cook fell before he could reach the boat. This happened on February 14, 1779. Not for another year and a half did the *Resolution* reach home, without her captain.

England will always remember James Cook as one of the very greatest of her sons. Resolute, patient, modest, wise, and true, his figure stands for ever as a model for every explorer. And greater England owes to him two of her finest territories, those of New Zealand and the Commonwealth of Australia. His name should also be remembered in the Dominion of Canada as having helped in the siege of Quebec, and for his work in surveying the St Lawrence and the Gulf of Newfoundland. Captain Cook was a tall man, thin and spare, his face rather severe but with kindly eyes. He was hot-tempered, and could be very stern when needful, but he was a just and righteous man, and he cared truly for all those under his command. He spared no trouble in order to save his men from that terrible illness, scurvy, and when he went back to the Pacific islands he took out horses, cows, and sheep, and seeds of useful plants to give to the natives, and taught them what to do with them. Except for the sad quarrel which caused his death he always kept the peace with the savage tribes whom he met, and he sincerely wished to benefit them. His own men followed him devotedly through all difficulties, and no captain in His Majesty's Navy was ever less troubled by mutiny than the man who began his sea life as apprentice on board the Whitby collier.

You see from this story how little England was stretching out in different directions all about the world, and now I must tell you something of the doings of the English in India.

THE STORY OF CLIVE.

In 1743, the year after James Wolfe and James Cook began their careers, a young man of eighteen, named Robert Clive, sailed for India, to be employed as a clerk in the service of the East India Company.

Now you must understand that the great land we call India is made up of many different countries, inhabited by a great many different races, who believe in different religions and speak different languages, and who were then constantly at war among themselves. Long before this time a Mahomedan leader, named Baber, had come down from the northern mountains upon the plains of India, and he and his successors had conquered most of the land. But by the time I am speaking of this Mahomedan rule had become very weak, there was no one person strong enough to keep order in the land, and all the different princes and chiefs were continually fighting and overturning each other. The white nations of Europe had planted settlements here and there along the coast on both sides, there were Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English. But these were only trading stations, the foreigners did not *own* any land in India, but just rented what they wanted, as a man might rent a shop in a street, from the ruler of the district. The English traders were all servants of the English East India Company, no one who did not belong to the Company was allowed to come. And the affairs of the Company were settled by a Board of Directors which sat in

London. The Company had nothing to do with the Government, only when the traders out in India were attacked and in danger, the Government would sometimes send ships and troops to help them. Now it did not seem likely that a set of traders, who only wanted to make money, would come to be chief rulers over that great land of India, with its hundreds of millions of people. Yet this was just what happened. I cannot tell you all about it, nor of the many brave and wise men who helped to do it, but I will tell you about Clive, who did more than any one else.

When Clive landed at the English settlement of Madras, it seemed as if the French and not the English were going to gain power in the land. The governor of the French settlements in Southern India, Dupleix, was a man of great genius, and he wanted to drive the English away. He had made friends with the native ruler, or *Nàwab*, and when he heard that war had been declared between France and England, he attacked Madras, which surrendered in September 1746. He was then in his turn attacked by the Nawab, who wanted Madras for himself. Now you must understand that the Indian way of fighting was quite different from the European way. Indian leaders had no idea of what is called *tactics* — that is, arranging the position and movements of troops in battle so as to have the greatest effect possible, and Indian soldiers were quite undisciplined, coming on to fight in confused masses, and therefore very easily thrown into a panic. It was easy to see that a quite small number of Europeans with a skilful commander would be able to rout the biggest Indian army that could be

gathered, but then neither French nor English could get troops from home, and they had only a tiny handful of their own people on the spot. In the service of the French there happened to be a Swiss officer named Paradis, and he conceived the idea of training some Indian soldiers in the European way. This idea he carried out, and when the Nawab's army attacked Madras, 10,000 strong, Paradis led his men, 700 Indians and only 250 Europeans, against it, and won a complete victory. Clive was at this time a prisoner in Madras, and he no doubt laid to heart this proof that the *sepoy* (our name for an Indian soldier) could be made into a thoroughly good soldier. Soon after Clive escaped and got to Fort St David, a place where the English were holding out against French attacks. To a man of Clive's spirit it was intolerable to sit at a desk while fighting was going on; he asked to be enrolled as one of the Company's soldiers, and became an ensign in their service in 1747. He was now twenty-two years of age, and he had had no training in military matters, but his genius was so great that he very quickly taught himself all that was necessary. Like Wolfe, he often suffered from ill-health, and in his case it was the kind of illness that affected his mind and brought on fits of gloom, in which he more than once tried to kill himself. He was naturally proud and very ambitious, but he was honest and true, and always put the interests of his countrymen before his own advancement. The humiliation of the English before the French at the time of the surrender of Madras filled him with rage and shame, and he set his whole heart on doing something to restore the honour of the English name.

In 1748 help came in the arrival of an English fleet under Admiral Boscawen, who proceeded to lay siege to the principal French town, Pondicherry. Here Clive served in the trenches and distinguished himself for his reckless daring. The next year came the news of peace being made between France and England, and Madras was given back to the English. By this time the French and English had both got a good many troops in their pay, and instead of disbanding them on account of the peace between their countries in Europe, they both decided to take a hand in the wars that were going between certain native rulers. Dupleix was so clever and succeeded so well in his undertakings that he soon gained great power, and things were looking very black for the English and their native ally, when Clive, with the quick insight of genius, saw that the Frenchman had made a mistake. There is a place called Trichinopoly which was being held by the English and their allies with great difficulty against the French and their allies. In order to press the English there and in other places, Dupleix had left the capital of the province, Arcot, almost undefended, and Clive saw that if he could make a dash on Arcot and take it, such a heavy blow would greatly encourage the English side. The governor of Fort St David said he might try, and gave him a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys. Of his seven officers only one had ever been in action. And now Clive showed what he was made of. He had that magic power of putting his own spirit into the men under him that is the secret of all great leaders. His little force pressed onward, swiftly, steadily, heedless of a most terrible

thunder-storm which drove into shelter every living creature save Clive and his men, and when they reached Arcot their daring advance so amazed the small garrison that they fled in panic, and Clive entered Arcot without firing a shot. He knew, however, that the most difficult part of his task was to come. Arcot was a big city with a fort in the middle of it,—a fort badly constructed to begin with and now half ruined. The enemy sent a force of 10,000 natives and 150 Europeans to retake it, and for seven weeks Clive and his 500 not only held it against a continuous bombardment, but made repeated sorties, causing much loss to the besiegers. This gallant stand roused the admiration of the leader of the Mahrattas, a famous fighting race of Southern India. He declared he had never believed before that the English could fight, but now that he saw what they could do he meant to help them. So he brought up his horsemen (the Mahrattas always fought on horseback) and harassed the besiegers. Finally, on November 25, 1751, the enemy made a desperate assault, and after an hour's hand to hand struggle they were beaten off, and in despair they abandoned their camp and all their guns and fled, leaving the heroic defenders of the fort masters of Arcot. Of the 500 men, 200 only were left unwounded.

The defence of Arcot is chiefly memorable because of the way the English commander had made heroes of all his men, brown as well as white. Indeed, the self-devotion of the native soldiers was the greater, for when food was running short they actually made request to Clive that he would keep the rice for the Europeans because they were accustomed to having more to eat,

and that they themselves would be content to live upon the water in which the rice was boiled. This story shows how it was that the English became the rulers of India. India was not conquered *by* the English, it was conquered *for* the English by the natives of India themselves, because they loved and trusted their English leaders, and those leaders knew how to train them for victory.

Throughout the next year fighting continued between the native princes, with the French on one side and the English on the other. Clive showed the same daring, resource, and power as a leader, and on the whole the results of the year's fighting were favourable to the English, but the genius of Dupleix in his dealings with the native princes almost kept the balance even. Early in 1753 Clive became so seriously ill that he was obliged to come home to England. The fame of his exploits had preceded him, and he was received with great honour both by people in general and by the Directors of the Company. At first Clive meant to stay at home and take part in public life in England. He tried to get into Parliament, but he failed to be elected, so he asked the Company to employ him again in India, which they were only too glad to do, and to India he returned in 1755. While he had been away the great Frenchman Dupleix had been recalled to France, where he had been treated with the most shameful injustice, and where he afterwards died in great poverty. From this time the French power in India began to decline. There was some fighting near Madras after Clive got back, but very soon he was called away to the north.

Now I want you to get the map and look carefully at that part of India which is called Bengal. Here, as you see, the greatest river in India, the Ganges, falls into the sea through many different mouths, and into one of these flows the river Hooghly. There had been several European settlements for a long time on the Hooghly,—Dutch at Chinsurah, French at Chandernagore, and English at Calcutta, where they had a fortified post called Fort William. In 1756 a new Nawab come into power in Bengal, whose name was Surajah Dowlah. He was a young man, weak, foolish, and wicked. He at once quarrelled with the English, and in his anger vowed to turn them out of his country, and came down upon Calcutta with a large army. The English in Bengal, unlike their countrymen in Southern India, had not had any fighting to do, and were quite unprepared for defence; the men in authority only thought of saving themselves by escaping on board ship, and on June 20, 1756, Fort William was taken. One hundred and forty-six Englishmen still remained there. Their fate has never been forgotten in England. They were packed into a tiny little room without any window to the outer air, known as the Black Hole, and were kept there all night. When the door was opened in the morning only twenty-three were left alive, the others had all died for lack of air to breathe.

When the news of this tragedy reached Madras Clive was sent off in command of an expedition to retake Calcutta and do what he could towards making the English settlements in Bengal safe for the future But he was told to be as quick as he could about it, and to

get back south as soon as possible, as it was very likely that war would again break out between France and England, and then he would be wanted in Madras. There was a squadron of English ships on the coast under Admiral Watson, and they took Clive and his men by sea to the Hooghly. This combined force of the Company's soldiers and the king's sailors soon made their way to Calcutta, which surrendered to Watson in January 1757. And now you would have thought that a man of Clive's courage and proud spirit would have attacked Surajah Dowlah, and tried to avenge the Englishmen so foully murdered in the Black Hole. But Clive was quite as much a statesman as he was a soldier. He saw that a regular war with the Nawab would bring the French at Chandernagore down on him too, and it was quite impossible for the English in Bengal to fight them both at once. Also he had Southern India to think of as well. He knew he would soon be wanted back there, and so the only way to provide for the safety of Calcutta was to keep friends with one enemy while destroying the other. Soon news arrived from Europe that war had been declared between France and England, and it was decided to attack Chandernagore. The English agent at the Nawab's court persuaded him to remain neutral, and on March 13 Clive, supported by Watson and the ships, summoned Chandernagore, which surrendered on the 23rd. In spite of this success, however, Clive had to stay in Bengal, for the Nawab, though now professing friendship for the English, really hated them as much as ever. Also there was some likelihood that he would be joined by a famous French soldier named Bussy, who

had been making himself very powerful in Central India, and who was reported to be marching towards Bengal. Clive now heard through his agents that there was a chance of Surajah Dowlah being dethroned by his own men: for his vices had made him hated and his weakness was making him despised. The commander of his forces, Meer Jaffier, plotted to rebel and seize the crown himself: he asked the English to help him, and promised them large sums of money and many advantages in return. The carrying out of this plot required both daring and secrecy: unfortunately Clive seems to have thought that it required treachery as well. There was a wealthy native named Omichund, who was employed as principal agent in all these plottings, and was to be handsomely rewarded. Just when matters had come to the most critical point he went to Clive and said that unless a treaty were made to guarantee him an enormous sum of money he would betray the plot to Surajah Dowlah. Clive outwitted him by preparing two treaties—a sham one on red paper, in which the guarantee was given to Omichund, and a real one on white paper, in which his name was not mentioned. Both treaties were signed, and it was explained to Meer Jaffier that only the white one was to be considered binding. In June, when all was ready, Clive wrote a letter to Surajah Dowlah which was practically a declaration of war, and marched north towards Moorshedabad, the capital. He had expected Meer Jaffier to join him at a place called Katwa, but instead he only got a letter from his ally promising to desert to him on the field of battle. The next day the terrible Indian rains began which made marching very difficult, and

Clive for the first and only time in his life hesitated, and could not make up his mind to go forward. His force consisted of 1100 Europeans and 2100 sepoys; the Nawab's army numbered 50,000 men. He could not be sure that Meer Jaffier would keep faith with him, and if he failed in routing his enemy he would have to retreat through a country flooded by the rains, and his native soldiers would probably lose confidence in him. But if he succeeded it would mean the gain to the English of the chief power in Bengal. He called his officers to a council of war and asked their opinion, giving his own vote against an advance. Twelve of the council voted against going on, seven only voted for it. But Clive was still uneasy. He went away by himself, and sitting down under a clump of trees thought deeply for an hour. That hour decided the fate of India. When Clive rose to his feet his mind was made up to risk everything, and so "put it to the touch to win or lose it all." He gave orders to advance the next morning.

After a most difficult march through torrents of rain and seas of mud, the men sometimes having to wade up to their waists in water, Clive reached the village of Plassey, and found himself unexpectedly quite close to the enemy. The Nawab's army had taken up a widely extended position protected by intrenched lines, with their right resting on a big river, and between them and Clive's force were two large water-tanks with high earthen banks on which were placed heavy guns, served by French gunners. On the morning of June 23, 1757, the great masses of the enemy moved forward with the intention of sweeping round the little English force and

driving it into the river. Clive determined to hold on where he was if possible during the day, and then try a night attack. About mid-day the enemy's cavalry charged down upon the English, but were met with such a steady fire that they retired in disorder, and their leader was killed. Shortly after a large body of men moved away from the enemy's left and seemed to be circling round to join the English,—this was Meer Jaffier and his deserters. The French gunners now began to withdraw from the tanks, and one of the English officers moved forward to occupy the position. Clive was angry at first at this having been done without his orders, but seeing that the ground had been taken up and that the enemy were preparing another attack, he quickly changed his plans and ordered a general advance. As his men rushed forward panic seized upon the Nawab's vast army. Surajah Dowlah himself, seeing Meer Jaffier's treachery, had already lost heart and fled from the field. One charge by the English was enough; their foes became a mass of helpless fugitives, and the battle of Plassey was won, with a loss to the conquerors of only seventy men.

Meer Jaffier had certainly not done much towards gaining the victory: however, Clive greeted him as *Subadar*—that is, Viceroy, of Bengal, and begged him to hurry on to Moorshedabad and establish himself there. This he did without delay, and finding Surajah Dowlah in hiding there, first put him in prison and then put him to death. A few days after Clive entered the city in state, and all men understood that it was he, and he only, who had made Meer Jaffier Subadar, and therefore

that the English power was really supreme in the land. All the nobles and great men hastened to offer presents of money and jewels to the English leader, but Clive refused everything, saying he would take no present save from Meer Jaffier only. From him he received about £200,000,—a large sum in itself, but not a very large proportion of the Nawab's treasures to be the share of his conqueror. Meer Jaffier carried out the other arrangements of the treaty, and Omichund was told that the red paper was a sham and that he was to have nothing. The shock of the disappointment turned his brain, he became quite imbecile, and died eighteen months afterwards.

If Clive had only cared for himself he would have now gone home with all his riches and laurels, but though ambitious to gain power, he always truly cared for the good of the people over whom he held the power. He had given Bengal to the English and their ally, and he had now to see that it was decently governed. This was not at all easy. Most of the Englishmen at Calcutta were people without any strength of character or any ideas beyond money-making; and Meer Jaffier turned out a most incompetent ruler. Clive had to train the Englishmen and make them see their duty towards the natives; and he had to support Meer Jaffier with constant advice, and often to act for him and conciliate or overawe the neighbouring chiefs and princes.

On receiving the news of Plassey the Directors of the Company sent out an order making Clive President of the English Council at Calcutta and Governor of Bengal, so that he was really supreme ruler of that part of India.

It was therefore impossible for him to go back to the south, where fighting was going on with the French, who at first gained some success. To relieve the pressure of the French on Madras, Clive sent an expedition against their forces in Central India. This left him almost without soldiers himself, but he knew he could rule Bengal by the magic of his name alone, and he did it. The expedition, under Forde, a leader as daring as Clive himself, won its way against countless odds, stormed the great fortress of Masulipatam, and completely crushed the French. Shortly after they were heavily defeated in the south at the battle of Wandewash, and in January 1761 Pondicherry surrendered to the English. The French power was thus finally destroyed in India just about a year after it was finally destroyed in America.

Meanwhile Meer Jaffier heard that a native prince called the Shahzada was advancing from the west to overthrow him, and begged Clive for help. Clive, whose only force consisted of the dregs of the Company's men, 200 in number, wrote back, "Rest assured that the English are your firm friends, and that they never desert a cause in which they have once taken a part." He then gathered together another 150 white men and 2500 natives, and marched against the Shahzada. The prince offered him the rule of large provinces, and "whatever his heart could desire," if he would give up supporting Meer Jaffier, to which Clive merely replied that he was bound in honour to his ally, and that it was "not the custom of the English nation to be guilty of insincerity." The Shahzada's army numbered 40,000 men, but as soon as they heard that Clive was coming

against them they all scattered and fled. Well might Clive have said with Coriolanus in the play, "Alone I did it!"

When he got back to Calcutta there came trouble with the Dutch. Their settlement at Chinsurah was suffering in its trade on account of English competition, so they intrigued against Clive and tried to bring ships and troops up the river. He at once attacked and defeated them; they then acknowledged that they had been in the wrong, and promised never again to introduce an armed force to their settlement. Clive showed great devotion to duty in acting in this way, for England and Holland were not at war, and he might have been blamed at home for fighting, but, as he wrote, "A public man may occasionally be called upon to act with a halter round his neck." Also, at this very time, a large part of his own private fortune was in the hands of the Dutch Company; so it shows he cared nothing for money when the interests of his country were at stake.

Clive now thought that he had done his work *in* India, and that for the future he could do more *for* India by gaining power in England over the direction of affairs. Early in 1760 Clive sailed for home. When he had come to Bengal three years and three months before, the English there were a few miserable, terrified, and despairing fugitives, huddled together in some huts at the mouth of the Hooghly; when he left Bengal the English were a wealthy company firmly established in Calcutta, which was fast rising into the "City of Palaces" it has ever since been, their rivals destroyed, their

welfare assured, and their authority supreme over a great part of the land. In three years Clive had raised the name of England from the depth of degradation to the height of power. He was just thirty-four years old.

When he got home he intended to explain all his ideas about English rule in India to Pitt, and get that great man to help him in altering the way things were arranged between the Government and the Company. Unluckily, however, he fell very ill and remained so for a whole year. When he was able to do business again Pitt was no longer in power, and the king and the ministers, though they made Clive a peer, would not do what he wanted. Then everything went wrong. Lord Clive tried to get power on the Board of Directors, but many of them were jealous of him, and there was nothing but quarrelling. As time went on terrible accounts began to come from Bengal. Directly Clive's strong hand was taken away the English rushed into all kinds of evil-doing; no one cared for anything but gaining money as fast as possible; the natives were plundered and ill-treated,—in short, it seemed as if the English in India were going to be as bad as the Spaniards had been in America. In 1764 the Directors came to the conclusion that something must be done to stop all this, and they felt that only Clive could do it, so they asked him to go out again as Governor. To go back to the country which had already ruined his health; to go alone to face a crowd of lawless, demoralised men, to bring them back to right ways and punish their evil deeds, with hardly a creature to stand by

him out there, and leaving a set of bitter foes behind him to prevent his having proper support from home.—this was the task proposed to him. But Clive had the true hero soul, on which the prospect of difficulty and danger acts like a glad trumpet-call to arms. He now had a happy home, a dearly-loved wife, children, friends, and all this he left without an instant's hesitation.

In May 1765 he reached Calcutta and remained there till January 1767. During these twenty months he completely reformed the whole conduct of affairs: he forced the Company's servants to give up their bad ways; he put down a most serious mutiny of the white officers, bringing them to heel like a set of whipped hounds; and he carried through many difficult negotiations with various native princes. All this he wrought solely by his own strong will and righteous purpose, against which all opposition crumbled to dust.

Lord Clive arrived back in England in July 1767. But so far from receiving any reward for the good work he had done, he was followed by every kind of slander. The people whom he had punished in India stirred up their friends in England to persecute him with false accusations, and these were readily believed. Englishmen were getting to hate the class of men called "Nabobs"; men who had gained riches in India and came home to spend their money in foolish ways and to treat the world about them with vulgar insolence. Clive was supposed to be the worst and chief of this class. His constant suffering of body caused him often to be moody and irritable in manner, and this added to the prejudice against him. It was openly said that he had oppressed

and tortured the natives in India and gained his wealth by the vilest means. In 1772 his enemies attacked him in Parliament, and a committee was appointed "to inquire into the condition of British affairs in India," and this was really an inquiry into Clive's conduct. Now that the charges against him were brought openly forward it was easier for him to defend himself, and it became clear that the only charge which could be proved against him was his receiving the £200,000 from Meer Jaffier. Clive boldly defended himself, declaring that he was fully within his rights in taking the money, and that he had done it openly and with the knowledge of the Directors of the Company. A resolution of censure on this account was brought against him in the House of Commons, where after a heated debate the House refused either to approve or disapprove his conduct in this particular, and then unanimously passed a declaration that "Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country."

Clive had cleared his character from stain; the Commons of England had declared him to be a benefactor of his country: at last he might have rested in peace and honour. But the bitterness of this long struggle against the malignity of his enemies was too much for his broken health. His illness returned on him with such violence that his mind gave way, and on November 22, 1774, the founder of England's empire in India died by his own hand. Clive was a great Englishman, stained by two faults. His deception of Omichund was a wicked act, and remains without excuse. It is puzzling also, because except on this occasion Clive

was always open and above-board in all his dealings, whether with brown or white men. In taking the money from Meer Jaffier he certainly did not behave in a manner worthy of an English gentleman. But he himself considered the money as a fair reward for what he had done, and we must remember that all the riches of Bengal were lying before him to take what he would. When examined before the Committee of the House he said: "When I recollect entering the Nawab's treasury at Moorshedabad, with heaps of gold and silver to the right and left, and these crowned with jewels, by God! at this moment do I stand astonished at my own moderation." If Clive had been a selfish or unprincipled man he might have made himself Emperor of India; but through tremendous temptation his will held firm to his idea of duty and honour. He cared for power, and for money as a means to power, but high above all personal advantage he placed his country's good. He was a man loyal to the core. Sometimes unfair and overbearing towards those who opposed him, he was ever true to his friends and full of generosity. As a leader and ruler of men he stands in the first rank, and England must ever remember with gratitude the man who raised so high her name and fame in the East,—the man who, by his daring, insight, and wisdom transformed a company of mean traders into the responsible rulers of a mighty empire.

Anson, Wolfe, Cook, Clive,—all these great men lived and died for England. I have now to tell you of a sad time when England had to taste the bitterness of defeat at the hands of her own sons.

In 1760 George II. died. His eldest son had died

before him, so it was his grandson, another George, who now became king. George III. had been born and entirely brought up in England, and was as thorough an Englishman as the two previous kings had been Germans. He was a good man, and he cared honestly for the country and tried to govern well, but unfortunately his wits were dull and his mind was narrow. He believed it to be his duty to govern himself and not leave it to his ministers; but he was no judge of men, and so he hampered the wise men who tried to guide him right, and he put in power weak and incapable people who flattered and gave way to him. In one respect his reign cost England very dear, as you will learn from the following story.

THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The English in America had never had much idea of loyalty to the King and Parliament in England. Their forefathers had, most of them, gone away into exile not because they wanted to make money or because there was no room for them at home, as people do nowadays, but because they wanted to get away from the rule both of King and Parliament and to be free to do what they thought good both in matters of state and in matters of religion. The descendants of these men still considered themselves English; from time to time more people came out from England to settle among them, and they received governors from England, but

with regard to internal affairs they more or less governed themselves, and they strongly objected to being interfered with. Also these were the days when in Europe, and especially in France, new ideas were abroad respecting liberty and government. People began to think and to declare that liberty is the great, the only good, and that liberty cannot be in a country where kings and nobles rule. Men in America, remembering how their forefathers had given up all for liberty, felt words like these kindle a flame in their hearts. So it was not a lucky moment for the English Government to try to tighten the reins on their subjects in America. But the Government had spent a great deal of money in defending the colonies from the French, and it seemed only fair that the American English should begin to pay something towards their own defence from foreign foes. Accordingly, in 1765, Parliament passed an Act for taxing the colonies in America called the Stamp Act, because it taxed the *stamps* that have to be put on all legal papers.

Now the English in America had not changed their character because they had crossed the Atlantic, and in every century and in every quarter of the globe, each person in turn who has tried to levy a tax on Englishmen without their consent has found it an exceedingly difficult job. The greatest of the Plantagenets tried to do it, and he failed and had to beg pardon of his own subjects; the Tudor sovereigns were far too wise ever to attempt it even in the height of their power; Charles I. did it for a short time, and in consequence he lost his head; President Kruger did it for a short time the other day

to the English in South Africa, and in consequence he was driven from his country and died in exile; George III. tried to do it to the English in America, and though he did not lose his head, because he was safe in England, he lost the American colonies.

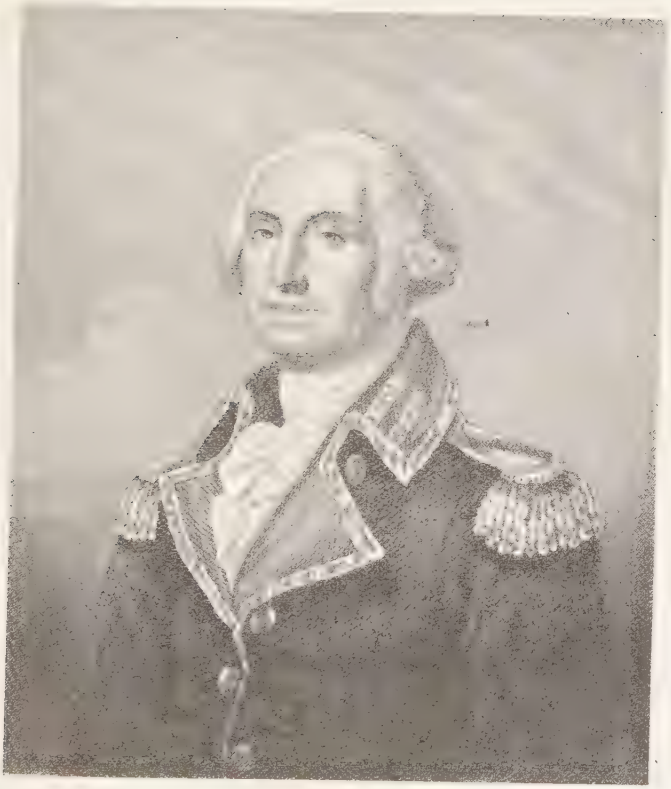
The English out there at once declared they would never pay a tax levied by a Parliament in which they were not represented, and they made riots and attacked the king's officers. The next year a new Prime Minister came into power at home, and Parliament repealed the Stamp Act. But in 1767 there was another change of ministry, and Parliament ordered import taxes to be levied in America on tea, paper, and some other things. This made the people there very angry; they said they would not buy any of the taxed things, and there were more riots. King George began to want to punish them as rebels, and he now got a Prime Minister, Lord North, who was of the same mind. North kept on the tea duty; and in 1773 he made a bargain with the East India Company to send some ships laden with tea into Boston Harbour. When these ships arrived the townspeople held a meeting to protest against it and then some young men boarded the ships and threw all the tea into the sea. When this news came home to England it was clear that the English Government must either give in or else must subdue the rebels by force. There were many great and wise men who thought the Government should give in and go back to the old way; among them was Pitt, who was now Lord Chatham, and the great orator, Edmund Burke, who was just coming into notice in Parliament. But the king, Lord North, and

the majority in Parliament thought otherwise, and Acts were passed for keeping a firmer hold of the Government in America.

In 1774 deputies from all but one of the thirteen colonies met together at Philadelphia: they decided to resist the king's orders, and made arrangements for raising troops. In the spring of 1775 a small party of king's soldiers on their way to seize some arms were attacked by the rebels at a place called Lexington, and suffered severe loss. This greatly encouraged the rebels, and in June a force of 1500 of them intrenched themselves on the top of a hill, and the royal troops sent to dislodge them only gained the position after attacking three times. This is known as the battle of Bunker's Hill. Two days after a gentleman of Virginia named George Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief of the colonial army.

There are only two men known to history who have created a nation. One is William the Silent, the Father of the Dutch Republic; the other is Washington, the Father of the American Republic.

Washington was a good soldier and a wise statesman, but he was much more than this. His was not only the hero spirit but the martyr spirit. He simply *never* thought of himself. Profit, pleasure, honours, fame—these things were literally nothing to him; he lived for one thing only, the cause of his country. Up to this time the thirteen colonies of the English in America had never thought of joining together, and had had very little common feeling; but Washington, by the power of his great heart even more than his great genius, was



WASHINGTON.

able to care for them all as one whole, and so in the end to make them one. Nations, like men, must make mistakes sometimes. England has made many, and the greatest mistake of all was that mistake in consequence of which she lost the right of calling George Washington her son.

Now that war had really begun both sides found themselves in great difficulties. The rebels had no trained soldiers and very little in the way of stores for the conduct of war, and the English Government had not nearly enough troops to conquer such a big country. And the greatest difficulty on both sides was the lack of zeal. Nearly a third of the English in America did not want to rebel at all, but were loyal to England, and a great part of the others were half-hearted. They would neither fight themselves nor give any money to feed and clothe the men who were fighting, so that Washington's difficulties with his ragged and starving troops would have driven any other man who ever lived to despair. It was just the same in England. Many people disapproved of the war altogether, and hardly a single man would go and fight, so that the Government had actually to *buy* 17,000 men at so much a head from some German princes, and send them out to America. On both sides the war was kept going by the few resolute men, the chief of whom were the king and Lord North in England, Washington and a famous young lawyer and orator named Hamilton in America. The sending of the German troops had a very bad effect. The English in America might have given in to Englishmen from England,—they would never give way to Germans. On July 4, 1776,

the Congress at Philadelphia voted the famous Declaration of Independence, by which the thirteen colonies united themselves in a free Republic, called the United States of America. It was rather a pity they did not choose some other name, for as such a long name is tiresome for general use people soon began to talk about America and the Americans, meaning the United States and their inhabitants, and we do so now. So that the word *America* came to have two meanings: sometimes it means the whole western continent, and sometimes it means the southern half of North America. Now you might have thought that the northern half of North America, which was fortunate in gaining and keeping the beautiful name of Canada, would have taken this opportunity, having only been conquered six years before, of revolting from England. But the French people in Canada, though they had not wanted to belong to England, still less wanted to belong to the English Americans, who were their old enemies. And they were joined by many of the loyal English from the United States, and together these new allies defended Canada most gallantly and successfully from the American attack. So the making of a new nation, who called themselves *Americans* and were independent of England, brought about the making out of some French and some English people, of a new nation who called themselves *Canadians* and were loyal to England.

In the United States themselves the fortune of war inclined now to one side and now to the other. In the autumn of 1777 a whole English army under General Burgoyne capitulated to the Americans at Saratoga, but

the following winter Washington's army, which lay at a place called Valley Forge, nearly came to an end altogether from starvation and desertion. But now came the turning point of the war. France had been watching eagerly for a chance of taking revenge upon England for the loss of Canada. For some time both men and money had been coming from France to help the Americans. The French Government sent money secretly, and French gentlemen—of whom the most famous was the Marquis de Lafayette—brought their swords to Washington's aid, moved partly by hatred to England, partly by zeal for the new ideas about liberty.

When the news arrived of the surrender at Saratoga, the French Government decided to join openly in the war as allies of the new Republic, and sent a fleet to the American coast. Things now looked so bad for England that a motion was brought forward in Parliament to acknowledge the independence of the United States. Lord Chatham had always disapproved of the war, but this giving up of England's rights in America fairly broke his heart. His health was now entirely broken by disease, and he was so ill that he had to be carried into the House of Lords wrapped in flannel; he struggled to speak, and declared he would never consent to "the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy." As he said these words his voice failed, he fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and a month later he died.

Even Chatham's fiery zeal would have found the reconquest of America a hard task. The larger a country is the more difficult it is to conquer it against the will of its inhabitants, and this was especially so before the time of rail-

ways. If a general splits his army up into a great many small bodies and scatters them about the country, no one of these bodies will be strong enough to do anything, and if he keeps his army together he can hold down that part of the country where he is, but this has no effect upon other parts hundreds of miles away. Then, in a country where the population is very thin, the feeding of a large army is extremely difficult, sometimes it is quite impossible. It takes a man of real genius to overcome such difficulties, and the English commanders, Howe, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, were not men of genius. They were good soldiers and they did their best, but their best was not enough to beat Washington. What did very nearly beat him, and would have beaten him altogether but for French help, was the apathy, stinginess, and even treachery of the people on his own side. In 1779 and 1780 the English gained several successes, and in September 1780 one of Washington's own generals, named Arnold, a man whom he trusted entirely, turned traitor and offered to betray some forts near New York to the English. At the last minute the plot was discovered, and Major André, an English officer who came in disguise into the American camp to make arrangements with Arnold, was caught, and was hanged by Washington as a spy. In 1781 Cornwallis won an action in the south and seemed to be gaining ground fast, but the country was too large for him to hold it. He fortified a position on the coast at York Town, thinking he would be secure of the support of the English fleet. Through the slackness and mismanagement, however, of the English admiral, the French fleet was allowed to slip past and reach the coast. Cornwallis was blockaded at

sea by the French and on shore by the Americans; he had no more food, and on October 19, 1781, though unconquered in the field, he was forced to surrender. The war was over, and the Americans had won.

At the same time that the land war was going on in America, England had to fight several European enemies at sea, for France was joined first by Spain and then by Holland. The French navy at that time was very strong, because for some time France had been friends with Spain, and so having nothing to fear on her southern land frontier she had been able to turn all her attention to her navy. Also she had three great seamen and fighters as admirals, —De Suffren, De Guichen, and De Grasse. On our side, when Chatham went out of power, the English navy suffered just as everything else did, from want of energy and wise guidance.

In the summer of 1779 the French and Spanish fleets joined together and sailed up the Channel without even being attacked, the first time for nearly a hundred years that the English had lost command of the Narrow Seas. Yet even so the French did not attempt a landing in England. Instead, they delivered their great attacks at Gibraltar and in the West Indies. The defence of Gibraltar by Governor Elliot is one of the finest achievements in English history. For more than three years the fortress was closely besieged both by land and sea by the French and the Spaniards together; again and again the garrison were reduced to the last extremity through lack of food and ammunition; again and again English ships got through the besiegers and threw in supplies

just in time, and Elliot and his men kept the Union Jack flying over the Rock to the end of the war.

In December 1779 a very large convoy for the relief of Gibraltar was sent out from England under the command of Admiral Rodney. Rodney was a fine seaman and a man of great experience. It was he who in 1759 — the year of victories — had raided Havre and destroyed the boats in which the French had intended to invade England. But he was now over sixty and much older than his real age, being constantly crippled by gout. When he got down to the coast of Spain he fell in with a Spanish convoy going to the besiegers' camp, chased, and captured the whole of it, together with a battleship and six frigates. Then, just past Cape St. Vincent appeared the Spanish admiral with a fleet of eleven battleships, hoping to catch some of the English convoy. Rodney, however, had twenty-one battleships, so the Spaniard could do nothing, and Rodney determined to make an effort to destroy the Spanish fleet completely. The wind was westerly, and instead of keeping outside the Spaniards to windward, Rodney ran in between the enemy and the coast, thus risking his ships on a lee shore, in order to prevent any one of the Spaniards escaping. It was a great risk, for not only was a gale coming on, but it was late in the day and fast getting dark. Fortune rewarded Rodney as she had rewarded Hawke. Five of the Spaniards struck, one blew up, and one was wrecked, only four got away in the storm and darkness. Good seamanship worked the English ships off the shore in the teeth of the gale, and Rodney, after a tremendous

tussle with contrary winds, got his precious convoy safe into Gibraltar. From there, in February 1780, he proceeded to the West Indies, where a fine French fleet under De Guichen had lately arrived.

At that time some of the West Indian islands belonged to France, some to Spain, and some to England. The biggest of the English ones was Jamaica. Now you must understand that French and English admirals have always fought with two very different ideas in their minds. The Frenchman's idea was that he should never fight except in order to gain a particular object, to seize an island, to relieve a town, to protect a convoy, or something of that sort, and that therefore he was to be as careful as possible not to get his ships hurt or taken. The Englishman's idea was that he was to smash the French fleet whenever and wherever he could get at it, and to risk losing his own ships to do it, as Hawke did in Quiberon Bay. Now, speaking generally, the English idea is the best: first, because you can never be *sure* of gaining any particular object until you have got your enemy out of the way; and secondly, because it keeps up that daring spirit which men must have in order to succeed in war. It was very hard upon the brave French sailors, when they were longing to fight in earnest, to have to run away again and again from the English, because their admiral thought it his duty to do so. You must remember that all ships were still sailing ships at this time; steamers were not invented in those days.

In April 1780 De Guichen was at the French island of Martinique, and Rodney was at the English island

of Santa Lucia. De Guichen planned to go with a large body of soldiers on board his ships to Barbadoes and try to take it, and his plan, French fashion, was not to fight the English, but by sailing first to the north instead of to the south to deceive them, and then in the night to turn and slip past them and get to Barbadoes before they found out what he was doing. But Rodney watched the French closely, through the eyes of his fast-sailing frigates, and guessing De Guichen's plan kept between him and Barbadoes and forced him to fight. In the action that followed Rodney tried to defeat the French by bringing his whole fleet down upon their rear in order to crush it by superior force before the other French ships could turn to help their comrades. Unfortunately his captains did not know about his plan beforehand; some did not see his signals, others did not understand them, so they did not obey properly, and the whole thing was a failure. Rodney was furiously angry. One of his captains was court-martialled and dismissed the service, others were severely reprimanded, and the admiral vowed that he would spend a long time getting his fleet into better order before his next engagement.

This was a long time in coming. Rodney and De Guichen manœuvred a great deal, but for the rest of the year nothing particular happened. In January 1781 Rodney got orders to seize a small island called St Eustatius, which belonged to Holland, the Dutch being now at war with England. This was easily done, for the Dutch had no force with which to resist the English, but it was a most unfortunate conquest for us in its results. It was a very rich place, and Rodney seems

to have lost his head over it and to have got so much taken up with arranging for the disposal of all the wealth and getting as much prize money as he could claim for himself that he did not pay proper attention to the work he had been sent to do. De Guichen had gone home to France, but in April a new French fleet came out commanded by De Grasse. Through Rodney's negligence this fleet united with the French ships at Martinique, and in May the combined force attacked and took Tobago. After this neither Rodney nor his second in command, Hood, could draw De Grasse into a decided engagement: the French admiral proceeded to the American coast, and there, after a successful fight with a small and badly managed English squadron under Graves, he blockaded York Town and brought about Cornwallis's surrender.

So far Rodney had not done much in the West Indies, and he went home to England leaving Hood in command, but the next year brought him another chance. Now that the English arms had been finally defeated in America, the enemies of England were hoping to strike some more heavy blows at her and drive her to make such a peace as would cripple her strength. France and Spain hoped to take Gibraltar at last, and also to get possession of Jamaica. De Grasse had returned to Martinique, where he was watched by Hood, whose squadron was much weaker than the Frenchman's. At home the French were preparing large reinforcements to go out under De Guichen, and the English Admiralty also got ready a relieving force to go out under Rodney. It was an anxious moment, for if De Guichen got out

first Hood would be crushed and the English helpless. Rodney was now himself again and worked, in spite of his gout, with splendid energy to get his ships ready for sea. De Guichen did get off first, but another English admiral, Kempenfelt, caught him in the Channel in such a position that he could not save his convoy. Fifteen were taken, the rest scattered, and De Guichen was so mortified that he came back to Brest and resigned his command.

In the first days of January 1782 Rodney struggled out of Plymouth in the teeth of a westerly gale, and made his way across the Atlantic, joining Hood at Antigua. Some time before the French had fallen upon the English island of St Kitt's and taken it. Hood, with his very inferior force, had made a most gallant effort to relieve it, and though he did not succeed, his daring attempt and the skilful way in which he battled De Grasse's efforts to get the better of him had cheered the hearts of the English. Rodney knew that the French would soon start out from Martinique to attack Jamaica, so he lay waiting with his whole fleet at Santa Lucia, ready to pursue them. On April 8 De Grasse sailed, not straight westwards to Jamaica, but northwards first towards Dominica, because he had to take a convoy to San Domingo and also meant to join with the Spaniards off that island. Rodney came up with him on the 9th, and some fighting and a good deal of manœuvring took place during the next three days between the islands of Dominica and Guadeloupe, not far from some small islets called The Saints. The main action was fought in these waters on the 12th: so it is known as "the battle of the 12th of April" or "the battle of the Saints."

The great importance of this battle lies in two things: first, Rodney won it, and by winning it saved Jamaica and made it possible for England to conclude an honourable peace; secondly, Rodney won it by doing a thing which had never been done before, but which, once it was done, showed to all succeeding English admirals the best way to victory.

Now you must understand that in old days, in the days of Drake and the Armada, ships used to go into action without any definite plan: every captain went for the nearest ship of the enemy and tried to take it. Then later on, in the time of Monk and Russell, the ships of a fleet began to be arranged in a certain order, like regiments in an army, and they usually went into action in what was called "the line of battle," that is, each ship one behind the other at equal distances apart. And the rule was that each ship must engage the one opposite to her in the enemy's line, and that the line must never be broken. Now to fight in some order was of course much better than the old haphazard fashion; but after naval commanders had gone on for generations like this, they got into the way of thinking that it was more important to keep their own line unbroken than to destroy the enemy, and so a great deal of the sea-fighting of those times was inconclusive, admirals manœuvred a great deal, and fired at the enemy a great deal, but did not come to close quarters. They did not realise that by giving up the order of their own line so as to break the enemy's they might do much more execution.

On April 12 the French and English fleets met in the usual way, each in line of battle; the French had thirty

ships, the English had thirty-six, but the French had some rather bigger ships and heavier guns than any of the English ones, so the two forces were fairly even. The two lines met and went past each other, going in opposite directions, till the English van was opposite the French rear, then Rodney, on board his flagship the *Formidable*, about the centre of the line, observed that, owing to a change of wind, the French had not been able to keep the order of their line properly, and therefore instead of a French ship opposite the *Formidable* there was a great gap. Sir Charles Douglas, the captain of the fleet, pointed to the gap, and begged the admiral to steer through it, and so by breaking the French line cut off their rear and crush it. Rodney first refused, then hesitated, and then, to his lasting fame, agreed and gave the order. The other English captains, seeing their admiral passing through the French and coming round on the other side of them, caught the new idea, and the seven ships next astern followed him, raking the Frenchmen from stem to stern. Farther on the *Barfleur*, followed by twelve ships of Hood's division, broke the French line also, so that now the van, centre, and rear of the enemy were all cut off from each other, each division huddled into a confused and helpless mass. The English were now to windward; they had the power to unite and attack as they chose, overpowering first one and then another of the French ships. Five of them surrendered; De Grasse himself in the *Ville de Paris* being the last to haul down his flag. In his ship alone more men had been killed than in the whole English fleet.

Rodney knew he had won a fine victory, and not being

quite as great a man as Drake before him or Nelson after him, he now thought he had done enough. Drake or Nelson would have pursued the broken French till not a ship remained, Rodney was satisfied with his victory and his five prizes, the rest escaped. Yet has England great cause to remember Rodney with honour and gratitude. Though the "breaking of the line" was not his own idea, it showed great insight, courage, and strength of mind in him that he adopted it: old as he was, and worn down by disease, at the critical moment he gave up the rule by which he had fought for forty years, and risked life and fame on a new venture. We must also remember that the venture was successful largely because Rodney by hard work and careful training had made his fleet a thoroughly good one. His captains did not misunderstand him this time, and the crews stuck to their work with good discipline and served their guns well.

Their defeat in the battle of The Saints greatly disheartened the French. They did not dare even to attack Admiral Howe when he finally relieved Gibraltar, and though the war dragged on for some time longer nothing further of any importance was attempted by the enemies of England. Peace was signed in Paris in 1783. England recognised the independence of the United States, but neither France nor Spain gained anything from her. The first act of her long struggle with France ended with the Peace of Utrecht, the second ended with the Peace of Paris. Before long the third act, by far the greatest, was to begin, and in it the path first opened by Rodney was to be followed to a more glorious victory by the most famous of England's seamen, Horatio Nelson.

The Great French War.

A.D. 1783 1815

Of all the wars fought by our fathers for England and for Freedom, the hardest to win and the most important was that which began in 1793 and lasted—with two short lulls—till 1815. Twenty two years of war! And during the latter half of it England had her back to the wall and was fighting for her very life.

The English did not begin this war they did not want it, and they tried very hard to keep out of it. To understand how it came about you must hear something about that great event which we call the French Revolution.

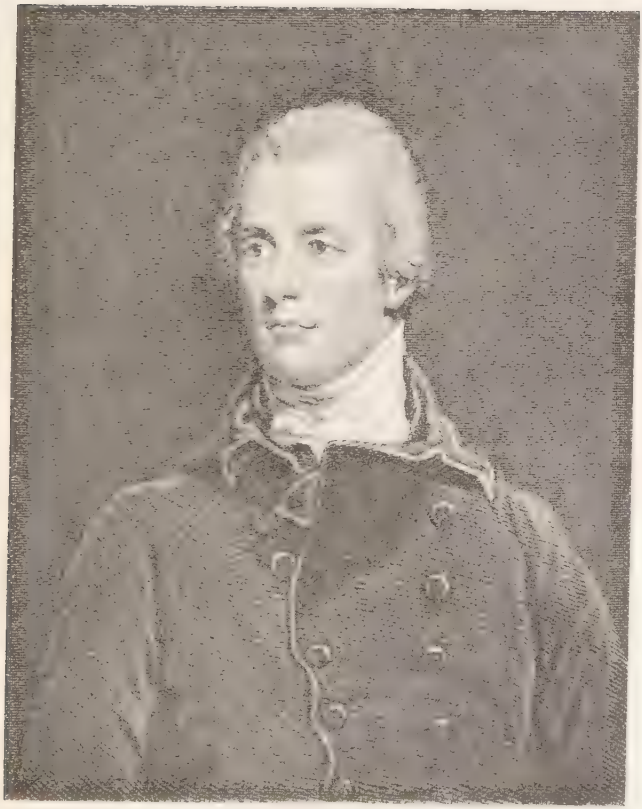
In France for a long, long time things had been going just the opposite way to what they had done in England. The king had become all-powerful and made laws according to his pleasure, the nobles and the higher clergy—bishops, and abbots, and so on—were very rich and strong, the class of traders, manufacturers, and merchants were of little account, and were being ruined by taxation, and the heaviest taxes of all fell on the mass of the people, who together with the country clergy (called "curés") were in a state of great poverty and misery.

What we English call *liberty* did not exist in France

In England no man, not the poorest or the wickedest, might be imprisoned without due cause shown and open trial: in France every one was liable to be sent to prison by what was called "a sealed letter," without even knowing what he was accused of, and might be kept there for the rest of his life without any trial at all. In the great prison in Paris called the Bastille there were numbers of people who were simply forgotten, and their friends never knew if they were alive or dead. And in France there was no *equality*. In England peasant and peer, master and servant, were all equal before the law, and all had equal rights: in France the nobles had all the rights and the people had none. And in France there was very little sense of brotherhood, or as the French say, *fraternity*. In England, though there was plenty of oppression of the poor by the rich and the weak by the strong, as there always will be until we all become real Christians in our hearts, still there was a true feeling that Englishmen were all brothers, all alike sons of that dear mother England for whom they all alike would shed their blood. In France this feeling was lacking, for the nobles gave little thought to the people, and the people looked upon the nobles as their enemies. The King of France, Louis XVI., was not a bad man, but he was dull and weak, and as weak people always are, very obstinate in the wrong place.

Now you can understand that if a government only taxes the poor people and the workers of a country and takes nothing from the rich and the idlers, it will end in having no money at all, for trade will sink under the burden of taxation, and the poor will have nothing more to give. So there came a time when Louis XVI. found

that he was bankrupt, and not knowing what to do he—in 1789—called together the States-General to help him. This body was something like our Parliament, but it had not met for 175 years. Once it did meet, however, things moved very fast, for the Third Estate (that is, the members who represented the common people) soon began to feel their power, and they turned the States-General into the National Assembly, a body something like our House of Commons. On July 14, 1789, the Paris mob, encouraged by the success of the Third Estate, rose and took the Bastille and burnt it, setting all the prisoners free. Other riots took place all over France; castles were burnt and nobles had to fly for their lives. Now the rule of a despot is bad, but the rule of a mob is worse. In France, unfortunately, there was no one to control the mob; the king could not do it, and the National Assembly would not. Then the nobles did the very most foolish thing they could have done. They left the country in large numbers, deserting the king and queen, and gathered in Germany just over the frontier where they threatened to invade France with the help of foreign troops. This stirred up a furious feeling against all people of noble blood as being the enemies of their country, and it was believed that the king was willing to accept foreign help in order to regain his power. The queen, Marie Antoinette, was an Austrian princess, and it seemed natural that her brother the emperor, Francis II., should wish to interfere in France for her sake. In order to forestall him the Assembly in 1792 declared war against the emperor, the King of Prussia, and some other German princes. In August the Germans invaded France, and in September



PITT.

the Paris mob, maddened by fear and rage, rose, broke into the prisons where large numbers of people had been shut up as suspected of sympathy with the nobles, and massacred them all, men, women, and children. Then a newly elected body called the National Convention met, did away with the ancient kingship, and declared France to be a Republic. With all this bloodshed and violence there was also a sense of joy in their newly-won freedom which gave the French people a wonderful energy, and in spite of their inexperience their armies soon drove back the invaders and followed them triumphantly into Germany.

In England the Revolution at first met with much sympathy. The Jacobins, as the French revolutionary leaders were called from the name of their first meeting-place, took for their motto the words "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," and in England we had long known the value of these good things. But in England there was something else — the law, and also reverence for the past. When the French Jacobins cast off all respect for law and justice, and set about making everything brand-new, the English were shocked, and when the massacres of September were defended and even applauded, they were horrified. At this time England had for Prime Minister William Pitt, a son of the great Lord Chatham. Pitt was a devoted servant of his country, and for some time was very anxious to maintain peace, saying that however wrong the French might be in what they were doing, it was their own affair and no concern of the English. But the French, not understanding how different other countries were from their own, fancied that everywhere

in Europe the nations were longing to rise and overturn their kings. They thought also that if they stirred up revolutions in other lands their own revolution would be safe; and so they declared that their armies would everywhere make war against kings and give help to all peoples who wished to become republics. Then the French threatened to invade the freest country in Europe, Holland; and finally, on January 21, 1793, they executed their king. A hundred and sixty years before the English had executed their king, but that was rather because they could not get on with that particular king than that they objected to kings in general, and they had never dreamt of forcing other nations to do the same. If the French were going to preach Republicanism throughout Europe with fire and sword, it was time to put a stop to it. Pitt remonstrated against the attack on Holland, and in February 1793 war was declared between France and England.

That summer the Allies had many successes. France was again invaded, and in the south and west risings of the people took place against the revolutionary government. The Jacobins were desperately frightened, and nothing makes people so cruel and pitiless as fear. For nine months what was known as "The Reign of Terror" lasted in France. First the queen was executed, and then hundreds and hundreds, and then thousands and thousands of people. The men who had forced their way to the head of affairs quarrelled with each other like wild beasts, and whichever gained the upper hand immediately executed all his opponents. Besides this the Jacobins made war upon the Christian faith; they declared there

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

was no God, closed the churches, and killed the priests. These wicked doings made the English feel quite differently towards the French from what they had ever done before. Before they had respected the French as honourable and worthy foes, now they looked upon them as murderers and miscreants, to be crushed like poisonous snakes, and the humblest English soldier or sailor felt himself the avenger of innocent blood.

Pitt was a noble-minded and in some ways a very great man, but he had not much talent for making war; and he frittered away the strength of the English army by sending small expeditions to different places, none of which did much good. England's real power lay in her navy. On June 1, 1794, Admiral Howe gained a great victory over the French fleet at the mouth of the Channel, when he followed Rodney's example and broke the enemy's line. This action has always been known as "the glorious First of June."

In July the Reign of Terror came to an end with the execution of the worst of the Jacobins, Robespierre, and a more stable and orderly government was set up called the Directory. The French were again successful in the field, and in 1795 a French army invaded Italy under the command of a young general named Napoleon Bonaparte. He was not a Frenchman, but a Corsican of Italian descent, and as Corsica belonged at that time to France he had gone into the French army. The great Napoleon, as he was afterwards called, was a man of the very highest genius. He was the greatest general the world has ever seen, and as a conqueror his name stands with those of Alexander and Julius Cæsar. But,

fortunately for England, there was just one thing in which his genius always failed him, and that was in anything to do with the sea. And England had now a champion fit to combat against Napoleon,—the greatest sea captain the world has ever seen—who was at sea what Napoleon was on shore. I will therefore now tell you the

THE STORY OF NELSON.

Horatio Nelson was born in 1758 at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk. His father was a clergyman, but he had an uncle in the navy, Captain Suckling, and when Horatio was twelve years old his uncle took him on board ship as a midshipman. For seven years he served in different ships and went to different places,—to the Arctic seas among others,—and all the time he was keen to learn all he could in the way of seamanship. By-and-by he was made a lieutenant, and went to the West Indies; and when he was not quite twenty-one he was made a post-captain, not so much because of his merits, as because his uncle was now a man of great influence in the navy. This was at the time of the American War, and in the spring of 1780 Nelson was sent on an expedition up a river in Central America. The difficulties were great; it was very hard work getting the boats up the river, the rains were tremendous, and nearly all the men fell ill with fever. It was here Nelson first showed the stuff he was made of. The army officer commanding the expedition

NELSON.

writes: "I want words to express the obligations I owe Captain Nelson. He was the first on every service, whether by night or by day." His fiery spirit kept him up while the thing was going on, but at last he took the fever and nearly died. He was sent home to England, and for some time was too weak to stand; however, by the following summer he was well again, and able to go to sea.

In his next ship, the *Albemarle*, he served in the West Indies under Hood, who soon saw what an able officer he was, and constantly had him in his company. Nelson's letters at this time—and indeed always—show the secret of his wonderful power as a sea captain,—his complete and sincere faith in his ship and his crew. He writes: "I am perfectly satisfied with the *Albemarle*. She has some good sailing in her;" and, "I have an exceeding good ship's company. Not a man or officer in her would I wish to change!" Then he mentions several of the officers by name as "very good" and "the best I ever saw;" and again, "No one could be happier in their officers than I am." Now Nelson had no special luck either in ships or men; another captain might have considered them a poor lot. But it is always the bad workman who complains of his tools. Nelson, the most perfect artist in his own art who ever lived, always loved and admired his instruments, and it is love and love only that gets the best out of a man or a machine. Like the great Lord Chatham, Nelson believed in his countrymen, and they responded to his trust. The very ships he sailed in seemed to sail better when Nelson was on board; and as for the men, crew and officers alike, they all became

heroes under Nelson's command, and not a man but would have died gladly for a smile from him.

When peace was made Nelson came home. He was at once busy seeing that all his men got their rights in the way of pay, and generally looking after them, for to Nelson every man who served with him was his brother. On paying off he writes, "The whole ship's company offered, if I could get a ship, to enter for her immediately." Had all captains been like Nelson there would have been little work for the press-gang. During the peace Nelson was again in the West Indies, and then came home and lived quietly ashore till the beginning of the great war, when he was at once given a ship, the *Agamemnon*, and sent out to the Mediterranean. He writes of his ship, as usual, 'She is without exception the finest 64 in the service:" and again, "We are all well; indeed, nobody can be ill with my ship's company, they are so fine a set."

The island of Corsica (the place where Napoleon came from) belonged at that time to the French; but many of the Corsicans were angry with the French Government, and were ready to join with the English and turn the French out. Hood, who was in command of the fleet, ordered an attack on the two principal fortresses, Bastia and Calvi, which were taken one after another. Nelson was in command of the seamen who were landed to work the heavy guns, and when he was looking after one of the batteries outside Calvi he was wounded in the face, and in consequence entirely lost the sight of one eye. This was in 1793. In the autumn Hood went home, and the command of the fleet fell to Hotham, a man who was too

nervous and undecided for such a responsibility. In March the French fleet came out of Toulon, and Hotham hearing of this put to sea and came up with them on the 12th. He had allowed his ships to scatter so much that in the light wind it was a very long time before he could form them into a proper line of battle. Far from being able to take advantage of this, however, the enemy could not form their own line, though with a much better wind, and Nelson quickly came to the conclusion that the French were not nearly such good seamen as the English, and might be easily beaten. The French had fifteen ships, the English fourteen. During the next two days there was a little fighting, but not nearly as much as there might have been, for the French were trying to get away, and the English did not press on to the attack with any vigour. At last two of the French ships which had been injured and had fallen behind were taken, mainly through the efforts of the *Agamemnon* and her captain, and then nothing more was done. This was very far from satisfying Nelson. He wrote to his wife: "Had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham . . . to propose to him to pursue the enemy, . . . but he said, 'We must be contented; we have done very well.' Now had we taken ten sail and had allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done." Later in the year he had another disappointment, when Hotham began an action and then recalled his ships from the attack thinking they were too near the shore to be safe. The

very opposite of Quiberon Bay! Towards the end of 1795 Hotham went home, and Nelson got an admiral after his own heart — Sir John Jervis. But the great opportunity of destroying the French fleet was gone. The following summer the *Agamemnon*, being quite worn out, was sent home, and Nelson went to a new ship, the *Captain*. In October the Spaniards allied themselves with the French and declared war on England, so now there was not only the French fleet to be thought of in the Mediterranean, but the Spanish one also. Jervis had fourteen ships, France and Spain together had thirty-eight; he therefore gave up Corsica and retired in December to Gibraltar. Nelson was sent away in a frigate, the *Minerve*, to withdraw the garrison of Elba and to some other places, and when coming back to rejoin the fleet he was chased through the Straits of Gibraltar by two line-of-battle ships. A frigate, you know, was much smaller than a line-of-battle ship—like what a cruiser is to a battle ship nowadays. Just as the *Minerve's* only chance seemed to be to sail faster than her pursuers and so get away from them, she lost a man overboard, and lowered a boat to pick him up. The lieutenant in the boat was named Hardy, a man whom Nelson cared for very much. The boat could not get back to ship because the current was running eastwards and the ship was running before the wind westward, and astern were the two Spanish ships fast coming up. Nelson saw it all, and exclaimed, "By God! I'll not lose Hardy," and gave an order to bring the ship round and go back for the boat. The Spaniards, however, could not believe that Nelson was running straight into the jaws of danger only

to save his friend; they imagined that he must have seen the English fleet coming up from the westward, and so, fearing for themselves, they gave up the chase and retired. And the *Minerve* went on her way with Hardy and the boat's crew all safe. Small wonder that Nelson's men followed and obeyed him with adoring love!

That night the *Minerve* slipped through the Spanish fleet and next day rejoined the English fleet at sea, when Nelson returned to his proper ship the *Captain*. The day after that was St Valentine's Day, and on it the English came in sight of the Spanish fleet off Cape St Vincent. Now the Spanish admiral had twenty-seven ships, the English admiral had only fifteen. But Jervis was a very different man from Hotham, and he knew that it was of the utmost importance to break up the Spaniards, because they were on their way to the French harbour of Brest to join with the French fleet there, and if England's two enemies were allowed to unite their force would be overwhelming. So Jervis formed his line and steered down upon the Spaniards, intending to go through a gap in their line and cut off some of their ships to the eastward. The rest of the Spaniards, however, came on northwards, so passing the English, and Jervis made a signal to turn upon them. But his actual order would not have brought on a really close action, so Nelson seeing this took on himself to turn his ship in a different way from what was ordered. He threw the *Captain*, which was only a small ship, right in the way of the Spanish admiral's ship, the huge *Santissima Trinidad*, and forced both her and the ships following her to alter their steering in a way that gave time for the other English ships to come up and attack more closely.

The Spaniards soon had enough of it, and fled away beaten, all but two, the *San Nicolas* and the *San Josef*, which were so much injured that they could not get away, and were lying side by side almost helpless. The *Captain* had suffered terribly in consequence of her daring attack, and was now close to the *San Nicolas*. Nelson called for boarders and in a few minutes took possession of the Spaniard; then he at once passed over to the *San Josef*, and, standing on her quarter-deck, received the surrender of all her officers. As they gave up their swords Nelson passed them on to his boatswain, who tucked them under his arm in a sheaf.

The battle of Cape St Vincent, fought on St Valentine's Day, delivered England from a great danger. King George created Admiral Jervis Earl St Vincent, and Nelson was made a K.C.B., and received many other honours, which he well deserved, for it was he who by risking his ship with such wisdom and daring made the action such a decided one. Also his boarding the two big Spanish ships from his own small one and taking them both struck people as a very fine thing, and made him very popular at home. In the fleet they talked of "Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates."

Nelson was now an admiral, and the *Captain* having to go home for repairs he hoisted his flag on board the *Theseus*. The Commander-in-Chief had been having a good deal of trouble with mutineers, and the men of the *Theseus* were much infected by the spirit of mutiny. But mutiny vanished before Nelson like snow before the sun. He had only been three weeks on board the ship when the following paper was dropped on the quarter-deck: "Success

attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them, and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as the *Captain's*." In July Nelson was sent to attack the port of Vera Cruz in the Spanish island of Teneriffe. He landed at the head of his force, but as he sprang ashore he was struck on the right arm by a charge of grape and had to return to the ship. The wound was so bad that his arm had to be cut off, but what probably distressed him more than the loss of his arm was that Vera Cruz proved too strong for the English and the attack failed. As soon as possible Nelson was sent home, and for some time he suffered terribly, but in the end he recovered, and in the spring of 1798 he went again to sea, though he had now lost both an eye and an arm in his country's service.

England had now been at war with France for five years. The French had been victorious over all their other foes: Bonaparte had won victory after victory in Italy, and the Directory now suggested to him that he should try to invade England. But the eyes of the young conqueror were turned towards the East, and he dreamed of a triumphant career, from Egypt right away to India, where he would carve out an Empire for himself with his sword. He pointed out to the Directory that he could fight the English better in India than in Europe, and got permission to go with an army to Egypt. But the plan was kept entirely secret. Nelson, in the *Vanguard*, was watching off Toulon and trying to find out what the French were about. He knew that ships were getting ready

to take troops somewhere, but the question was, where? Unfortunately very heavy weather drove the *Vanguard* from her post, and before she could get back the French ships were off. The English Government thought they might be gone to Spain, or Naples, or Sicily. But Nelson, with that strange power one great man has of reading the mind of another great man, guessed exactly what Bonaparte's plan was. To conquer Egypt, and then get to India—to ordinary people this seemed like madness, but Nelson writes, "It is by no means so difficult as might at first view be imagined." Having now a squadron of thirteen battle-ships Nelson began to search for the enemy. At Naples he learnt that the French fleet had gone eastwards, as he expected, and was attacking Malta, which then belonged to the Knights of St John. He hastened on, but was too late, for Malta surrendered after a very short resistance, and Bonaparte went on to Egypt. For some weeks Nelson sought the enemy in vain, but on August 1st he found them, seventeen ships lying close to the shore in Aboukir Bay, near Alexandria. Bonaparte had not lost any time. He had entirely defeated the Egyptian army and was master of the country, and feeling confident that his large fleet would keep his communications with France perfectly safe, he was happily planning his march to the East. He did not yet know Nelson. But the Englishman knew that if he could destroy the French ships the French army would be cut off in a foreign land and all Bonaparte's fine plans would crumble to dust.

The French admiral probably thought himself pretty safe with his seventeen ships anchored so near the shore and partly protected by a battery, because at that time it

was not thought possible for a fleet to be destroyed in such a position except by a very superior force, and no one before had ever dreamt of doing what Nelson did. Four of his ships had fallen far astern, and he went into action—in the late afternoon—with ten only. He sent five of his ships round one end of the French line; each one raked the enemy as she passed and then got between the French and the shore, while Nelson himself with the five others took up a corresponding position on the outside. Thus a part of the French fleet was taken between two fires, while the rest, being at anchor and quite unprepared to make sail, were unable to give it any help. The result was only a question of time. Steadily through the night the English pounded away at their foes, and when the sun rose twelve ships had been taken or destroyed, one went ashore and was wrecked, and four only got to sea and escaped. It was the most complete naval victory that had ever then been known, but so far from being satisfied Nelson was very angry at the escape of four of the French ships, and said it would not have happened if he had not been severely wounded in the head towards the close of the action and unable to give orders. Wounded as he was, however, he issued the following general order the very next morning: "Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this day, and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient."

The Battle of the Nile, as it was called, was indeed a victory to be thankful for. The destruction of the French fleet spoilt Bonaparte's plan of getting to India,

and his schemes were finally foiled by the stubborn defence of Acre under an Englishman, Sir Sidney Smith, during the following winter and spring. In August 1799 Bonaparte, having got his army into a hopeless position in Egypt, left it there, and went back to France, where he succeeded in overturning the Directory and making himself master of the country, under the title of First Consul of the Republic.

Nelson had been made a peer in reward for his great victory, with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile. He stayed on in the Mediterranean for nearly two years, looking after the blockades of Malta and Alexandria, and guarding Sicily, during which time two of the French ships which had escaped him at the Nile were taken, one by himself and one by his flag-captain, Berry. In the autumn of 1800 he went home to England, and in the spring of 1801 he went to sea again in the *St George*, as second in command of a fleet under Admiral Parker, which was sent to the Baltic. The fleet was not to fight against the French this time,—indeed it was hoped at first that actual fighting might be avoided. Russia and Sweden had joined together to do certain things hostile to England without actually going to war, and Denmark had been made to join them. So the fleet was sent to threaten the northern Powers and make them give up their hostile doings. The Danes refused to give in, and now if Nelson had been Commander-in-Chief a very fine thing might have been done, for he sketched out a masterly plan for destroying the Russian fleet as well as the Danish one. But Nelson was under Parker's orders, and Parker was

rather a stupid man who did not like Nelson's ideas. However, he allowed Nelson to take twelve ships and go and attack the Danish fleet, which was lying in the harbour of Copenhagen. The channels which approach Copenhagen are narrow and difficult for big ships to get through. Three of the English ships went ashore, but the other nine got through all right, and having anchored began to pound away at the Danish ships. After two hours' steady firing the English were suffering very severely, and it did not look as if the Danes would surrender, so Parker, who was not so far off that he could not see what was going on, made a signal for Nelson to retire. On seeing it Nelson said to his captain, Foley, "Leave off action! Hang me if I do! You know, Foley, I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then he put his glass to his blind eye and added, "I really do not see the signal." This was only a joke, for Nelson knew that Parker meant to leave the decision to him, and the signal was merely to give him leave to retire if he thought proper. And in another hour the battle was won. The fire of the Danish guns was silenced and the Danish ships were helpless, still they were too brave to surrender. Then Nelson wrote a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark to beg him to stop the fighting, which was done, and a truce was made which led to Denmark making friends with England.

Though Nelson was not in chief command the victory of Copenhagen, generally called the Battle of the Baltic, was entirely his doing, and people at home now felt that whenever a difficult thing was to be done he was the right man to send to do it. Yet his

next experience was a defeat. Napoleon Bonaparte was now able to direct his arms wherever he pleased, and his chief desire was to revenge himself upon the one enemy whom he had not been able to conquer. Not only had he been baffled in Egypt by Nelson and Sidney Smith, but in 1800 the English had taken Malta, and in 1801 they had landed a force in Egypt. The French army there, which had been left to its fate by Napoleon, could only defend itself for a time in Alexandria, and finally surrendered to the English and abandoned the country. From this time onward Napoleon used every effort to crush the English power, which had driven him off the sea and successfully defied him on the land.

Many were the plans which he laid for our destruction. In 1801 he was hoping to invade England, and he gathered troops at Boulogne, where boats were prepared to take the men across the Channel. Nelson was now put in command of a squadron of frigates and small ships for the defence of the coast, and he spent some time in looking into the enemy's preparations. He came to the conclusion that the invasion could not possibly succeed. Napoleon's genius always deserted him in seafaring matters, and as he was too confident in himself ever to take advice, the boats he had prepared were unsuitable for the purpose, and Nelson laughed at them. He wanted, however, to punish the enemy for daring even to think of invading England, and so he decided to make an attack on Boulogne harbour on the night of August 16, and burn or bring out all the French boats. This was what Rodney had done so success-

fully at Havre in the year of victories. But when Nelson and his men got into Boulogne harbour they found the boats all made fast, not with rope cables as Nelson expected, but with chains which could not be either cut or loosed. All their efforts, which were carried on under heavy fire from the shore, were in vain, and the force had at last to withdraw, having suffered severe loss. This defeat was not of any serious consequence to England, and it showed the greatness of Nelson's heart even more than his victories had done. Many a commander has tried to explain his ill success by saying that his subordinates made mistakes, or did not support him properly, and that the failure was not his fault. Nelson at once took the greatest trouble to write letters explaining that it *was* all his own fault, that he had committed an error of judgment, and that his men had all behaved most gallantly and well. He writes: "The most astonishing bravery was evinced by many of our officers and men. . . . No person can be blamed for sending them to the attack but myself." Now you must not think that Nelson did not feel keenly the sting of defeat, to which he was so entirely unaccustomed. Hero as he was he had some very grave faults, and one of them was vanity. He delighted in being made a fuss over; he loved praise and popularity and honours and fame, but there were some things he loved more—his country and his comrades. For Nelson practised from his heart what the French were always talking about, fraternity. To him his comrades *were* himself, and in the hour of trial his vanity dropped away from him. He could bear the

defeat if it were known to be *his* fault, he could not bear it if his comrades were blamed.

Soon after Napoleon had to give up his projects against England for the time, and terms of peace were discussed between him and the English Government. In March 1802 the Treaty of Amiens was signed, by which things remained for England pretty much as they had been before the war. The English agreed to give back Malta to the Knights of St John, if the other great Powers of Europe would make sure that the Knights really kept it and did not let the French have it. But the treaty was hardly signed before it was seen that the peace would not last. The English Government, though they really wished for peace, did not see their way to giving up Malta, because they could not be really sure that Napoleon would not get hold of it. And once at Malta he would be in Egypt again very quickly, and the English did not want to have the trouble of turning him out a second time. Napoleon was very angry about Malta, and was exceedingly rude to the English ambassador, and after some more discussing, war was again declared in May 1803.

The following year Napoleon gave up all pretence of France being a republic, and assumed the title of Emperor of the French. It seemed strange that the French people after all their struggles and sufferings for the sake of liberty should so soon submit themselves to the rule of a tyrant who was not even a Frenchman. But on the one hand they were sick of the bloodshed and disorder that had accompanied the Revolution, and were grateful to the strong man who had tamed the mob and brought

order into the land. For though he was a bad man himself, Napoleon had such a powerful mind that he saw the need for good government; and on the whole, as long as people obeyed him absolutely, he governed them well. And on the other hand the wonder and splendour of his career of victory filled the French people with enthusiasm for the leader who had raised the name of France to such a height of military renown. His soldiers worshipped him more as a god than a man; and the French nation, always quick in seeing and generous in admiring genius, cast themselves at his feet in a fit of blind devotion. But the English people, who had learnt by long centuries of patient effort that liberty is better than glory, and that self-government is better than even the best of good government by a despot, saw in the Emperor Napoleon a mortal enemy, an enemy to be fought to the death, as 200 years before they had fought King Philip of Spain.

Now if you think a little you will see that in this great duel between England and Napoleon it was not easy for the two combatants to get at each other. Napoleon was so strong on land that the English could not attack him with an army, and England was so strong at sea that Napoleon could not get his army within striking distance of her. There were two things Napoleon might do. He might have another try at Egypt, get through to India, and overthrow the English power there, or he might invade England itself. To do the first his fleet must gain command of the Mediterranean, to do the second his fleet must gain command of the Channel. If he had been a seaman England's

danger would have been terrible, but as it was he encouraged the French admirals in the old idea of never risking their ships except for some special object. Therefore, as long as the English could blockade the naval ports where the French fleets lay, and keep them bottled up, Egypt was safe and England was safe for the time, and if they could utterly destroy the French fleets England was saved altogether. Now look on the map and see where Brest and Toulon are, and you will understand why our Admiralty sent Admiral Cornwallis to blockade Brest and Lord Nelson to blockade Toulon.

Nelson's was the more difficult task. Cornwallis was near enough to England to get continual reinforcements, fresh food for his men, and help of all kinds. Nelson had no place near enough to help him, he had great difficulty in getting food, and he never had any reinforcements. He had only nine ships, while the French ships, at first seven, were added to (Toulon being a dockyard) till they numbered twelve. Yet Nelson blockaded Toulon more strictly than any port had ever been blockaded before, through summer heat and winter storms, for more than eighteen months without a break. The work was as dull and dreary as any work could be,—exactly the same thing had to be done every day; it was horribly uncomfortable without any of the spice of danger; there was no excitement, no honour and glory to be gained, only a wearisome duty to be done. But it was what England wanted, and so Nelson did it. Clever in planning and swift in executing as Napoleon himself, Nelson now showed that he possessed that other half of genius — untiring patience. All the time his active brain employed itself in thinking

of every possible device by which he could get proper food to keep his men in good health, or by which he could amuse them and keep them in good spirits. And so well did he succeed, that after the long strain of the blockade the fleet was in better case than when it had left England. Nelson was pretty sure that as soon as the French thought themselves strong enough their fleet would come out, and with his small force it was likely enough that sooner or later they would slip past him. Whenever this happened he was resolved to cling to them wherever they might go — round the world if need be — till he could destroy them. For he knew that whatever Napoleon's plans might be, they must depend upon the co-operation of his fleet. We now know what Napoleon's plan really was. He ordered his three fleets — one in Toulon, one in Rochefort, and one in Brest — to make their way out at about the same time and all go straight to the West Indies, meet together at Martinique, and then come back, fifty ships strong, and hold the English Channel, so that the army might cross over and invade England. At the same time the English were to be deceived by false reports into supposing that he was aiming at India, according to his old plan; and so Nelson would go to Egypt and look for his enemy there, and Admiral Collingwood, who was off Rochefort, would go down south to the Cape of Good Hope, thinking *his* enemy had gone there. Any seaman would have told Napoleon that such a complicated plan as this, depending for its success upon being carried out up to time, was nearly sure to fail at sea, however well it might suit armies on land; and an

English seaman would have added that to mislead Nelson was not quite so easy. Now see what happened. To begin with, the Brest fleet never managed to get out at all; the Toulon one got out on January 17, 1805, but was so crippled by bad weather that it had to put back, and did not really get away till March 30; the Rochefort one got off at the right time, and after waiting at Martinique for the others forty days in vain, came back again alone. So when Villeneuve, the admiral of the Toulon fleet, at last reached Martinique, he found nobody there. Nelson had been much delayed in his pursuit, first by having to make sure that the enemy had not gone to Egypt, and then by contrary winds; but he got out only three weeks later than Villeneuve, who was just preparing to attack Barbadoes when he heard that Nelson had arrived. As the French fleet was larger than the English one, you might have thought that Villeneuve would make up his mind to fight, but that was not the French way. Nelson, who had only twelve ships to the French twenty, hunted for his enemy as a greyhound hunts for a hare,—in perfect confidence of his power to beat him,—and would have caught him in the very place where Rodney caught De Grasse, but was misled by wrong information. On June 12 Nelson got news which made him certain that Villeneuve was returning to Europe, and hastened after him, sending a fast-sailing brig to take the news quickly to England. She got ahead of the French, and the Admiralty had time to send orders to the English squadrons off Rochefort and Ferrol to unite and look out for the enemy. On July 22 the English admiral, Calder, sighted the French ships and brought on a partial action. Villeneuve

was by this time in no case for fighting, or even for keeping the sea, for he was badly in want of food and water, and some of his ships were quite unseaworthy. So he avoided a general action, and leaving two of his ships to be taken by the English, struggled into Vigo on the 28th. Nelson, thinking Villeneuve might return to Toulon, and knowing the other English squadrons would take care of the Channel, had gone straight to Gibraltar, where he set foot on dry land the first time for two years. Hearing there what had happened, he went northward, met Cornwallis off Brest, and was ordered by him (Cornwallis was the senior officer) to go on home, which he did, reaching Spithead on August 18. So Napoleon's fine plan all came to nothing, and he had to give up thinking of the invasion of England for that time. He had collected a great army at Boulogne, and was there himself ordering and preparing everything for his campaign in England: and just as Parma in the days of old had waited and watched for the Armada, so did Napoleon wait and watch for Villeneuve. The Armada captains, you remember, had made so sure of their success that they had played at dice for the lands of the English nobles, whose they should be, and Napoleon was so sure of *his* success that he had a beautiful medal struck to commemorate his conquest of England, with his own head on one side, and on the other a representation of Hercules subduing Antæus. An English child would have told him not to count his chickens before they were hatched!

In England, as ever, the spirit of the people rose to meet the danger. 300,000 volunteers were enrolled to defend the country, and from king to ploughboy all

were united to repel the enemy. In a book that you will read some day there is a passage where a gentleman is talking to an old beggarman, and the gentleman says, "I would not have thought you had so much to fight for," and the beggar answers, "*Me* no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths of the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me? . . . An I had as gude pith as I hae gude will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping." "Bravo! bravo!" replies the other; "the country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land." This was true, and it makes one think that even if Napoleon had got over he might have found the conquest of England not quite so easy as he expected. Less than a fortnight after Nelson got home news came that Villeneuve had gone to Cadiz, and Nelson was soon ready to go off again. On leaving home—it was for the last time, though he did not know it—he wrote in his diary, "May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done. Amen." He sailed from Portsmouth in his favourite ship, the *Victory*, on September 15, and on the 28th he joined the English fleet that had been collecting off Cadiz,

where Villeneuve and his fleet were now lying. Nelson had at his disposal a larger force than he had ever had before, and he was determined to use it so as to destroy utterly the sea-power of France. He thought that by blockading Cadiz he would after a bit starve Villeneuve out and force him to put to sea, and he was very anxious to be in superior force when the moment for action came, so he urged the Admiralty to send him more ships still. He wrote: "Should they come out I shall immediately bring them to battle; but though I should not doubt of spoiling any voyage they may attempt, yet I hope for the arrival of the ships from England, that as an enemy's fleet they may be annihilated." And in another letter: "It is annihilation that the country wants, and not merely a splendid victory of twenty-three to thirty-six. . . . Numbers only can annihilate." Thinking it would be some time before Villeneuve would come out, however, he had sent away six of his ships to get water and provisions at Gibraltar, expecting to get them back in time for the battle, and also to get reinforcements from home. But he did not know that Napoleon had sent positive orders to Villeneuve to go round to Toulon at once. When the French admiral heard that Nelson was six ships short, he thought it a good opportunity to slip out, and on October 20 he got to sea with thirty-three ships, some French and some Spanish. The English fleet now numbered twenty-seven. On the night of the 20th they went southward to get between the enemy and the Straits, and on October 21 — a day to be for ever remembered by Englishmen — battle was joined off Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson had thought out his plan for the action some time before, and had explained it all so carefully to his captains that each one knew exactly what to do. He gave up the usual way of coming on with his fleet in one line, and formed it in two lines, leading the one to the west himself in the *Victory*, the one to the east being led by Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. The French were in line of battle, but very irregular and badly formed. Nelson's plan was to break the French line in two places, for Collingwood and his fifteen ships to cut off the French rear and overpower it, while he himself with the other twelve passed between the French centre and van and prevented them from turning to give help to their rear. Having seen that all was in order for the fight, Nelson went down to his cabin and prayed to God, writing down these words in his diary on his knees: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend." When on deck again, and beginning to draw near to the enemy, he ordered a general signal to the fleet: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

It was nearly noon when the *Royal Sovereign*, sailing at the head of her division, came under fire. The wind was so light that she could only move very slowly, and for

a good twenty minutes she received the fire of six of the enemy's ships without being able to reply; then at last she passed slowly through the line between the *Santa Ana* and the *Fougueux*, raking them both with tremendous effect, and then turning alongside the *Santa Ana* engaged her broadside to broadside. The ships following the *Royal Sovereign* also reserved their fire till they came to close quarters, and passing through and round the enemy's ships attacked with two and sometimes three to one, and so overpowered them piecemeal. The *Santa Ana* struck her flag a little after two o'clock, and all the rest of the rear except four struck one after the other. Meanwhile the *Victory*, owing to the light wind, suffered even more than the *Royal Sovereign* had done before she could break the line. If the French gunnery had been as good as the English she would have been blown to bits. But Nelson knew how inferior the enemy's gunnery was, and he took advantage of it. He first made as though he would go up the west side of the enemy's van and attack them, and this so frightened them that instead of turning to help the rear, they kept on—ten ships in all—and were of no use in the battle. Then at last, a little before one o'clock, the *Victory* broke through the French line, passing astern of Villeneuve's ship, the *Bucentaure*, and raking her with such terrible effect that twenty of her guns were dismantled and 400 men killed or wounded from that one broadside. The French ships had now got so out of order that when the *Victory* passed clear of the *Bucentaure*, she ran into another of the enemy, the *Redoubtable*, and remained alongside of her. The French captain, seeing how

severely the *Victory* had suffered from being so long under fire, now prepared to board her; but just as his men had gathered they were all swept from the gangway by a discharge from her carronade—a gun carried on deck. From the tops (places high up on the masts where men could stand) of the *Redoubtable* they were firing down upon the deck of the *Victory*, and at twenty minutes past one o'clock Nelson was struck on the shoulder by a bullet which pierced through to the spine. As Hardy tried to raise him he said, "They've done for me at last, Hardy." He was carried below, and as he lay there dying the French again prepared to board. But at that moment another English ship, the *Temeraire*, loomed up through the battle-smoke on the farther side of the *Redoubtable*, and with one tremendous broadside overpowered her. She struck her flag, having lost 522 men out of 643, and shortly after the *Fougueux*, already much damaged by Collingwood's division, came up, and receiving the *Temeraire's* other broadside, struck also. It was barely two o'clock, and the battle was already won. The ten ships of the enemy's van now at last made an attempt to come to their comrades' help, but they had great difficulty in getting round, as there was scarcely any wind, and then, seeing they were too late to be of any use, they gave it up and thought only of escaping. Seven of them got away, but the other three were taken. Of the main body, ship after ship struck, until by a little after five o'clock, eighteen out of the whole thirty-three of the enemy's fleet had surrendered to the English. "Numbers only can annihilate," Nelson had said, but even he himself did not fully know the

power of his own genius. Yet, before he died, he knew that he had done his work, and his last words were, "Thank God! I have done my duty." At half-past four o'clock his spirit passed away.

Four of the French ships which had escaped went to the north, and falling in with an English squadron on November 4 were all captured. Of the whole enemy's fleet only eleven got into Cadiz, and these were so disabled that not one could ever again put to sea; so that the fleet which had threatened England had in truth been annihilated. From the date of Trafalgar Day England remained absolutely supreme at sea, and Napoleon was forced to strike at her, not directly, but by roundabout ways.

England was saved, yet she could hardly rejoice, for all men mourned the death of the victor. His body was brought home and lay in state for four days at Greenwich Hospital, whence it was borne to burial in St Paul's Cathedral.

Grateful as England must ever be for the victory of Trafalgar, she should be still more grateful for the lesson her hero taught her. For Nelson won through love as much as through genius. He had made himself and his men so truly a "band of brothers," and had so inspired them with his own great heart, that for the time each one became a Nelson; and by his famous signal as well as by his dying words he gave to all Englishmen their watchword for all time, and that watchword is—"Duty."

NOTES.

When you go to London you will see the great column with Nelson's statue on the top, which was erected to his memory in Trafalgar Square. This is now always decorated on Trafalgar Day, October 21.

Perhaps you may have seen a print of the picture called "The fighting *Téméraire* towed to her last berth," and you will be interested in it now that you know it was this ship which prevented the *Victory* from being boarded when Nelson lay dying. The *Victory* herself has never been broken up, but is kept always for his sake in Portsmouth Harbour. Perhaps some day you will go on board her and see the place on the deck where Nelson fell, and the cockpit where he died.

I daresay you will want to know what the press-gang was. To "press" a man meant to catch him and force him to serve either in the army or the navy against his will. During the great French war so many men were needed for the navy that the Government constantly pressed men to serve on board ship; and any party of seamen who did this work was therefore called the press-gang.

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Sketch.] [Photo. at W. Richard.

H.M.S. "VICTORY," PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

Napoleon had been finally beaten on the sea, but he was more powerful than ever on the land. Austria and Russia had joined together against him, but he defeated their combined armies in December 1805 at the battle of Austerlitz—a victory which made him almost supreme in Europe, and so was very bad for England. It hastened the death of the Prime Minister, William Pitt. He had not showed himself very wise in military arrangements; but he had struggled to the utmost of his powers against Napoleon, and he loved his country with a passionate love. It is said that the news of Austerlitz brought a look of despair upon his face which never again left it, and less than two months afterwards he died. His last words were, "My country! How I leave my country!" and we may truly say that he, like his father, broke his heart for love of England.

Some time before William Pitt had uttered what was a true prophecy. He said, "England has saved herself by her exertions, and will save Europe by her example." But two years passed after Pitt's death before there was any sign that the second half of his saying would come true.

Napoleon now began to deal with Europe exactly as if it was his own personal property. He had several brothers, and he made them kings over different countries to rule under him. One was made King of Holland, one king of a part of Germany, and one, named Joseph, king of a part of Italy. Now in Italy and in many parts of Germany there was at that time very little national feeling: and the people had been so ill-governed by their rulers that they did not at all mind having new

kings set over them; but when Napoleon went on to meddle with countries which had a true national life things were different. In 1806 he made war upon Prussia and utterly destroyed the Prussian armies. The land lay helpless before him, and he treated it with terrible severity,—forcing the Prussians to give him enormous sums of money, and rousing against himself the most intense hatred by many acts of brutality and oppression. Then he turned his attention to Spain.

Spain had become very weak through 200 years of bad government. Her kings and nobles had fallen into idle, useless ways, and the people were ignorant and poor. In 1807 Napoleon stirred up strife between the King of Spain and his eldest son, then invited them both to come across the frontier into France and let him settle their differences, and then, when he had got them into his power, he forced them both to abdicate. The old king died, and his son, King Ferdinand, was kept a prisoner by Napoleon for six years. In 1808 Napoleon got some Spanish people of importance to come into France and made them elect his brother Joseph King of Spain. He had previously sent a large army to Madrid, and as the Spanish Government had no power to make any resistance he now thought he had got Spain quite under his control.

So far he had found it easy enough to conquer kings and governments; he was now face to face with something quite different—the furious hatred and mortal defiance of a nation. Betrayed by their king and prince, and deserted by their proper leaders, the Spanish people sprang suddenly to arms: and on the field of Baylen

one of Napoleon's generals, with his whole army, surrendered to the insurgents. Joseph Bonaparte bent at once to the storm and fled from Madrid to a safe position near the French frontier. This was England's opportunity. Up till now the English Government had not achieved much in its efforts to help those who were fighting against Napoleon on the Continent; but the uprising of the Spaniards was the sign of a real feeling for liberty with which the English hastened to show active sympathy. And now began what is called the Peninsular War — the greatest land war ever waged by England. Fortunately for her she had for a leader during this war one of the very greatest of her sons, Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT DUKE.

Arthur Wellesley was born in 1769 in Ireland, for his family, though of an English stock, had been settled in Ireland for 300 years. When still quite a little boy he was sent to school in England, later on he went to school in France, and when he was eighteen he entered the army. His father, Lord Mornington, had influence with the Government, so he got quick promotion, and when he was twenty-four he became lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-third Regiment. As a boy it seems that no one had thought much of Arthur Wellesley. At school he had not been quick at learning, and as through all his long life he always said less than he meant, people did

not see what was in him. But the moment he got real work to do his power came out. No man ever lived who could work harder than the great Duke, and very few who could work as hard, so in a very short time he got his regiment into excellent condition.

His first experience of active service was in 1794 in Holland, where an English force had been sent to join the Germans against the French. The English had to retreat, and the young colonel showed such skill and judgment when helping to fight a rear-guard action that he was put in command of the rear-guard. To cover a retreat in bad weather over bad roads is about the most difficult thing a soldier ever has to do, but Wellesley, though he had no previous experience, carried out his heavy task as if he had been an old veteran. At this time the English army had got into a very bad state—the men were ignorant, the officers were idle and careless. Colonel Wellesley was not naturally a hopeful man, and he became so disgusted with the state of things that he almost decided to leave the army, and did actually try to get some civil employment. Fortunately for England, however, he did not succeed, and in 1796 he and his regiment were ordered out to India.

The English power in India had greatly increased since Clive's day, and now extended over a large part of the country, but at this time it was threatened by the Mahrattas in Central India and by Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, in the south. The Mahrattas were to start with just a robber tribe of famous horsemen, now they and their allies formed a powerful confederacy, among whom the most important chiefs were Scindia and Hol-

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

kar. All these native princes were constantly fighting among themselves, but they all agreed in one desire, which was to drive the English out of the country. So the English, though they did not in the least want to go to war or to gain any more of the country, were always being obliged to fight.

Madras was in serious danger from Tippoo, who invited the French to come over from Mauritius and help him. And then came the news of Bonaparte being in Egypt, with designs of coming on to India. Fortunately just at this point Arthur Wellesley's elder brother, afterwards Lord Wellesley, was made Governor-General in India. He was a wise, resolute, and far-seeing man, and at once prepared for the coming struggle. In August 1798 Colonel Wellesley went to Madras, and early the following spring he started with an expedition against Mysore. An action was fought at a place called Mallavelly, where the vigour of Wellesley's attack helped in gaining the victory, and then the English troops marched on to besiege the capital of the province, Seringapatam. Two attacks were made at night upon the outposts,—one succeeded, and the other, led by Colonel Wellesley, failed. The affair was of very slight importance, but it is remembered as being the one and only time during all his long years of fighting that Arthur Wellesley suffered defeat. Barely a month later Seringapatam was carried by storm; Tippoo himself died in the fight, and Wellesley was appointed governor of the city. For a long time he had very hard work getting things into order, arranging matters for the good of the people, and punishing robber chieftains. One of these,

named Doondiah Waugh, gave him a great deal of trouble, but he was defeated and killed at last. After the chief's death his little son was found in the camp, and the kind-hearted colonel took charge of the boy and had him properly brought up at his own expense.

In 1802 he was made a Major-General, and in 1803 he came up into the Bombay province in command of a force to fight against Scindia and Holkar. Wellesley did not want to fight; he never approved of fighting until all peaceful means of settling matters had been tried, but once fighting was necessary he struck hard and quickly, in order to get it over as soon as possible. On August 6, he wrote to Scindia, "I offered you peace upon terms of equality and honourable to all parties: you have chosen war, and are responsible for all the consequences." On the 8th he attacked the enemy's great fort of Ahmednuggur, on the 10th he took it, and then hurried on to come to close quarters with Scindia's main army. On September 23, when nearing the village of Assaye, he came suddenly upon the enemy, whose force numbered over 40,000 men with 100 guns, while he had 5000 men, mixed English and sepoys, and 18 guns. It seemed too great a risk to attack against such odds, especially as the Mahrattas were famous fighters, not like Surajah Dowlah's men at Plassey. But the young general knew the value of seemingly reckless daring when dealing with Indian troops. He flung all his infantry, formed in two lines only, against the enemy's infantry and guns: on the right, through a mistake, the first line moved too far to their right and uncovered the second line, some of the Mahratta horse came up,

and one English regiment, the 74th, was in great danger. Then the 19th Dragoons and a native cavalry regiment made a splendid charge, saved the 74th, and carried some of the Mahratta guns, while on the left the English advance was entirely successful, the 78th simply hurling the enemy's foot into a nullah at the point of the bayonet and carrying both lines of guns. In three hours the field was won and the Mahrattas were in full flight. The battle of Assaye was General Wellesley's first victory, and was a splendid earnest of the victories to come.

A month later he fought another action at a place called Argaum. He again made an attack with the infantry in two lines, but his sepoys were suddenly seized with panic and fell back in disorder. In a moment, however, their general was among them, and with that wonderful power which belongs to a great leader he stopped their flight, restored their confidence, and led them once more against the foe. This time all went well, and the field was won. Soon after the news came from England that Wellesley had been made a Knight of the Bath. But in spite of his successes and honours he was anxious to leave India, for his health was suffering from the climate. He waited until the Mahrattas had been finally subdued by another general, Lake, and the safety of the country assured, and then in March 1805 he left India, never to return.

When the English Government decided, in 1808, to send an expedition to help the Spaniards, Sir Arthur Wellesley was chosen to command it. Now you must remember that Spain does not cover the whole of the

Peninsula, but that the western strip is the country of Portugal. The King of Portugal had fled away across the Atlantic to his colony of Brazil on the approach of Napoleon's general, Junot, and the country had been conquered without a shot being fired: but the people hated the French, and were eager to welcome the English as deliverers. The capital of Portugal, Lisbon, has a very good harbour, a place where a large English fleet could lie, and where English transports could come and go and bring stores and reinforcements. So that if the English could turn the French out of Portugal and establish themselves there in a friendly country with their fleet at their back, they would be in a good position to carry on a war in Spain. Sir Arthur therefore landed on the coast of Portugal, and on August 9, 1808, set out for Lisbon. That very day Napoleon in France wrote to his brother Joseph that "the English are of little account." It was perhaps no wonder that he thought so, for so far the English military expeditions during the war had been sadly mismanaged, and the English were considered very poor soldiers. Napoleon knew nothing then of the man who was to show him what English soldiers could do when properly led.

The French force in Portugal was at this time divided into two parts, and Sir Arthur, by the quickness of his movements, caught the more advanced half before the other could come up, at a place called Roliça, and defeated it, taking three guns. More troops were now arriving from England with Sir Harry Burrard, who, being senior to Sir Arthur, would be in chief command. But Sir Arthur had one day before the new chief landed,

and in it he won the victory of Vimiera. General Junot attacked him with all the usual dash and spirit of the French; but Sir Arthur had chosen such a strong position, and his men fought with such vigour, that the French were driven back in disorder and might have been cut off from Lisbon and forced to surrender, only at that point Sir Harry Burrard arrived and spoilt all Sir Arthur's wise plans. Still it was a fine victory, and cost the French 2000 men and 13 guns. Napoleon's men were not accustomed to this kind of thing, and Junot, badly frightened, asked for terms. Shortly afterwards the Convention of Cintra was signed, by which the French entirely evacuated Portugal.

In September Sir Arthur had to go home, and the command of the English troops fell to Sir John Moore,—a man after the pattern of Wolfe—one whose genius was only equalled by his goodness. Well was it for England, for Spain, and for Europe that he was there! For now the Emperor himself was coming to pull his generals out of their difficulties and replace his brother on the throne of Spain. Napoleon acted with his usual swiftness. He poured troops into the country; and in less than a month from the time he crossed the frontier he had crushed the Spanish armies out of existence and had closed his iron grip upon the whole of Spain. He was just starting to do the same with Portugal when, at this crisis of fate, the English commander dared to step between the eagle and his prey. Sir John Moore had had to struggle with every kind of difficulty that can beset a general. His little force was raw, undisciplined, and sickly; no proper arrangements had been made for feeding it; and

the officers were ignorant and lacking in zeal. There were just three regiments he could depend upon, for he had trained them himself in England, and had made them into as fine a body of soldiers as ever existed. This was the famous Light Brigade, consisting of the 43rd, the 52nd, and the 95th Regiments. Obeying orders from home, Moore had advanced into the north of Spain to co-operate with the Spaniards; he got as far as Salamanca and then found there was nobody to co-operate with. The Spanish insurgents had simply vanished for the time. Moore had 15,000 men who with the exception of the Light Brigade, was of rather poor quality. Napoleon had at his disposal five armies of excellent quality, numbering together 250,000 men, and all the magic of his mighty name! Who could have believed that the Englishman could have done anything but try to make his escape while there was time? But Moore saw the one weak point in Napoleon's position. He was in a hostile country, and his armies depended for their safety on the long line of their communications through Spain into France. With his tiny force Moore advanced to Saragossa and threatened the French communications. It was like a terrier attacking the heel of a giant, and it was instantly successful. Napoleon turned, gave up his attack on Portugal, and made one of his rapid swoops northwestwards to punish his puny foe. But quick as Napoleon was, Moore was quicker. His object was gained, and he now retreated as skilfully as he had advanced. Once again Napoleon had been baffled by an Englishman, and as before he gave up the affair in disgust and returned to France, where he busied

himself in preparations for a war with Austria. Marshal Soult, one of the greatest of the French generals, continued the pursuit of Moore, who retreated to Corunna, fighting rear-guard actions all the way with the finest combination of skill and valour. At Corunna lay the English ships waiting to embark the troops; and there, on January 16, 1809, a battle was fought and a great victory won, by which the French were pushed back just long enough for the whole of the English force to be safely got on board ship for home. At the very moment of victory Sir John Moore, like Wolfe and Nelson, fell mortally wounded, and that same night he was buried in haste on the ramparts of the city. His work was done, for Portugal was saved, and saved for ever.

The French generals did not press forward as resolutely as might have been expected from their great force. They lacked unity of purpose, and were apt to quarrel among themselves, so that the spring was only marked by the taking of Oporto in Portugal, and Toledo and Zaragoza in Spain. The siege of the last city is remembered with the sieges of Leyden and Derry for the wonderful tenacity and self-sacrifice of the citizens, and the saying of the poet that when the French at last won the city—

"They won, not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb,"

was almost literally true.

The English Government were still determined to help the Spanish cause. They had kept a small force in Portugal, which was now reinforced, and the command in chief given to Sir Arthur Wellesley. On April 22

1809, he landed at Lisbon, never again to leave the Peninsula until he had driven the last invader from its soil.

It was supposed by the English Government that it would be possible for Sir Arthur to march into Spain, and by joining with the Spanish forces, now again in arms, be strong enough to attack the French. The two French armies nearest to Portugal were Soult's at Oporto and Victor's on the far side of the Tagus. Sir Arthur marched upon Oporto so swiftly and secretly that Soult was taken entirely by surprise, and trusting to the broad waters of the river Douro to protect him for one day he prepared to retreat. The city of Oporto lies on the farther side of the Douro from that on which the English came up, and there was not even one boat to cross in. On May 12 Sir Arthur ascended the heights of Sarra, on his side of the river, and saw just opposite a convent with a large stone-walled enclosure where a body of men could form unseen; and he also saw that owing to a bend in the river and its high banks troops might be passed over without being observed from the other side. Soon came the news that three small skiffs had been found in which men could cross; guns were then brought up to Sarra, and the order to cross was given. Meanwhile another division, under Murray, was sent to find a passage higher up. It was an act of splendid daring on the part of the English general to pass his troops across a great river in a few little boats in the face of a fine army and a general like Soult! But before the French took in what was happening the English force had formed up in the stone-walled enclosure under shelter of their guns on

Sarra, and there they maintained themselves successfully against attack.

Now Murray's division appeared from higher up the river, and the French gave up the town and retreated in haste, losing 500 men and five guns. The English loss was a mere nothing, twenty killed and ninety-six wounded. Soult now only thought of escape, and escape he did, through the heart of the mountains, into the wild province of Galicia in the far north, but to do it he had to abandon all his baggage and every one of his guns. In less than a month from the day he landed Sir Arthur had driven the French headlong out of Portugal.

Napoleon had by this time altered his opinion of the English as soldiers, for in June of this year he wrote: "The English alone are to be feared—they alone." Sir Arthur was now to experience the full truth of that word *alone*, for he was trying to work with the Spaniards and finding it impossible. Though they were extremely clever and daring in what since then has been called "guerilla" fighting, making small raids and attacks on French convoys, the Spaniards could not meet the invader in battle, and their leaders not only showed an amount of folly which was quite amazing, but treated their English allies with bad faith and actual deceit. However, Sir Arthur at first hoped that by great patience and steady influence he might get the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, Cuesta, to act with him so as to defeat Marshal Victor, the French general in Central Spain, and turn Joseph Bonaparte out of Madrid. Sir Arthur moved up the valley of the Tagus, which leads straight from Lisbon

to Madrid, and joined the Spanish army at Talavera. Cuesta had promised to keep the English well supplied with food, but he did nothing, and the troops were on the verge of starvation. Sir Arthur refused to advance another step without supplies, and Cuesta foolishly advanced alone, was badly beaten and driven back. Victor was coming on to attack, so Sir Arthur took up a defensive position at Talavera, placing his Spanish allies on his right. When the French attacked, late in the day, on July 27, at the mere sight of their horsemen the whole of the Spanish infantry and artillery broke and ran, and were never seen again! Sir Arthur himself brought up some cavalry, and by his personal efforts saved his right flank, but at the same time Victor made a furious attack on the left, which was very nearly successful. But the English, though at first forced back from the top of the hill, regained it, and repulsed their assailants just as darkness fell. The main fight took place the next day, and was waged from dawn till dark, with a pause about midday. Again and again the French attacked on the left, the right, and the centre, —and again and again they were flung back. Once, when a French column was coming against the centre, the English horse were ordered to charge; some were stopped by a deep ravine which stretched across their path, but the 23rd Light Dragoons dashed at it, got through it or over it somehow, and not only rode right through the attacking column, but went slap on to the far left, where they so astonished a French battalion that had been sent to turn the English left flank that they also retired. In this wonderful charge the 23rd lost their colonel and 200

men. Later on an attack on the English centre was fiercely repulsed by the Guards, who followed their foes too rashly and were themselves beaten back in confusion. This was a moment of great danger, the English line seemed pierced, when Sir Arthur ordered up the 48th Regiment, which advanced steady as a rock. Wheeling by companies, they allowed the broken Guards to pass between them to the rear, then forming again in line they threw themselves upon the advancing French, who wavered, and finally fell back.

That night Victor retreated, having lost 7000 men and 17 guns. The English had maintained their position, though their numbers were barely half those of the enemy, and for days their only food had been a few ounces of wheat daily. The very next morning the Light Brigade, now commanded by General Crawford, came up. So eager had these gallant fellows been to arrive in time for the battle that they had marched sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours under a Spanish midsummer sun!

Sir Arthur had gained a fine victory; but he was really in a position of great danger, though at first he did not know it, because the Spaniards had given him wrong information. He heard that Soult had come south again and was getting near the Tagus valley, but believed he had only a weak force, and so marched westwards from Talavera to meet him. As a matter of fact, Soult had been joined by another great French general, Marshal Ney, with his army, so that together they numbered 50,000 men. Sir Arthur suddenly discovered that this large force was coming into the valley at one end, and

that Victor, with 40,000 men, was again advancing at the other end. The English army numbered only 23,000. So it was very plain they must get out of the valley as quick as they could, but they were on the wrong side of the river, and a few hours later it would have been too late. As it was, it was a very near thing, for while the English were crossing by a bridge, which was guarded by some Spanish troops, some of the French were getting near a ford lower down, by which they might have crossed and cut off the English retreat. Luckily, however, Ney missed the ford, and by the time the French were over the river the English were in a secure position. The campaign was over, and Sir Arthur had learnt that it was useless to attempt anything by joining with the Spaniards. They could not be trusted either to support him in battle, to supply his troops with food, or to bring him information about the enemy. Whatever was done must be done by the English,—"they alone." To drive all the French armies out of Spain with the little English army was out of the question. Would it even be possible to defend Portugal? By that same insight of genius which had made Nelson able to guess Napoleon's plans, Sir Arthur guessed that a great force would before long be launched against Portugal. The Emperor had finished his war with Austria, and was now practically master of all Europe save Russia, England, and that little corner of the Peninsula which the English were holding against him. And he planned to lead an army of 100,000 men himself into Spain in the spring of 1810.

This autumn Sir Arthur Wellesley was created a peer, with the title of Viscount Wellington and Baron Douro.

Though he could do nothing with the Spaniards, he had made up his mind that in time the Portuguese might be made into decent soldiers if trained and led by English officers, but they must be given time, and not used too hard at first. He told the home Government that if they would keep the number of his own men up to 35,000, he would undertake to defend Portugal, and thus, possibly, in the end wear out the French attack. After all, when the spring of 1810 arrived, the Emperor was kept at home by other affairs; but he sent the 100,000 men under the command of his famous general, Masséna, who was called the "Child of Fortune." In the face of this great ocean of victorious foes which was rolling towards him, wave after wave, Lord Wellington stood unmoved. To meet Masséna in the open with his little English force would be madness, he knew; so he steadfastly refused to be drawn into making any forward movement. When the city of Ciudad Rodrigo, then held by Spaniards, was besieged, he gave it no help, though Masséna taunted him with insulting messages, the Portuguese abused and implored him by turns, and worst of all, at home in England people raged at his inaction and accused him of stupidity and cowardice. Hampered at every turn by the meanness and dulness of the Portuguese Government, and almost hopeless,—for he was not naturally a hopeful man,—he found in his own great heart a patience that could never be exhausted, a fortitude that could endure to the very end.

Wellington had stationed the Light Division near Ciudad Rodrigo, on the far side of the river Coa, to observe the enemy, but with strict orders not to fight,

Crawford, however, having kept his men for weeks hovering with impunity close to an army 60 000 strong, had the audacity to offer an action, apparently for the fun of the thing. Any other troops would have been crushed to atoms in this battle, known as the battle of the Coa, but the men whom Moore had trained retired, fighting with beautiful skill and absolute coolness, crossed the river in perfect order, and when Ney tried to follow, sent him back with the loss of a thousand men.

Wellington had had his troops spread out like the sticks of a fan until he could be sure which way the French were coming to make their attack on Portugal: now he drew his divisions back so as to unite together. Masséna, ignorant of the country and confident in his hitherto invariable good luck, chose to come by the worst of all the bad roads—that down the valley of the Mondego, a narrow track alongside a rushing river, hemmed in by precipitous cliffs. Struggling along with great difficulty, he arrived, on September 29, at a point where the road passed over a rocky neck of ground, and that neck, called Busaco, was held by the English army. Masséna at once sent a column against its right, and so magnificently did the Frenchmen struggle upwards that they actually gained the crest of the ridge; but it was defended by Picton's Brigade, called the Fighting Fifth, one regiment of which was the Connaught Rangers, and the Irishmen flung themselves on the head of the attacking column with such fury that they rolled it right back again down the rocks. On the left of the position the attack was led by Ney himself, a man known through the length and breadth of Europe by his name of "the bravest of the brave."

He too almost reached the top, but he was met by the same men who had denied him the passage of the Coa, the 43rd and 52nd Regiments, and they now drove him down the hill in disorder. By midday the French had lost 4500 men, and Masséna paused. Then he heard that there was a path through the mountains round the English left, which he gladly took. Wellington knew all about this path, and retreating, he kept between his enemy and Lisbon. Masséna believed that the English were retreating just as they had done at Corunna, and that as they were so greatly outnumbered they would embark on board their ships and go home to England, leaving Portugal to him. But, as Clive once said, "It is not the custom of the English to desert a cause in which they have once taken part." When Masséna got to within thirty miles of Lisbon, near a place called Torres Vedras, there burst upon his astonished eyes a wonderful line of fortifications, reaching from the Tagus to the sea, so that they could not be turned, and therefore entirely closing the way to Lisbon. All through the previous winter and spring, while assailed by the taunts of the French, the reproaches of the Spaniards and Portuguese, the spiteful abuse of many people in England, and the disloyal complaints of numbers of his own officers, Lord Wellington had worked steadily and in secret at his "mighty lines," and so successful had been his policy of heroic silence that the lines came as a surprise to his own army as well as to Masséna.

The longer the French Marshal looked the more certain he became that to take such fortifications by direct assault was beyond the power of man. For there were

three lines, one behind the other, and Masséna had had a taste at Busaco of the quality of the men who held them. Could he reduce them by a regular siege, as of a fortress? But for a successful siege one must get *all* round and cut off supplies, and on the other side of Lisbon lay the sea, and wherever the blue waves rolled there England reigned supreme. At this moment the Emperor Napoleon had the whole of the land of Europe under his control: England stood alone, and England was now driven to the wall, but that wall was the wooden wall of her fleet. With his back so guarded the man in whom England's resolve was centred now stood firm. So Nelson had prepared the way for Wellington.

There was another reason why Masséna could not undertake a regular siege of the Lines, and that was that his army was starving. Napoleon had fought all his great campaigns in Italy and Germany in countries that were rich and highly civilised, so that it had been quite easy for him to force the country he was in to support his troops. He did not see that in a poor and backward country this was impossible, for you cannot force people to give you what they have not got. The Emperor was always telling his marshals that "war must support war," and so Masséna had expected to get food from wherever he happened to be. Wellington had foreseen all this, and had ordered all the crops to be destroyed and all the peasants to be brought in behind the lines. His orders had not been very thoroughly carried out: still, Masséna soon found himself in difficulties, his men were attacked by sickness, and on March 2, 1811, the "Child of Fortune" gave

up his attempt and began to retreat from Portugal. Since the previous May he had lost 30,000 men from sickness and wounds. Smarting from the sense of failure, and suffering terribly from hunger and disease, the French turned their rage upon the unhappy peasantry, and their retreat through Portugal was marked by brutal deeds done to unarmed men, and even women and children. The avenging English followed hard behind. Ney, ever in the post of danger, commanded the rear-guard, and fought action after action with the English van, in which the honours were pretty equally divided between the gallant combatants. Masséna finally retreated to Salamanca, and Wellington prepared for an attempt to win back the three great Spanish fortresses of Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajos. The French having made such a failure of their attack on Portugal, he now saw a chance of doing something towards driving them out of Spain, and for this it was necessary that he should make himself master of these strong places.

The English army first set to work to besiege Almeida, but before very long Masséna, who had been reinforced, advanced again to relieve it, and a great battle was fought at a place called Fuentes d'Onoro. The village of Fuentes stood in a deep, rocky ravine, with a torrent flowing through it; this was held by the English centre, but the right was in a rather exposed position on open ground beyond. On May 3 the French attacked the village, but were driven back. On the 5th came the real battle. A heavy attack was made on the English right, and some Spanish horse which had been posted there were at once driven off the field, leaving the

English infantry in great danger, as their flank was being turned. They had to take up a new position in the face of the enemy—an exceedingly difficult and perilous thing to do, but fortunately it was the Light Division upon whom the brunt fell, and they drew slowly and steadily back, formed in squares so as to resist the masses of French cavalry which swarmed about them, yet dared not attack, so dauntless was the bearing of these veteran soldiers. Still more wonderful was the feat of a battery of horse-artillery under Norman Ramsay. They were cut off by the French and seemed to be lost among a multitude of foes, when "the mass was rent asunder, and like the forked lightning from a thunder-cloud Ramsay rode forth at the head of his battery, the horses bounding madly, while the guns sprang behind them like things of no weight: the gunners leaped to their places, and fighting hand to hand with the French cavalry, they flew across the plains." And so the guns were saved.

Meanwhile a furious combat was being waged for the possession of Fuentes. The French gained the lower village, and the upper one was taken and re-taken several times. At last the 71st and 79th Highlanders made an irresistible charge, which flung the French back from the upper village, and this ended the battle. It was an evenly balanced one, but Wellington, whose force was the smaller, rightly claimed it as a victory, for he had gained his object, the keeping up the blockade of Almeida, which the French had tried to break through. He lost a part of the fruits of his victory, however, through the negligence of Pack's Division, which allowed

the commandant of Almeida, Brennier, to slip through them at night: so that though Wellington gained the fortress he lost the garrison, which ought to have been forced to surrender. While Wellington himself was attending to Almeida, the siege of Badajos was being undertaken by the Portuguese troops, together with some English ones, all under the command of General Beresford. Marshal Soult advanced to relieve it, and a battle took place between them at Albuera which was one of the fiercest fights ever fought in war. Beresford made several blunders, and he was greatly outnumbered, but his English troops held their own with true bulldog tenacity on the hill which was the key of the position, and finally a magnificent charge of the Fusilier Brigade routed the French in disorder. The victory was won, but at a terrible cost. Out of 6000 Englishmen only 1800 remained who were able to stand.

Four French marshals in succession — Junot, Soult, Victor, and Masséna — had tried to beat Wellington, and all four had failed. Napoleon now sent a fifth, Marmont, to try what he could do. He joined forces with Soult, and together they had 64,000 men. Wellington had about 42,000, so one might have thought he would retreat, or that if he did not the French would attack. But Wellington, if he knew when to be prudent, knew just as well when to be bold: and taking up a position on the river Caya, he faced his enemies with such fearless confidence that the French, with the memories of Fuentes and Albuera fresh in their minds, dared not attack him. Instead, their armies separated, and Soult went to the south, while Wellington began a

blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo. He had not troops enough, however, to keep up the blockade properly, and Marmont, who had been reinforced, threw supplies into the town, and caught the English army at a moment when its divisions were rather widely separated. Wellington, however, had a knack of always being present at the dangerous point, and he was himself on the heights of El Bodon when the English right was nearly crushed by masses of French cavalry. The "thin red line" was indeed pierced when the 5th Foot, led by gallant Major Ridge, actually charged the French horsemen and checked them sufficiently for the rest of the division to retire in good order. Even then, if Marmont had pushed on, it would have been very awkward for the English, but he let the chance slip, and Wellington united his army safely in a strong position.

This first campaign with Marmont shows what Wellington had done. When he first advanced from Lisbon in 1809 the French despised the English, and believed themselves invincible: now — August 1811 — they thought so highly of the English that they hesitated to attack even with a great advantage of numbers.

After this both armies went into winter quarters; and Lord Wellington sent for a pack of hounds from England, and went out hunting as if he had nothing else to do. This was just what he wanted the French to think; for he knew his only chance of taking Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos was to attack and storm first one and then the other so suddenly that the French armies would not have time to come up. Now this is not the right way to take fortresses. The right way is to dig trenches and

make covered ways, and push mines underneath the fortifications, and batter away with big guns till large enough breaches are made in the defences for the troops to attack with success. But all this takes time, and time was just what Wellington knew he would not have. When a small man finds he cannot do a thing the right way he says it can't be done; when a great man cannot do a thing the right way he does it the wrong way.

Just in the middle of the winter, when Marmont thought he was only hunting and amusing himself, Wellington made his lion's spring on Ciudad Rodrigo. On January 8, 1812, he stormed an outer work, on the 14th his batteries opened fire, and on the 19th he issued his famous general order, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must* be stormed to-night." And grandly did his troops respond to his call! Two partial breaches had been made—one large, and one smaller. The 3rd Division, Picton's, attacked the great breach, and kept up a desperate struggle there while the Light Division dashed upon the lesser breach and carried it at the point of the bayonet. As they came pouring down the ramparts upon the defenders of the great breach three magazines exploded, sending hundreds of men to their deaths; and then, after a moment's awestruck pause at this terrible sight, the Connaught Rangers and their comrades made a final rush, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won. The English lost 1200 men,—brave General Crawford being among the killed,—but they gained 1500 prisoners, quantities of stores, and 150 guns. Marmont only heard of the siege being begun on the 15th, and the city had fallen

five days before he had even got his army together to march to its relief.

Then came the turn of Badajos. On March 16th the siege began, and on April 6th the assault was made. Again Wellington trusted his men to win the city for him when the defences were still in good order. For hours the Light Division and the 4th Division struggled in vain at the breaches—the task was impossible, even for them, yet still they fought on. Meanwhile Picton's Division had attacked the castle. The walls were twenty-four feet high and narrow at the top; and the first attempt failed, but the second time the stormers made good their footing. Major Ridge was the first man on the top and was killed. The great bastion of San Vincente was also stormed by the 5th Division; and at the very moment that Wellington sent orders to the breaches for the men to retire the city was really won. The taking of Badajos was a wonderful feat of arms, but the cost was terrible. Nearly 4000 men had fallen, and their leader, whose stern calmness was usually so unmoved that men said he was made of iron, when he heard the number of the slain, burst into tears. The saddest thing of all was that the fierce struggle had so maddened the men that when they entered the city they raged like wild beasts and did many evil deeds on the unfortunate inhabitants—even killing in their frenzy some of their own officers who tried to bring them to their senses.

In June Wellington advanced towards Salamanca to meet Marmont who had been threatening the upper frontier of Portugal. For some weeks the two generals marched and counter-marched, each trying to get the

other into an awkward position and then attack him. At first Wellington was the more successful, for he took the Salamanca forts after a ten days' siege. Then Marmont by a clever movement deceived Wellington and very nearly caught him at a disadvantage, nearly, but not quite, for he got his divisions together just in time, and then the two armies raced for a good position near Salamanca. Marmont got the best ground, and Wellington began to think about retreating, though ready to fight if he got a good chance. There are two hills near Salamanca called the Arapiles, and the battle began by a struggle for the possession of these hills. The French got one and the English the other. Then the French did not seem to be going to do any more. Lord Wellington, who had gone to the top of the English Arapile, watched the French movements for a time, as they marched slowly away to their left, and then lay down to get a little rest, telling his aide-de-camp to call him when they had reached a certain point. The moment he was roused he saw that Marmont had made a mistake. He was intending to send a part of his army round the English right, but in preparing to do this he had allowed a gap to be left between his left and his centre. To make a mistake under the eye of Wellington was fatal. He at once poured down men upon the exposed flank of the French left, and flung the 3rd Division upon its front, thus crushing it by numbers and piercing the French line. Marmont, just as he was hurrying forward to try and remedy his mistake, was badly wounded, and his second in command fell shortly afterwards, but the command was then taken by Clausel.

an excellent officer, who not only brought the confused troops into order again, but tried to save the action by attacking the English centre. This attack, however, was repulsed, and the French then retreated upon Burgos.

King Joseph was now thoroughly frightened. He was the very opposite of his brother, the Emperor, an honest kind-hearted man, without a spark of genius. He now moved himself and his court to Almanza, and ordered Soult to join him. This was very hard upon Soult, who had spent two years in the great southern province of Andalusia, reducing it to order very successfully, except that he never could manage to take Cadiz which was garrisoned by English troops and kept supplied by the English fleet, and was therefore nearly as difficult to take as Gibraltar. However, Soult had no choice, so he left Andalusia, and took his army right away up through Spain and joined King Joseph in October. In August Lord Wellington had entered Madrid, the grateful citizens crowding about him and showering blessings on their deliverer. In September he heard that Soult had left Andalusia, and hurried northwards in the hopes that he might capture Burgos before Soult could join forces with King Joseph. This time, however, he failed. Burgos was too strong to fall before hasty attacks, and when the French armies were united the odds were too great, even for Wellington. He had left General Hill, his best pupil, to defend Madrid, but Hill's force was far too weak to oppose King Joseph when he had Soult with him. Both Wellington and Hill, therefore, had to retreat. The retreat from Burgos was very dangerous and difficult, the men were sore and angry at having to go back to

Portugal, and were more than half starved, which is trying to any one's temper: the weather was something terrible, some of the officers even were almost mutinous, and the French harassed their retreating enemies with great vigour. But Wellington's iron resolution triumphed over everything, and he joined Hill in safety near Salamanca on November 8. Together they numbered 68,000 men, English and Portuguese, while the united French armies numbered 100,000. By skill, boldness, and some good luck, Wellington slipped round the enemy's whole force and retired into Portugal.

The campaign was over, its result being that all the south of Spain was cleared of the French, though they had been too strong for the English in the north and east. But now the time was coming for Wellington's endurance and constancy to win a just reward from fate. The Emperor Napoleon had made war upon Russia, and had advanced as far as Moscow with 450,000 men, believing that he would conquer as he had always conquered before. He did not understand that feeding an army in Russia is a very different thing from feeding one in Italy or Austria, and never before had he had to fight against a northern frost. The Russians simply fell back, and left him, with nothing to eat, at the beginning of the Russian winter. As usual, when he realised what he had done, Napoleon left his army to its fate and returned to France. Brave Marshal Ney stuck loyally as ever to the post of danger, and brought back the wreck of the great army — 20,000 men out of the 450,000: the rest had all perished from hunger and cold.

Now you can understand that after such an overwhelming disaster as this, Napoleon was not able to send reinforcements to his armies in Spain, though he drained France of every man who could hold a musket. And he was soon to be hard pressed himself, for the people of Prussia, goaded to fury by his oppression and his insults, sprang to arms, and he had to fight both them and the Russians together. However, the French army in Spain still numbered 100,000 men, while Wellington's army of English and Portuguese was even now only 75,000. But Wellington knew that his hour had come, for Soult had been recalled by the Emperor, and King Joseph was no general. On May 22, 1813, Wellington led his men out of Portugal for the last time, and feeling this in his heart, as he crossed the river Agueda which formed the frontier, he rose high in his stirrups and waving his hat above his head cried out, "Farewell, Portugal." As the English host pressed steadily forward King Joseph fled in haste from Madrid, fled, first to Burgos, and then, after blowing up that strong castle, on and on northwards, with the English hard on his heels and the whole of Spain rising up in joyful triumph at the driving away of their hated oppressors. At last the French turned to bay in the valley of Vittoria, and there, on June 22, Lord Wellington fought and won his first really crushing victory. He knew well how to take advantage of Joseph's lack of warlike skill, and attacked his right, centre, and left all at once, fearless of any counter-attack being made. The proper road for the French retreat was blocked with transport, carrying away all the relics of the French occupation of Spain, and Joseph and his army, completely

routed, were all driven off to the eastward. Both sides lost heavily in the fight, but the gains of the English were enormous: all the enemy's guns but two, all their provisions, ammunition, waggons, and transport, the whole of their baggage, with masses of plunder from every part of Spain, and one million pounds sterling of money! And a fortnight after the battle the English outposts were on the frontiers of France.

When the Emperor received the news of his brother's disaster he at once sent Soult back to take sole command of what he still called his "army of Spain." And for the next eight months Soult and Wellington, like two well-matched wrestlers, fought and manœuvred and manœuvred and fought, while the passes of the Pyrenees echoed to the thunder of their guns, and the mountain torrents ran red with blood. Gradly did the French fight in defence of their native land, but step by step they were pressed back, for the English army, after its years of training under Wellington's patient discipline, had been indeed welded into

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,"

a weapon fit for the hand of its master and creator. When in October 1813 Soult withdrew beyond the Bidassoa, Wellington taught him a second time how to cross a great river in the face of an enemy; and when he formed a great fortified line on the mountains, he found it could not withstand the magnificent rush of the English troops, who at the battle of the Nivelle, November 10, forced all his entrenchments and gained two magazines and fifty-two guns.

Still more tremendous grew the fighting as the English pressed into France, and most desperate of all was the last fight, the battle of Toulouse, fought and won on April 10, 1814.

Had either side known what was happening in the east of France, this bloody battle need not have been fought. Austria having joined with Russia and Prussia the previous autumn, the great Emperor had been driven out of Germany and pursued into France, where, though for a time his marvellous genius made head against overwhelming odds, he was at last overpowered by numbers. On April 7, 1814, he abdicated his throne and peace was made. Lord Wellington's task was accomplished. He had saved Portugal, freed Spain, and helped largely to bring about the downfall of the most deadly enemy that England has ever had to face. And he had created an army which, as he proudly said, "could go anywhere and do anything." England received her hero with joyous acclamations and heartfelt gratitude. He was created Duke of Wellington, and he might well have expected that he would now enjoy a long time of rest after all his toils. But this was not yet to be.

In France the brother of Louis XVI., the king who had been executed, was made king as Louis XVIII., and Napoleon was exiled to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean. But he was not imprisoned, and during the autumn and winter he was quietly watching for a chance to come back. Louis XVIII. was not a man who could either command the respect or win the affection of his subjects, and the French felt bitterly the difference between the position of their country under his rule and the power

she had gained under the great Emperor. Early in March 1815 Napoleon got away from Elba and landed in the south of France. His old soldiers flocked to welcome their adored leader with passionate delight; Marshal Ney, who was sent to arrest him, gave way before the magic of his presence and joined with him again; King Louis ran away in haste, and Napoleon was soon established in Paris once more as emperor. It was barely a year since he had solemnly abdicated, but Napoleon had never troubled to keep his word if it did not suit his convenience. This time, however, all Europe was ready to punish him for breaking it. The Prussians and Austrians hurried troops forward to the frontier, and the Duke of Wellington went to Belgium to take command of a mixed army of English, Dutch, Belgians, and Germans. Most unfortunately the Duke's veteran army — the army which had swept in triumph from Lisbon to Toulouse — had been broken up, and the best part of it sent over-sea to Canada and other parts of the Empire. The mixed force he was now given, being made up of men quite unaccustomed to work together, and many of them only half trained, was by no means a fit weapon for his first fight with Napoleon; but as usual the Duke held his tongue, and did his best with what he had got. Napoleon quickly gathered a fine army of veterans, all wild with joy at being again under his command, and with his accustomed swiftness attacked his enemies before they could attack him.

The Duke of Wellington was not defending Belgium alone; there was also a Prussian army under General Blucher ready for action. The Duke's army lay mostly on the west side, with headquarters at Brussels; Blucher's

army lay to the east, with headquarters at Namur. Napoleon had not enough men to fight them both at once, so his plan was to rush down between them on the high-road to Brussels, and fight and beat first the one and then the other. The Prussians, who were nearest the frontier, saw signs on June 14 that the French were going to advance; on the 15th they came on in three columns, the Prussian outposts retiring before them, and on the 16th battle was joined at Ligny between Blucher and Napoleon.

Brussels was full of English, — civilians as well as soldiers, many ladies, and people of high rank, — and on the 15th a ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond, to which most of the officers of the army were invited. When, late in the evening of that same day, the Duke heard of the French advance, he quietly gave orders for a part of his troops to go forward, and speaking to a Prussian officer through whom he communicated with Blucher, said: "The numerous friends of Napoleon here will be on tiptoe; the well-intentioned must be pacified: let us therefore go to the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and start for Quatre Bras at 5 A.M." Often before had Napoleon's lightning strokes spread terror and confusion before him; this time they were falling upon one who was called, and rightly called, the "Iron Duke." So the Englishman went to the ball and kept the ladies from being frightened, and then rode through the rainy dawn, first to Ligny, where he and Blucher vowed to support each other, come what might, and then to Quatre Bras, where he hoped to delay the French with some of his troops long enough to give time for his whole army to

take up a certain position which he had long before chosen as a good one. And this position is Waterloo.

While fighting himself with his right and centre against Blucher, Napoleon had sent his left to Quatre Bras under Marshal Ney. Ney's first attack fell on a Dutch and Belgian force under the Prince of Orange, and they were driven back; but the Duke arrived just at the critical moment, as he had a knack of doing, and put fresh spirits into the men. Then Picton's Division and a famous German regiment, called the Black Brunswickers, came up, and the tide was turned. Again Ney attacked, and his dragoons captured some guns; but on the English side a splendid cavalry charge regained the guns, and towards evening the advance of the English Guards finally repulsed the French, and the position was maintained. Blucher had not fared so well. He had failed to resist Napoleon, but he had not been badly beaten, and was retreating in good order upon Wavre. Here Napoleon, who, great as he was, was not infallible, made a mistake. He thought Blucher would lose heart and retreat away to Liége, and he sent a force under Grouchy in pursuit in that direction, thus weakening his own army. But Blucher was standing firm, and sent messages to Wellington, who sent back to say that he would hold on at Waterloo against all attacks till Blucher could come up from the east. We shall see how he kept his word. This was on the 17th. On that day the advanced English force fell back from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, marching through torrents of rain and seas of mud, and pursued by the French. Ney had now been joined by Napoleon himself, who, thinking that he had succeeded in separating the allies, brought up his main

army to a position opposite the English at Waterloo, and lay down to sleep at a farmhouse there. The next day, Sunday, June 18, at half-past eleven o'clock, the battle began.

Napoleon had 72,000 men and 240 guns, Wellington had 69,000 men and 156 guns. The English were drawn up on the top of a long, gentle slope of ground. On the right front lay the little castle of Hougoumont with its orchard and wood—this was held by the Guards; and in front of the centre was a farmhouse called La Haye Sainte, also held by English troops. Napoleon began by an attack on Hougoumont, which gained the wood but not the castle or the orchard, and then delivered his main attack on the right and centre. After a long-sustained and desperate struggle the attack failed completely; the Household Brigade charged the French as they were falling back in confusion, and two eagles and 3000 prisoners were captured. Just at this time Napoleon heard that the Prussian army was advancing and was getting close to his right, he therefore sent 10,000 men in that direction to cover his right flank, and prepared for still greater efforts to overwhelm the English before the Prussian attack upon him became serious. The battle of Waterloo was a terribly monotonous one—there were no surprises in it, no skilful and unexpected movements. As the Duke said afterwards, it was "a soldier's battle." Napoleon had not force enough to outflank the English, and Wellington's troops were not well enough trained for him to risk any daring counterstrokes. What he might have done if he had had his Peninsular army under his hand we cannot tell. All

that he could do was to hold on doggedly, and this he knew he could trust Englishmen to do. For the special quality in which the English excel in war is their power of standing still under galling fire and against dashing attacks—a quality proved now for nearly a thousand years, and never more worthily proved than on Waterloo Day. So our infantry stood, hour after hour—first in square to resist cavalry, then in line to resist infantry, and then back again, as the French columns followed their squadrons, and again the squadrons followed the columns. As the long afternoon went on the Prussians began to press upon Napoleon's right and he had to send more men to hold them in check: but at the same time Ney, by a furious attack, won La Haye Sainte, every single man in it being killed. Hougoumont Castle was still held by the Guards, though it was now only a shattered ruin. Just after this word came to the Duke that the centre of his line was open, having been actually worn away by incessant fire. Undaunted still, however, he himself brought up the Black Brunswickers to the place of danger, other troops were also hurried up, and the line was saved.

The battle had now lasted eight hours, and the Prussians were attacking the French right flank in force. Napoleon knew that if he could not break the English now his last chance was gone; and he ordered up the Old Guard, which up to this time he had kept in reserve. These were his tried and faithful veterans—the heroes of a hundred fights. They were launched in column against the English right; the rest of the infantry at the same time attacking all along the line. The Duke also knew

that this was the moment of decision. His thin red line was terribly wasted; messages had come from some of his finest regiments to say that without reinforcements they must give way, and he had no reinforcements to send. But at the supreme moment he rode himself from point to point, giving the one help he could give—the reinforcement of his own steadfast spirit. And it was enough. Though Ney himself led the Old Guard on foot and brought it on like a mighty wave, it broke in vain against the rock of the English line. The Duke's eye caught the first waver of the enemy's column, and then for the first time through all that long, long day he gave the order to advance. Slipped from the leash at last, the Guards sprang forward; Picton, leading on his men, was struck on the forehead and killed, but his men charged home with the bayonet; and as the setting sun threw one level ray of light across the battlefield the whole English line poured down upon the foe, sweeping them away in utter rout. With the Prussian guns thundering now upon their rear even Napoleon's men could do no more. A few battalions of the Old Guard formed into square, and disdaining to surrender died a glorious death, but all the rest fled in helpless confusion. The English were too exhausted to follow, but the Prussians, fresh and strong, took up the pursuit, and carried it on far into the night—their hour of vengeance come at last.

The Emperor knew well that he could expect no mercy from the men whom he had outraged in the day of his power; he fled straight to Paris, and then, finding no help there, he hurried to the coast, to Rochefort. At Rochefort there were English ships, and to the English he

surrendered, going on board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*. The nations of Europe could not trust him again, or risk their sorely needed peace by giving him any liberty. He was taken to the island of St Helena, which became his prison, and he was guarded there by an English governor. There he lived for six years longer, and there he died on May 5, 1821.

The victory of Waterloo ended the last great fight that England has had to wage for life and liberty. If she has ever again to enter upon such a contest she may well pray for such a leader as the Great Duke. He had not indeed the art of winning love from all men, as Nelson had, and his cold manner and grave silent ways often made people dislike him. But his matchless endurance, his heroic constancy, saved England, and with England Europe, and under his stern appearance lay a most tender heart. War was to him no exciting game, but the saddest of necessities: he took no pleasure in fighting and very little even in his triumphs. You might have thought that after the battle of Waterloo even he, unselfish as he was, would have been elated at the sense of having conquered the great conqueror, but those who saw him the next morning tell us that he was unable to rejoice, but only to sorrow for the friends and the men whom he had lost. He said himself, "There is nothing so sad as a victory, except a defeat" He lived to be a very old man, and died quietly at Walmer Castle in September 1851. All England mourned him, and he was laid to rest by Nelson's side in St Paul's Cathedral.

NOTES.

One of the most touching poems in the English language is called "The Burial of Sir John Moore,"—you should read it, and also Lord Tennyson's great ode on the Burial of the Duke of Wellington.

The End of the Stories.

It is nearly a hundred years since Waterloo Day. When you are older you will read of all the great and wonderful things that have happened to the English people during that time. And you will learn that the history of England has passed into the history of the English Empire. The stories I have told you will make you understand something of how this little England grew and grew until now her sovereign reigns over a dominion on which the sun never sets. You have heard about India, Canada, and Australia. English rule in South Africa began in 1806, when the Cape of Good Hope was conquered from the Dutch, with whom we were then at war.

Before I end I want to tell you that this empire of England is different from anything that has yet been in the world. Other great empires have been won by military conquest, kept by the sword, and mostly ruled over by tyrants. The greater part of our empire has not been won by conquest, and even where there has been much fighting, as in India, the soldiers who fought for us have been themselves natives of the country. We do not now keep our empire by the sword against the will of its inhabitants, only against outside foes

And it is ruled over, not by a tyrant, but by the lawful sovereign of a free people.

No power can last unless it is useful to the world. We who love our mother England, and desire that her power shall endure, must see to it that this power does good to the world and not harm. There have been times and places here and there when Englishmen have used their power for harm. I told you about the bad doings in India in Clive's time. After him there was a great Governor-General named Warren Hastings, by whose wisdom the English power in India was greatly increased. When he came home he was accused of having ill-treated the natives and done many wicked deeds. His trial lasted seven years, and in the end he was acquitted. Now, though Warren Hastings was not really guilty, as the men who accused him believed, yet the whole thing showed that the English people were in earnest in wishing that their rule over subject-races should be just and righteous. And though since then we have often had cause for shame when Englishmen have abused their power through greed for gold, yet on the whole England as a nation has honestly tried to do her duty by the many different peoples who have come under her sway. All through the eighteenth century our principal wrong-doing lay in the terrible slave-trade, but at last this was put a stop to, chiefly by the efforts of a good and great-hearted man named William Wilberforce. In 1789 he first raised his voice against it in the House of Commons; in 1807 it was abolished. And in 1833 slavery was entirely put an end to throughout the English Empire.

Do you remember what I told you in the very first of these stories about the White Horse of the English, and how when they first came to England they crushed down and trampled upon the people they conquered? And then I told you about the coming of the Cross of Christ. Ever since then these two things, the selfish desire for power to oppress other people and the unselfish desire for power to help other people have been fighting together in the heart of the English nation, just as good and evil fight together in our own hearts. And if we want the good spirit to conquer and to make the Empire of England strong and enduring, we must every one of us try hard to be good ourselves. Remember that all the brave and unselfish Englishmen whom I have been telling you about are just as much alive at this minute—though we cannot see them—as ever they were, and what will they think and feel if we, their descendants, put them to shame by idleness, cowardice, and selfishness? And remember Nelson's signal. It is *every* man—and every woman and child—who must do their duty if England is to go forward in the way that God points out. What you have to do while you are young is to learn to be obedient, truthful, brave and loving, and then when you are grown up you will, with the blessing of God, be worthy sons and daughters of our dear mother England, and so help in making her Empire a real good to the world.

And now I should like you to read the hymn written by Mr Rudyard Kipling, and called "Recessional."

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